THE BEST OF

ROUND THE HORNE

SELECTED AND INTRODUCED BY
BARRY TOOK

FOREWORD BY SIR DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

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THE BEST OF

ROUND THE HORNE

Also by Barry Took

Comedy Greats: A celebration of comic genius, past and present
(Equation, 1989)

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EQUATION

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
The Best of Round the Horne.
1. Great Britain. Radio programmes. Comedies - Scripts
I. Took, Barry
791.44'7

ISBN 1-85336-162-3

Equation is an imprint of the Thorsons Publishing Group Limited,
Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, NN8 2RQ, England

Typeset by Burns & Smith, Derby

Printed in Great Britain

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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FOREWORD

You may wonder whether a radio script — particularly one that was made audible by such extraordinary surrealist voices as those belonging to the likes of Kenneth Williams, Hugh Paddick, and Betty Marsden — would retain its humour when you read it in print. Well of course, for those of us who fell about weekly through the sixties listening to *Round the Horne*, those voices will echo in our minds as vividly as ever when we read the lines they spoke. But I find, reading the scripts now, that I get *fresh laughs*. Those wondrous names — Dame Celia Molestrangler, Polyp Grunter-Pulpit, Daphne Whitethigh, Dr Chou en Ginsberg MA (Failed), and the rest — seem even funnier to my eye than they sounded to my ear. And the sheer pace of the radio show was so machine-gun that some of the bullets whizzed over your head instead of hitting you four-square on the funny-bone as most did.

So there is much here that I feel sure will give even the most dedicated addict new laughs and I, for one, am overjoyed to have this collection on my bookshelf to reinforce those only too few tapes beside my cassette player in keeping alive in my mind some of the funniest half-hours that have ever come out of my radio.

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

INTRODUCTION

Round the Horne burst upon an unsuspecting public in the spring of 1965. Before that, *Beyond Our Ken* had been running with the same cast and with considerable success for several years. I had worked on the first forty programmes of *Beyond Our Ken* in partnership with Eric Merriman, but in 1959 I left the programme to work for Granada Television with my long-time friend and fellow writer, Marty Feldman.

By 1960 Marty and I were writing for both radio and television and in 1965 had several projects on the go. One day, out of the blue, Ted Taylor, then the Script Editor of BBC Light Entertainment (Radio), phoned Marty and me to say that (for reasons that needn't bother us here) Eric Merriman had decided to end his connection with the programme and would we come to the Aeolian Hall in Bond Street, where BBC LE had its headquarters, to meet the Head of LE, Roy Rich, and discuss writing another and different series for the same team — that's to say Kenneth Horne, Kenneth Williams, Hugh Paddick, Betty Marsden, and Bill Pertwee.

We duly met but declined the BBC's invitation on the grounds that (a) we already had a lot of work on our plate, and (b) we didn't feel that we could improve on *Beyond Our Ken*.

That meeting took place in the morning. Marty and I returned to my flat near Regent's Park, where we wrote and where my wife supplied us with delicious vegetarian lunches (Marty being a vegetarian). Over lunch that day we discussed the proposition and having agreed that we couldn't tackle it, talked ourselves into it. Rather shamefacedly we telephoned Roy Rich and said that we'd changed our minds and if the offer was still open we would write six episodes to see if it would work.

By the time we had written the pilot script, called *It's Ken Again,* and had sorted out our good ideas from our bad ones, consigned the latter to the wastepaper basket, persuaded the BBC to call the new series *Round the Horne*, and experienced the vigour and skill of the cast and the flair of the producer, John Simmonds, we were hooked.

Within a very short time audiences were hooked too, and before long the BBC had sold the series worldwide. Together Marty and I wrote fifty

programmes, and when Marty departed to renew his acting career in *At Last the 1948 Show* I soldiered on with Johnnie Mortimer, Brian Cooke, and Donald Webster. Such a talented cast deserved, and got, the best writing of which we were capable, and we were never stuck for an idea.

Of course not everything worked and very early on we ran into the self-appointed censors of the day, Sir Cyril Black and Mary Whitehouse. When they complained about some imagined rudery or sacrilege we'd counter-attack using the words of the complaint in the following week's script. They won only one encounter when we were made to curb J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock's quasi-biblical turn of phrase. Curiously, the then Head of Light Programme, Dennis Morris, didn't enjoy *Round the Horne*'s success, or more particularly its quickly acquired reputation for *double entendre*, but when any question of taste arose the script would be sent to Hugh Greene, the Director General, and he would invariably return the script with the note 'I see nothing to object to in this.' Years later I asked (the by then) *Sir* Hugh why he had been so supportive. He said, his eyes twinkling with mischief, 'I like dirty shows!'

Of course, *Round the Horne* was never 'dirty'. Outrageous, perhaps; tasteless frequently, and often obstinately outspoken. We were, after all, part of the 'permissive society'. We wrote for the time, the week, the day even, and we wrote what we saw and heard around us.

Those were the days of swinging England, the Wolfenden Report, *That Was the Week That Was, Till Death Us Do Part,* The Beatles, and the birth of 'trendy' Britain. We, without knowing it, were part of the fabric of British society in the mid-1960s, and you can if you wish read these scripts from the point of view of a social historian. Certainly they accurately reflect what was going on at the time. We did a lot of name dropping and considered anyone who was in the news fair game.

But first, foremost, and all the time our aim was to generate laughter and it's delightful — if somewhat amazing — that over twenty years after we wrote *Round the Horne* people are still laughing at it all over the world. I know that it has been broadcast on FM Radio in Los Angeles, and I'm told that it is still a big favourite in Fiji. Australians know it and love it, and through the BBC Collection of cassettes it has recently become a best seller all over again in the UK.

Of the people who made up the cast, Kenneth Horne was the boss. Not only an accomplished broadcaster but also a highly successful businessman, he brought a genial authority to proceedings that must have graced the many board meetings over which, at one time or another, he presided. Kenneth and I had a special affinity; he a father figure to me, me the son he never had. He died of a heart attack in 1969 and I have mourned him ever since.

Kenneth Williams was a brilliant actor and mimic with a bawdy sense of humour which sat oddly with a personally aesthetic attitude to life and an intellectual depth that those who heard him subsequently on the radio series

Just a Minute will remember well. His death in 1988 was a shock to all who knew him and a tragic loss to the stage, radio, films, and television.

Hugh Paddick and I had worked together in the theatre for years and he was, and is still, one of the finest comic actors in the profession. His work on *Round the Horne* was immaculate, and if he ever failed to get a laugh it was the fault of the script and not him. Hugh is the sort of man who lightens the lives of those around him, a joy to work with and invaluable to *Round the Horne*, either as Julian of Julian and Sandy (named, incidentally, for Julian Slade and Sandy Wilson, who separately wrote two of the biggest stage hits of the 1960s, *Salad Days* and *The Boy Friend* respectively) or as 'ageing juvenile' Binky Huckaback, or indeed in any of the parts he played with such apparent ease.

Betty Marsden is a lady of great talent, personality, and flair. Her contribution to *Round the Horne* was immense and as the only woman in the cast her versatility was necessarily considerable, whether as Dame Celia Molestrangler, fashion expert Daphne Whitethigh, Lady Counterblast, or, in later editions, neurotic Australian Julie Coolibar (the invention of Johnnie Mortimer and Brian Cooke). Betty has tremendous stage presence, too, and the audiences at the BBC's Paris Studio in Lower Regent Street loved her.

Bill Pertwee has gone from strength to strength, whether on television as the Air Raid Warden in *Dad's Army*, on the stage in any number of Ray Cooney farces, or in summer season and cabaret with his polished comedy routines.

Douglas Smith, the announcer, was actually a part of the Radio 3 team, a specialist in classical music and with the manner of a senior civil servant. He was, however, gifted with a wonderful sense of humour and whatever strange attitudes or roles we saddled him with came up with a poker-faced rendering that was endearingly funny. He died tragically young of cancer.

The Fraser Hayes Four, whose close harmony singing unfortunately cannot be represented in these pages, gave *Round the Horne* its much needed mid-programme musical breather, and Tony Hayes's smooth arrangements brought a high gloss to the group's contribution.

John Simmonds was a first-class producer, an expert technician, and highly experienced, having worked his way up the ladder from sound effects boy to, eventually, head of his department. He, alas, is no longer with us and in fact the casualty list of ex-Round the Horners grows sadly longer as the years go by.

But, thankfully, scripts and tapes remain intact and I hope this selection will delight you if you're new to them or revive happy memories if you, like me, were there at the time.

Barry Took

THE CAST

KENNETH HORNE made his radio debut in 1940, while in the RAF, as question master in the quiz 'Ack Ack Beer Beer' organized by the Anti Aircraft/Barrage Balloon branch of the Armed Services. Later he teamed up with an old friend from Cambridge University days, Squadron Leader Richard Murdoch, to create the much-loved and popular radio series, *Much Binding in The Marsh.*

Post-war ex-Wing Commander Horne managed to combine business (he was Sales Director of Triplex Glass, and later Managing Director of British Industries Fair, and held other City directorships) with show business — more *Much Binding,* Chairman of *Twenty Questions,* compere of many radio variety shows, and, in 1958, the Ken in *Beyond Our Ken.* In 1957 a stroke led to his giving up business in favour of show business, and in 1965 he plunged into *Round the Horne* with the zest and enthusiasm that marked his entire life. He died of a heart attack at the age of sixty-one in 1969. He was a genuinely lovable man and a generous and loyal friend.

KENNETH WILLIAMS was first spotted as the Dauphin in Bernard Shaw's *St Joan* at the Arts Theatre, became a stalwart of *Hancock's Half Hour* (where his catchphrase 'ere, stop messin' about' was born). Later radio included *Beyond Our Ken, Just a Minute,* and of course *Round the Horne.* A star also of West End plays and revues, and an almost permanent adornment of the Carry On films, he was privately an aesthetic and intellectual, but never a snob. His autobiography, *Just Williams,* was published in 1987. Sadly, he died in 1988, much mourned by all who knew him.

BETTY MARSDEN came to *Round the Horne* from Liverpool via the Italia Conti Stage School and ENSA. She was, and is, a constant broadcaster and appeared in many television shows. Her work in both *Beyond Our Ken* and *Round the Horne* was impeccable and her versatility an invaluable asset to the team.

Hugh Paddick is a man of many parts, all of which he has played with great skill, humour, and professional *élan*. *For Amusement Only, For Adults Only, My Fair Lady,* and *Noises Off* were just some of the hit West End shows in which he appeared. His radio partnerships with Betty Marsden — as 'ageing juvenile' Binky Huckaback — and, with Kenneth Williams, as Julian of Julian and Sandy, mark him out as one of our finest radio actors.

Bill Pertwee, impressionist, seaside entertainer, and today often to be seen in Ray Cooney's farces, was a vital ingredient (as the irascible Air Raid Warden) in *Dad's Army* on television and film, and is an all-purpose character man whose cheerful temperament makes him a pleasure to work with.

Douglas Smith was one of the old school of BBC announcers who always *sounded* as if he was wearing evening dress. In *Round the Horne* he departed from his Home Service and Radio 3 urbanity to give a wonderful extra ingredient of comedy, whether advertising Dobbiroids (a quite imaginary product) or as a variety of sound effects — a sacred crocodile, a First World War airplane, a bull ('Moo moo splosh!' 'Splosh Smith?' 'Yes Sir, I've knocked over the milk pail'). His death in 1972 deprived the listening public of one of radio's finest voices.

THE MAIN CHARACTERS

J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock had many manifestations during the life of *Round the Horne*. He was played by Kenneth Williams as an ancient eccentric with occasional flashes of indignation towards a world which didn't understand him. He was intended to be a damned nuisance — a role he fulfilled to everyone's entire satisfaction.

Julian and Sandy were with it, knowing, camp, and endlessly ingenious — as their many business ventures demonstrate. Sandy (Kenneth Williams) was the extrovert. Julian (Hugh Paddick), on the other hand, tended to shyness and a winsome creativity. Together they were formidable (or should that be *formidable* — which is your actual French) and never at a loss for a word or a gesture, even if the former was incomprehensible and the latter all too explicit. A Julian and Sandy glossary can be found on p. 17.

Fiona and Charles, aka Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'ageing juvenile' Binky Huckaback, were what a certain kind of 1940s British film and theatre performer aspired to, and writers from Noel Coward to Terence Rattigan and back again were constantly, never-endingly, stiff-upper-lippedly, dog-in-the-mangerly, terribly terribly fond of creating. I mean, have you seen a re-run of *Brief Encounter* lately? Well, Fiona and Charles are like the principals in that epic of middle-class stiff-upper-lippery.

Rambling Syd Rumpo started life as a few lines of dialogue and finished up as the star of a best-selling LP. His bogus ethnic patter and totally meaningless songs created an illusion of something terribly naughty going on. Needless to say, it wasn't. It's all in your mind, me dearios.

Chou En Ginsberg MA (Failed) was the ultimate sinister oriental criminal whose plans were invariably foiled by Kenneth Horne Master Spy. Chou's lovely (?) geisha **Lotus Blossom,** played in the manner of a depressed Derek Jameson by Hugh Paddick, was, as Chou so accurately remarked, 'not all she's clacked up to be'.

Seamus Android needs little explanation. The English have always had a weakness for Irish chat show hosts, and Seamus was the doyen of them all. His guests were like the real guests who appeared on chat shows in the 1960s: extrovert actresses, publicity-hungry authors, trendy photographers, lovable cockney actors, and aged American film producers. So, you see, nothing has changed.

Daphne Whitethigh: fashion reporter, TV cook, agony aunt, pain in the neck — a type not so common today as back in the 1960s, since most of the originals on whom Daphne was based have been rumbled, are now working for Sky Channel, are dead, or all three.

Lady Beatrice Counterblast (née Clissold) was one of those delightful old ladies whose past is as lurid as their lavender-scented present is demure. She gave *Round the Horne* one of its few catchphrases — 'many, many times. Many, many times . . . '

Spasm, Lady Counterblast's butler, was a raving lunatic, and you can't say fairer than that.

NEW READERS START HERE . . .

There follows a glossary of words and phrases used by Julian and Sandy, together with their (printable) meanings:

palare = talk (Romany)
bona = good
vada = look
omi = man
palone = woman
omipaloni = homosexual
riah = hair
lallies = legs
dolly = nice, pleasant
eek = face
naph = bad
nante = none/nothing
lucoddy = body
fantabulosa = excellent
troll = walk
lattie = house

Most of the words are of gypsy origin or fairground and circus slang now used by actors and dancers in other branches of the theatre. Some words were Kenneth Williams's and Hugh Paddick's own natural form of expression!

Unlike Julian and Sandy's slang, which if bizarre is authentic, all the strange words used by Rambling Syd Rumpo were invented for the character. They mean nothing but sound as if they might.

FIRST SERIES, NUMBER 5

Recorded 25 March 1965
First broadcast 4 April 1965

FEATURING...

* What happened to the dinosaur?

* The Backroom Boys of the BBC: the Personnel Department interview J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock Esquire

* Trends. This week Fashion (including something incredible in oilskin) and Medicine (introducing Dr Mendelssohn Privet, doctor to the stars)

* Julian and Sandy's 'Butch Boutique'

* Episode 5 of 'The Clissold Saga': Lady Counterblast's film career

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Paul Fenhoulet and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

The series was just finding its feet. Gruntfuttock (Kenneth Williams) makes his debut, Julian and Sandy (Hugh Paddick and Kenneth Williams) are getting into their stride, Betty Marsden and Hugh Paddick appear in an early version of their later characters, 'ageing juvenile' Binky Huckaback and Dame Celia Molestrangler, whilst Kenneth Williams plays a variety of loonies.

Douglas: Here are details of some of tonight's programmes.

Bill: At eight o'clock, the lesser spotted giraffe will be in the studio discussing and showing you film of the mating habits of Armand and Michaela Denis.

Hugh: At nine o'clock you can hear a dramatized serial of the *Fall of the House of Usher*. Tonight's episode is entitled — 'Usher, usher, all fall down'.

Ken W.: And finally, at 10.30 on BBC3, the Israeli Little Theatre Group are presenting their dance and mime company — The Yiddishe Mummers.

Douglas: Meanwhile, for those of you more easily pleased, here's thirty minutes of star studded rubbish as Kenneth Horne takes you — Round the Horne.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Douglas: The story so far. Husky, strapping Betty Marsden is madly in love with sweet, ethereal Kenneth Williams, he of the bedroom eyes and bathroom mind. Together they stroll through the thick tangled undergrowth, played by thick, tangled Hugh Paddick, in his ineffable manner — as opposed to his usual manner, which is extremely effable. Pausing by the trunk of a petrified oak, played by petrified Bill Pertwee, he took her in his arms — his firm young kneecaps pressed against the madras cotton of his trousers, her mouth became a scarlet wound of anguish as she gasped out the words —

Kenneth: Good evening. My name is Kenneth Horne.

[*Orchestra:* *music*]

Kenneth: Hello and welcome to Round the Horne. That was Douglas Smith, who appeared by permission of the Foots Cray branch of the David Frost Fan Club and Burial Society.

Now, here are the answers to last week's quiz. The answer to question one was an army surplus vest or a banjo. For those of you who thought it was Dusty Springfield, all I can say is you obviously weren't paying attention. Question two — a tricky one this. You remember we asked you to

complete some well-known phrases — and the answers are: like a light... with the lark, and... as a drum. Now, it's nice to have the chance...

Ken W.: I bet it is.

Kenneth: Quiet Williams. It's nice to have the chance to air one's views on various topics. And tonight I'd like to talk about a creature that has long baffled science.

Ken W.: Oh, get on with it.

Kenneth: There's another creature that's long baffled science. But the one I'm referring to is the dinosaur. What happened to the dinosaur?

Hugh: Don't tell me you've lost it again.

Betty: I hope it hasn't gone running in the road.

Bill: If people can't keep pets properly they shouldn't have 'em.

Kenneth: Now, the dinosaur lived, as we all know, many millions of years ago — at least the one I'm referring to did. His name was George. And he lived with his family in Potters Bar, near the golf course. The dinosaur's natural enemy was Neanderthal Man, a sort of Mick Jagger who couldn't help it — a carnivorous mammal who subsisted entirely on a diet of dinosaur — dinosaur and chips — dinosaurburgers — dinosaur trotters. Of course, this diet ruined the health of the Neanderthal man, and it didn't do much for the dinosaur. What with this and the Ice Age coming to Potters Bar, some of the dinosaurs decided to head south. They got as far as Bognor Regis, but none of the boarding houses would take them in. You know what they're like about pets. So in the end they just hung about the pier playing the slot machines, but Bognor Regis being what it is, they soon died of boredom. Nobody knows what happened to the other dinosaurs; some claim that they became extinct, others claim that they became transmuted into another species, but my own theory is that they're still hanging about somewhere and they'll show up when they're hungry. Oh well, I just thought I'd mention it.

And now to our feature, the Backroom Boys of the BBC.

This week the personnel department, where a highly skilled panel screens possible employees to make sure that the right man gets the right job...

[*Fade — and fade up*]

Sir Arnold: [**Bill**] Well, I think we should have given that last chap the job. He had the right background.

Sir Clive: [**Hugh**] I don't agree. We don't want that type of person in the BBC. Look what he said —

Sir Arnold: Well, he said he was a Fellow of all Souls...

Sir Clive: Oh, is that what it was (*chuckles*) I thought he said he played Othello at Walsall.

Lady Brink: [**Betty**] Well, shall we have the next one in?

Sir Arnold: Yes. And remember it is our duty to make sure that we only employ the best type of person with the right type of background, even though it is only for a menial position.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Lady Brink: Come in, Mr — er...

Peasemold: [**Ken W.**] (*old man*) Gruntfuttock — Peasemold Gruntfuttock — J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock. (*pause*) Esquire. (*pause*) I'm not titled or anything.

Sir Arnold: That's all right, we're democratic here. Now — why did you apply for this job?

Peasemold: Well, they sent me up here from the Labour. It was either this or a window dresser in the horsemeat shop. And I got turned down for that, so I come here.

Sir Clive: I see. Well, you couldn't have made a better choice. Now, there's a few questions we must ask you.

Lady Brink: Why do you want to work for the BBC?

Peasemold: I want to get my hands on Judith Chalmers.

Sir Arnold: What we meant was, if we gave you a job in the BBC, what would you actually like to do?

Peasemold: I'd like to get her in the broom cupboard and...

Sir Clive: Mr Gruntfuttock, would you like to tell us something about your background. Now, education —

Peasemold: Private.

Sir Clive: I see, a private education.

Peasemold: (*viciously*) No. I mean, mind your own business. I have the voices see. They tell me what to do. Go forth — the voices said — go up to the BBC and get your hands on Judith Chalmers.

Lady Brink: I see. Now, where do you feel your special aptitude lies? What sort of post did you have in mind?

Peasemold: Well, I'd like the job of Director General of Broadcasting.

Sir Clive: I'm terribly sorry old chap, but Sir Hugh Greene's already got it.

Peasemold: Just like up the horsemeat shop. They give the job to this Paddy 'cos he was wearing a collar. 'Go on', they says, 'Clear off', they says. So I threw a brick through their window and run off down the road. Oh well, if the job as Director General has gone I wouldn't mind going for to be Director of the Spoken Word, or Head of Talks, or stoking the boilers; something where there's luncheon vouchers involved.

Sir Arnold: I see — and what sort of salary did you have in mind?

Peasemold: Oh, about five thousand a year if I was Director of thes Spoken Word, but I'll take two pounds ten a week if it's the boilers. It's all the same to me.

Sir Clive: Yes. A very reasonable attitude. Now, Mr Gruntfuttock, if you wouldn't mind leaving us for a moment, I must consult with my colleagues.

Peasemold: Yes, I shall hang about in the waiting room drawing on the

wall till you're ready for me. Or I might set fire to the waste paper basket. It's up to the voices really.

[**F/X:** *door opens and closes*]

Sir Arnold: Well Lady Brink?

Lady Brink: Poor devil. I really do feel sorry for people like that. He's completely unstable — illiterate, aggressive, and utterly stupid.

Sir Clive: I agree. He should be put out of the way — in a place where he can do no harm to anybody...

Sir Arnold: Then you think...?

Sir Clive: Yes. It's the best thing for him, poor simpleton. Let's call him in.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Sir Clive: Come in Mr Gruntfuttock. Sorry to have kept you waiting.

Peasemold: S'alright. I've been amusing myself. I slashed the curtains with me penknife, emptied the ink wells all over the carpet, and then I ripped the telephone off its wire and threw it out the window.

Sir Arnold: Well, as long as you haven't been bored. Now, we've come to a decision. We can't offer you the job of stoking the boilers because, well frankly you're not up to it. But there is one job we can offer you which seems in keeping with your personality, qualifications, and temperament.

Peasemold: Head of Channel Two?

Sir Arnold: Not quite as bad as that. No. You're going to be the new compere on *Not So Much a Programme...*

[*Orchestra:* *music*]

Kenneth: All the characters portrayed in that sketch were of course living or dead or Kenneth Williams. Now — Trends!

[*Orchestra:* *'Trends' link*]

Kenneth: This is the section of the show devoted to the pacesetters, the trendy with-it crowd, and for those of you with get-up-and-go, I should do it now before we start. First, Fashion.

Betty: Hair is being worn shoulder length this season.

Kenneth: Not by me, it isn't.

Betty: Mary Quant has done it again...

Kenneth: And you want me to break the news to her mother?

Betty: She's done something incredible in oilskin...

Bill: I think that's her own affair. It's not our place to meddle.

Betty: Of course, with the new fashions one has to have the figure to wear them — try fabulous Giovanni's new five day diet plan.

Bill: Day one — slice of toast and a finely grated broad bean. Day two — half a fricasseed prune. Day three — one whole starch reduced grape. Day four — take the pith of one peach and simmer it gently over a low gas. Then throw it away. Day five — summon next of kin.

Kenneth: Medicine. What are the new trends in medicine? The question they're all asking in Harley Street is 'How can one avoid catching Trubshawe's disease?' Well, the answer is quite simple. Keep well clear of Trubshawe. But what are the *trendy* people suffering from? Well, with me in the studio tonight is Dr Mendelssohn Privet, doctor to the stars of show business.

Dr M: (*German*) Good evening — that'll be five guineas.
[Hugh]

Kenneth: Now tell me, Doctor, you number among your patients many celebrities.

Dr M: Oh yes. I was consultant on Ringo's tonsils, I treated Bernard Levin for his inferiority complex, and once I treated Janette Scott for Frostbite.

Kenneth: And I believe recently you operated on all of the Rolling Stones.

Dr M: Yes. To remove moss. And then — Sandie Shaw, I've treated her often for corns. And of course I treat the animal celebrities. Pinky and Perky — a nasty case of swinefever that was. I was called in only last week when Ollie Beak got the moth. But I suppose I am best known in this field because I am actually the man who attended to Bill and Ben when they were pot-bound.

Kenneth: But I believe that you are also world famed in the field of psycho-analysis for your connection with Jung and Adler...

Dr M: Is quite right. Muriel Young and Larry Adler. I treated Larry for six months for a wheezy chest before I found he'd swallowed his harmonica. Naturally, I removed the vital organ. But, as you say, I also deal with the mind. Young Helen Shapiro, I treated him. And then I had this patient — terribly mixed up he was. He thought he was Kenneth Williams — there was nothing I could do for the poor wretch, you see it turned out he was.

Kenneth: How tragic. Well, it's been a privilege having you here, doctor.

Dr M: Thank you, but I must hurry away now. I have to attend to P.J. Proby. He had a rather unfortunate accident. I'm afraid he'll need at least fourteen stitches.

Kenneth: Good gracious — where?

Dr M: In his trousers.

Kenneth: Thank you, Dr Privet. Now, since we've been doing these Trend spots, I've become more appearance conscious. I mean, it's all teen this and teen that these days, but I thought just because I'm nearly thirty —

Ken W.: Thirty? Round the neck.

Kenneth: I thought, well there's no reason to let myself go, so I popped into one of those gents' boutiques in Chelsea to get myself some with-it accoutrements. This shop had one of those very masculine names — I can't remember — Butch, I think it was called.

[*Fade — and fade up*]

[**F/X:** *shop doorbell*]

Sandy: [**Ken W.**] (*coming on mike*) Coming, ducky. Hello — I'm Sandy and this is my friend Julian.

Kenneth: Aren't you those two actors from Rentachap male domestics?

Julian: [**Hugh**] Yes, we're resting. We're just filling in here between jobs. Normally we do commericals. You may have seen me in that one where me and this girl scamper through the snow, then we drink hot chocolate and then whatever her pleasure is, I complete it.

Sandy: And I'm the one in that detergent ad that keeps going into people's houses and asking housewives impertinent questions about their underwear. But we're between jobs at the moment so we're working here. Now, what can we show you?

Kenneth: Well, I thought it was about time I sort of got with-it sartorially.

Julian: Yes, well let's see what we've got. We've got some absolutely bona black leather Hardy Amies briefs embossed with pictures of Brian Epstein. Or how about a pair of tight jeans? You've got the calves for it, hasn't he Sandy?

Sandy: Oh yes, he's got the calves. But what about his ankles? They're a bit on the thick side.

Kenneth: What's that got to do with it?

Julian: Well, if you've got thick ankles, you'd never get them on. There's some nice, lime green raffia hipsters though. Do you see yourself in hipsters?

Kenneth: No. I'm more the paunchster sort. What I had in mind was a suit — something fairly conservative. Something I could wear when I go to my club.

Sandy: How about this lurex seersucker with the polka dot motif?

Kenneth: I couldn't wear that at my club.

Julian: It's what we wear when we go to *our* club.

Sandy: The Marine Commando Club in Paddington.

Kenneth: Yes, but it's hardly the same as the Athenaeum.

Julian: Oh, you are hard to please. Show him your swatch.

Sandy: Here — have a quick browse through these. See, you have your bold tartan, your herringbones, your houndstooth, your seersucker, and there's your Harris Tweed. Show him your Harris, Julian. He's got a very bold Harris. It's purple. With a gold fleck.

Kenneth: Yes. I rather like that.

Sandy: Right. Let's just have your measurements. I'll call them out Julian, and you write them down. Now — chest, forty-two. Expanded — forty-two. Waist, forty-two. Hips, forty-two. Well, you're consistent, I'll say that for you. Pity the shift's gone out of fashion.

Julian: Now to go with it, I suggest these bell-bottomed white leather trousers, the fluorescent shirt with the tab collar, cuban heeled knee length black boots, and a kinky little red leather hat.

Kenneth: Don't you think that's going a bit too far?

Sandy: No, of course not — there — if you'd just like to slip into the changing room and put the stuff on, we'll wrap up your old suit.

Kenneth: Thank you.

Julian: And put it in the incinerator.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: So anyway, ten minutes later I walked out of that shop looking like a different person — Cilla Black. My case comes up next Tuesday, but I shall plead the headaches again. And now — Trends in Music. They say that music hath charms, and so here to sooth your savage breasts are the Fraser Hayes Four to sing a track from their new LP, 'Issy Bonn at Oberammergau'.

[*Fraser Hayes Four:* 'Day In, Day Out']

Kenneth: Thank you the Fraser Hayes Four, and on behalf of us all, I'd just like to say a heartfelt good riddance.

And now — Episode Five of 'The Clissold Saga'.

[*Orchestra:* *fanfare*]

Kenneth: Once again today we salute that grand old boiler Beatrice Clissold, an actress who delighted so many people a few years go in The Little Hut on Shaftesbury Avenue, before the police raided it, but who achieved her greatest fame in Hollywood, where she was applauded for her Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, praised for her Fanny by Gaslight, and acclaimed by everyone who remembers her Splendour In The Grass.

Last week I went back once again to visit Lady Counterblast, as she now is, at her isolated country home at Chattering Parva...

[*Fade — and fade up*]

[*Tape:* *usual effects, ending with door creaking open*]

Spasm: Ar. You be Lobby Lud and I claim the five pounds.
[Ken W.]

Kenneth: No. It's just a trick of the light. I'm Kenneth Horne.

Spasm: Oh. Go home, young master. Go back to London. This house be accursed. Lackaday! Oh woe! Lackaday and woe! And fie an' all. Lackaday, woe and fie — and while we're on the subject, rue, Oh Lackaday, Woe, Fie and Rue —

Kenneth: Sounds like a firm of estate agents.

Spasm: Ar, you may jest, but you haven't seen what I've seen. (*clock chimes*) 'Tis time, 'tis the hour for the headless Abbot of Chattering Parva to manifest hisself. He comes a galloping by holding his cassock above his knees, a looking for his head... (*gasp*) Here he comes now...

[**F/X:** *running footsteps*]
...Evening George.

Cheery voice: (*out of breath)* Evening Mr Spasm.
[**Bill**]

[**F/X:** *footsteps run off*
Sudden crash and thud of body falling]

Spasm: Can't see where he's going. That's the worst of having no head. Now, I suppose you'll be wanting to see the mistress. Follow me...

[**F/X:** *footsteps on marble floor*]

Kenneth: You've been with Lady Counterblast a long while, haven't you?

Spasm: Ar, I have. I remember many's the time I dandled her on my knee. Aye, I've dandled her on my knee many a time — till one night her husband come home unexpected.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Spasm: 'Tis the young master. (*chuckles*) Young Master?

Lady C: Ah, Mr Horne.
[**Betty**]

Spasm: Er — the headless abbot's back, madam. Shall I make up a bed in the spare room?

Lady C: No. The Mad Nun's in there. Remember what happened last time. We had complaints from the phantom neighbours. Alright, Spasm. You may leave us.

Spasm: We're all doomed. Doomed. (*etc. etc. etc.*)

[**F/X:** *door closes*]

Kenneth: Is he safe?

Lady C: Don't let Spasm worry you, Mr Horne. He may appear to be a dangerous lunatic, but in reality — he is.

Kenneth: Well, Lady Counterblast, in the past few weeks you've told

us about your early years on the stage, but I believe you made your biggest impact in films. You started in silent pictures, didn't you?

Lady C: Yes. I often appeared in Fatty Arbuckle's shorts. They were the biggest draws in Hollywood at the time. Perhaps you'd like to see some excerpts from my films. I have the projector set up here. I'll just switch on.

Now this is one of the first talkies I made at Elstree Studios. I co-starred with Hamilton Grosvenor.

Kenneth: Oh yes, I remember the film. It was called *Brief Interlude.*

Lady C: Shh — it's starting...

[F/X: *whirring of projector*
railway station noises]

Hugh: (*à la Jack Hawkins*) I've put your bags on the rack.

Betty: Thank you, darling.

Hugh: Well, this is — goodbye.

Betty: (*a touch of the Margaret Leightons*) Yes, darling. The train leaves in five minutes. God, darling, how I hate railway stations —

Hugh: I shall always remember these last few sad sweet unutterably poignant moments — I suppose you'll be — going back to your husband and the children in Hadley Wood.

Betty: My place is with Roger — he needs me.

Hugh: I need you, too — Oh God, darling, God, God, God! How I need you — darling.

Betty: Don't, darling. It makes it so much more difficult.

Hugh: I can't help myself darling

(*they kiss*)

Betty: I've got powder all over your uniform.

Hugh: It doesn't matter. Nothing matters now that you're leaving me. Must you? Must you go?

Betty: Yes. But I shall always remember this brief meeting — these stolen moments of bittersweet madness.

[**F/X:** *guard's whistle; train door closing hiss of steam, etc.*]

Betty: The train will be moving soon. Goodbye.

Hugh: One — last — kiss... try not to forget me...

Betty: I won't. I won't. (*change of tone*) Oh, and here's sixpence for your trouble, porter.

Hugh: (*very formal*) Thank you, madam.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Lady C: Yes, they were wonderful films we made at Elstree, but then I got an offer to go back to Hollywood. Darryl F. Poltergeist said he'd make me a star if I would just come across.

Kenneth: And did you?

Betty: Many many times. Many many many times (*etc, etc*). In those days the fashion was for films based on the lives of the great. I played Mrs Beethoven, Mrs Genghis Khan, and Mrs Ivan the Terrible. Here is a scene from the one I enjoyed most, where I played Mrs Gugliemo Marconi, wife of the famous inventor...

[**F/X:** *whirring projector hammering, sawing, etc.*]

Betty: (*Italian, coming on mike*) Hey, Gugliemo, I gotta da lunch.

Bill: (*Italian*) Come in, Carissima —

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Betty: All the time you working on your invention you gotta no time for me and the bambinos no more.

Bill: What bambinos?

Betty: Giuseppe, Luigi, Roberto, Enrico, Maria, Marcello, Gina, Rudolfo, Claudia, Leonardo, Benjamino, Fillipo —

Bill: But, darling —

Betty: Wait a minute — I haven't finished — Anselmo, Umberto, Sophia, Benito, and Seamus.

Bill: Seamus? I don'ta remember no Seamus.

Betty: Seamus — you know, the little one with the red hair and freckles, and the Irish accent and the — hey, you know you quite right — musta belong to Mrs Riley up the road. Whatsa wrong with you, Gugliemo — all the time is work, work, work.

Bill: Is a my invention. I have only just finished it. Is a magnifico idea. Is going to make da name of Marconi remembered always. Look, Carissima — here — on the bench.

Betty: What? Dis little box with wires and valves inside it?

Bill: Look, it works likes this — you turn dis little knob — so —

[**F/X:** *radio switched on — static, and then...*]

Ken W.: (*Wilfred Pickles*) This week *Have a Go* comes to you from a Sewage Farm in Chichester.

[**F/X:** *radio set switched off*]

Bill: Spaghetti Bolognaise.

[*Orchestra:* *punctuating chord*]

Lady C: Ah, Hollywood — what a wonderful experience. That's where I got my Oscar, you know.

[**F/X:** *whirring projector starts again*]

Lady C: What's this now? Oh, this'll probably be a scene from the last film I made — last summer it was. Shhh — it's starting...

[**F/X:** *on film, door opens and closes*]

Betty: (*as Lady C*) What are you doing here?

Ken W.: (*starting quietly and working up to an insane frenzy*) Ah, you didn't expect to see me did you, me proud beauty — you thought you were too clever for me, didn't you? That's what the others thought...

Betty: Others? What others?

Ken W.: The postman, the vicar — yes, now you know — I may as well tell you the rest, since you'll never live to give me away. Yes. I did for them both. They laughed at me. Laughed in my face. Laughed. (*insane laugh*)

Betty: You're — you're mad...

Ken W.: (*snarls*) Don't call me mad! That's what they said. That's what they said at that place. They locked me up, but I escaped — Yes — I'm cleverer than them all — I'll show them. I'll take over the world — I'll show them who's mad. No — it's no use trying that door — it's locked. Come here (*quietly*) I have to do this — you do understand, don't you? It won't hurt. (*shouts*) Oh, would you — Come here — Come back...

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Hugh: Alright, Sergeant — grab him. (*ad lib protesting and screaming as Ken is led off*)

[**F/X:** *whirring projector — then it's switched off*]

Kenneth: What a remarkable piece of acting, Lady Counterblast.

Lady C: That wasn't acting. That was a home movie we took of Lord Counterblast before they took him away.

Kenneth: Well, it's always nice to have these little family mementoes.

Lady C: Yes — I'm afraid that's all I have left of my long career.

Kenneth: But you have your Oscar.

Lady C: Yes. A great comfort and a great source of pleasure to me in my old age.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Bill: (*young and virile*) Oh, I didn't realize you had company, Beattie — I'll come back later when you're alone.

[**F/X:** *door closes*]

Kenneth: Who's that?

Lady C: That's Oscar.

[*Orchestra:* *sketch pay off*]

Kenneth: That concludes 'The Clissold Saga'. A story that not only warmed my heart but — frankly — turned my stomach over. Next week you will be able to take part in a new adventure in sound with the first instalment of Inspector Horne's Casebook. All that remains for me now is to give you the results of last week's Limerick competition. The winning entry came from a Mr Griffith of Little Cherrington, Warwickshire, and it goes as follows:

A young market gardener from Bude
Developed a cactus quite lewd.
He said when it trembles
It rather resembles
Sophia Loren in the nude.

FIRST SERIES, NUMBER 13

Recorded 20 May 1965
First broadcast 30 May 1965

FEATURING...

* Dictator Gruntfuttock (and his dog Fido) threatens the British government
* Kenneth Horne — Special Agent: the theft of the Eiffel Tower
* Trends. Theatre: *Present Encounter* starring Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'Binky' Huckaback. Medicine: Dr Gaylord Haemoglobin. Music: Rambling Syd Rumpo (the Cornish Lummock Wogglers' Song)
* Julian and Sandy: 'Bona Pets'

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

The musical director is now Edwin Braden, who was to become the source of much innocent mirth as 'that great hairy fool'. In fact Edwin was a genial, moustachioed MD and arranger whose musical links invariably enhanced the action.

Gruntfuttock, having gone through several metamorphoses, is now Dictator Gruntfuttock. The line 'the voices did speak unto me...' etc is what the religious lobby objected to, proving only their own lack of a sense of humour.

Kenneth Horne Special Agent, a parody of James Bond, was well into its stride, and Kenneth Williams as Japanese Mastermind Dr Chou En Ginsberg MA (Failed) and Hugh Paddick as his cockney geisha, Lotus Blossom, were well established.

The character of Dr Haemoglobin makes an appearance, but frankly was never a success and was quickly dropped.

The other main characters, Julian and Sandy, Fiona and Charles, and Rambling Syd Rumpo, had by now become regulars.

Douglas: Here are details of some of this week's programmes on radio and television.

Bill: On Saturday, BBC TV brings you the logical sequel to *The Flying Swan* — it's called *The Dead Duck*.

Hugh: On Tuesday night Old Time Dancing comes from the new over-seventies discotheque — The Whisky A-Go-Go — or, as it has been renamed for the occasion — The Whisky A-Been-Been.

Ken W.: And finally, at midnight it's 'And So To Bed with Edmundo Ros and his Latin American Rhythm'.

Douglas: And meanwhile, for those of you who are more easily pleased, here's thirty minutes of crudely wrought claptrap as we take you Round the Horne.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Douglas: The story so far. Handsome, moustachioed Colonel Betty Marsden of the First Rajputan Foot and Mouth sat idly kicking his native bearer, Old Ram Singh, played by old Bill Pertwee, with a sikhly grin, he of the weathered mahogany complexion with eyes like knotholes. Suddenly the door burst open, and there, framed in the doorway, stood his lovely titian haired daughter, played by lovely hairy titian Hugh Paddick. 'Father!' she cried, 'someone has stolen the eye of the little yellow idol, played by the little yellow bone idle Kenneth Williams, with a jewel in his navel. At the moment, the hoary lantern-jawed face of the High Priest appeared at the window. He screeched out a foul Hindu curse, which loses a little in the translation, but roughly means —

Kenneth: My name is Kenneth Horne.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: That was Douglas Smith, spinster of this parish, who appears by permission of the Battersea Friends of the Turnip League, and girl pipers. Now, the answers to last week's quiz. Question one, complete these song titles. Well of course, the answer to Question A — 'Give me the' — was, of course, the moonlight, and not the screaming

habdabs as one of you wrote. Question B — 'Button up your' — Well of course it was overcoat, and I will definitely not accept any other suggestions. Finally, the third song title was — 'All the nice girls love a'. Well, I won't weary you with the replies I got. But they'd make Sir Cyril Black's hair stand on end.

The answer to what all the nice girls love is, of course, a sailor and not a sagger maker's bottom knocker — apart from anything else, it doesn't rhyme. (*sings*) 'All the nice girls love a sagger maker's bottom knocker'... So you see, Mr J. G. of Rotherhithe, I'm not just victimizing you. Now, once again we have with us in the studio the self-appointed King of Peasmoldia, which as you probably know is Railway Sidings, Hoxton and as far up Buttermold Street as the pub. Here he is — King — er —

Gruntfuttock: Gruntfuttock. Ex-King Gruntfuttock. **[Ken W.]**

Kenneth: Ex-King?

Ken W.: Yes, I have abdicated off the throne. You see the voices did speak unto me and they did say 'Gruntfuttock, my child, my lamb, arise now, lay down your orb and sceptre, and abdicate orf out of it — and while you're out get the Racing Pink and see what won the three-thirty. So I did obey the voices, and now I'm plain ordinary Dictator Gruntfuttock of Peasmoldia. We're now a Republic.

Kenneth: I see — so you're a despot.

Ken W.: Well I don't go looking for it.

Kenneth: Tell, me Dictator Gruntfuttock, why have you taken this step?

Ken W.: Well, they wouldn't give me my own nuclear deterrent. I asked nicely enough. I went up on the bus to Whitehall and I asked this man sat on a horse, I said, 'Please could I have me own nuclear deterrent.' But he said, 'Go on, sling your hook off out of it.' I even gave his horse a knob of sugar, what I'd nicked up the coffee stall, but he was still adamant. Adamant as a pig he was. See, the British government won't recognize me, that's the trouble. Harold Wilson — he won't recognize me. The only one who recognizes me is

the man in the all night chemists. He recognized me. 'Oh, it's you King Gruntfuttock', he said. 'I've had orders not to serve you with paraffin.' 'Ho?' I enquired, 'And why may I ask?' He says, 'Cause you drink it.' I don't drink it. I set fire to things with it. The parlour curtains and that class of thing. I'm going to war with England.

Kenneth: That's rather drastic isn't it?

Ken W.: I've tried reasoning with the British government, but to no avail. I sent an abusive note to Mr Wilson complete with drawings, but he didn't deign to reply. I even 'phoned up Barbara Castle and breathed heavy down the 'phone at her, but they've all disregarded my overtures, and now my patience is exhausted. I've been promised Chinese support and finance if necessary.

Kenneth: The Chinese government?

Ken W.: Not exactly. Mr Ah Hoo Lung, washer-up at the Salvation Army shelter. He give me two bob. My forces are mustering on the border and as soon as Field Marshal Monty Thrupp — my brother in law — gets out of the nick, we shall march.

Kenneth: And how many do you have in your army?

Ken W.: Well, all told, our combined strength, including the Naval Reserve and the Terrers — let me see now... (*long pause while he counts in a mumble*) Two. Plus, of course, my dog Fido. He's a nasty brute he is — got no teeth, but if he gets his gums into you you'll know all about it. Give you a nasty suck. Yes, we are girding up our loins at this very moment... 'cepting Fido, poor old devil. He can hardly walk, let alone gird his loins. But nevertheless, beware Great Britain — Peasmoldia is on the march!

Kenneth: Well, you've been warned, people of Britain, and I'm sure that you're all as underwhelmed as I am by this appalling news. And here's some even more appalling news — Douglas Smith is going to make an announcement. Smith!

Douglas: Sir. And now a story so startling, so revealing, so abysmally inept that only *we* dare tell it — the Big One — the story that leaves off where the others begin. We proudly and furtively

present, Kenneth Horne — Special Agent.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: I was on leave in Paris — on half-pay — or as the French call it, demi pension. I sat at a table in a gay café in the Rue de la Danny, listening to the cheerful screams of the pedestrians as they were clubbed by passing gendarmes. The garçon brought me a menu. I ran my eye down it as I picked my aperitif. Then the waiter spoke:

Bill: (*French*) Please don't pick your pair of teef 'ere, sir. The noise is driving me crazy. What would you like to drink, Mr Horne?

Kenneth: I'll have my usual, Jacques. A vodka martini, and remember the glass should be chilled to exactly twenty degrees fahrenheit — not centigrade — the taste of lemon should be insinuated but not dominant. Use grain vodka and not potato: As to the vermouth, it should be Cresta Gondolfo, which is produced in Lima, Peru, from an old Inca recipe. The cocktail stick should be natural pine, hand turned, pointed at one end and not the other. The cocktail should be carefully stirred and not shaken and served in a nest of crushed ice. And if you haven't got that I'll have a milk stout.

Bill: Oui, Monsieur Horne. Oh, and Monsieur — someone just asked me to give you this message.

Kenneth: He slipped me a piece of paper. On it was the cryptic message 'Green Parakeet to Cuckoo Clock. Farmer's wife startled by travelling salesman'. I looked it up in my code book. Translated it read: 'Stop hanging it out Horne, get on with plot. Phone me at once', and it was signed simply, Brown Horrocks. There was no time to waste. I went to the nearest Douglas Smith and dialled the number.

Douglas: Beep, beep, beep — I'm sorry I'm engaged.

Kenneth: I pressed his Button B and four pennies fell out of his waistcoat. I dialled again.

Douglas: Brr brr — brr brr — brr brr.

[**F/X:** *phone off*]

Kenneth: Hello Brown Horrocks. Horne here.

Hugh: Look Horne, the Sûreté have asked for your help. Someone has stolen the Eiffel Tower — there's nothing left but a hole in the ground.

Kenneth: Good heavens! This could undermine the whole French economy.

Hugh: Precisely. Take the tourist trade. The souvenir shops are having to sell small gilt reproductions of a hole in the ground, and postcards of the view of the hole by moonlight. We want you to find the Eiffel Tower and find it quick.

Kenneth: Have you circulated a description?

Hugh: Yes, we had one made up from Identikit pictures. They've been circulated to all customs officials. We're relying on you Horne.

Kenneth: I knew there was only one man capable of a crime of this magnitude — the fiendish inscrutable Japanese Master-mind, Doctor Chou En Ginsberg. He had to be in Paris somewhere. I decided to try the sleazy Left Bank nightspot that he owned, and quickly disguising myself with a shoulder-length curly ginger wig, I set off for the club. As I strolled along the Bois de Boulogne with my independent hair, I had a feeling I was being followed. I looked round and there, standing behind me, was a menacing apache. Suddenly, and without any warning, he made a lunge for me — we sat and ate it on the grass, gossipping merrily and talking over old times. I thanked him and tipped him lavishly into the Seine. Waving aside his grateful screams I hurried on.

[*Orchestra:* *music link into musette accordion music*]

Douglas: Twelve bars of ragged music later found Special Agent Horne in the bar of the Moulin d'Or.

[*Grams:* *musette accordion*]

Kenneth: A girl dressed in a slinky dress that slunk all the way up her thigh pushed through the crowd towards me.

Betty: 'Allo darling.

[F/X: *kiss*]

Kenneth: Have we met?

Betty: Yes, surely you remember? I am Edna le Moko, daughter of Pepe le Moko. Have you got the grisbi?

Kenneth: No, it's just a rash. Change of water, I think. I've come to see the owner — Chou En Ginsberg.

Betty: He is in the back room meditating. He left instructions not to be disturbed. Would you care to — er —

Kenneth: Would I care to what?

Betty: I don't know. The next line has been cut by the producer.

Kenneth: Well whatever it was, let's try it. Smith —

Douglas: (*wearily*) Here I go again — always the bridesmaid. Alright. Four weeks later.

Kenneth: Four weeks?

Douglas: Yes, you'll need every moment of it. I saw the line that was cut.

Kenneth: Oh — I must remember to tip the writers.

Douglas: Four weeks later in the opium den of Chou En Ginsberg.

[F/X: *knock on door*]

Dr Chou: Come in! Ah, Horne!

[Ken W.]

Kenneth: Ah! Chou!

Ken W.: Bless you. You should take something for that. Would you care for a puff of pipe that brings exquisite visions of great

beauty and deep dreams of peace and contentment and enchanting visions of exotic maidens?

Kenneth: The dreaded poppy?

Ken W.: No. Old Hobson's Curly Cut. Four and three an ounce. Will summon Lotus Blossom to fill pipe for you.

[F/X: *gong*]

Ken W.: Ah, the lovely almond-eyed geisha Lotus Blossom.

Lotus Blossom: Yers guv. What's your pleasure?
[Hugh]

Ken W.: Whatever it is you wouldn't complete it mate.

Hugh: Hear that? That's gratitude, ennit? Give 'im the best years of my life and he treats me like trollop.

Ken W.: Do not be petulant, my little poppy seed. Come, Lotus Blossom, let us be gay and merry — sing us that traditional Japanese melody that tells story of Samurai warrior that returns from battle with dragon to house of honourable mother and beseeches her to join in traditional dance expressing filial love. After me — a-one, a-two —

Hugh: Knees up Mother Brown, knees up Mother Brown — under the table you must go — ee aye ee aye ee aye oh. If I catch you bending I'll —

Ken W.: Alright, Lotus Blossom, we'll let you know. Now Mr Horne — why are you here?

Kenneth: I know your little game.

Ken W.: Is all misunderstanding. Am victim of police persecution. Merely climbed tree outside girl's house to rescue pussy cat — merely coincidence girl was taking bath in window opposite — the binoculars can be easily explained — had just been to Ascot. Explained to constable but allested. (*shouts*) One false step and they hound you for the rest of

your life — Is not fair! Only one honourable course left open — I must go to join my ancestors.

Kenneth: Hari-Kiri?

Ken W.: No. Bludder-in-law in Bognor Regis. But you have not heard the last of Doctor Chou En Ginsberg MA (failed). Goodbye.

Kenneth: And with that, he leapt onto the window sill and with a last dreadful cry —

Ken W.: Aáaaah so!

Kenneth: He jumped into the Seine and swam off. He was tried in his absence and found guilty, but in Seine. The Eiffel Tower was never found. In its place was put a life-sized cardboard cut-out of General De Gaulle with his legs astride. So far nobody's noticed the difference.

And now, here are four life-sized cardboard cut-outs of a vocal group, who are going to sing a track from their new LP — 'Doing the monkey with Ram Gopal'. The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'Lover Come Back to Me'*]

Douglas: And now — 'Trends'.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: This is the part of the show for the trendy people who are going places and are with-it. If you're going places without it — I hope you find some when you get there. First, Theatre. The thirties revival continues. Latest to enter the field is a production of *Present Encounter* starring Dame Celia Molestrangler and ageing juvenile 'Binky' Huckaback. Here is an excerpt.

[*Grams: 'Room With a View'*]

[**F/X:** *restaurant sounds*]

Fiona: You came then, Charles?
[Betty]

Charles: Yes, Fiona.
[Hugh]

Betty: I knew you would.

Hugh: I knew you knew I would.

Betty: I know you know I knew you would. And yet — I was — uncertain — heart-quakingly — lip-tremblingly, butterfly-stomachly uncertain — and yet positive. And you, Charles?

Hugh: I was positive too. Resolutely, doggedly, stiff-upper-lippedly, teeth-grittedly positive — and yet somehow uncertain.

Betty: Funny. I sensed that.

Hugh: Yes, I sensed you sensed it.

Betty: I sensed you sensed I sensed it.

Hugh: Yes — I sensed it.

Betty: I know.

Hugh: I know you know

Betty: I know you know I know.

Hugh: Yes. I know. Do you mind if I join you at your table?

Betty: Should you?

Hugh: Should — should not. Mere words, Fiona. Who knows what one should do, or, knowing, do it, whether one should or no — or should not, not do it, knowing whether one should or not. All I know is I must.

Betty: Oh, Charles. If it were only that simple — but it's somehow wrong — irresponsibly, compromisingly wrong for you to be seen at my table. Charles — don't look at me like that. Charles — you mustn't hold my hand in that way —

Charles you mustn't. You mustn't.

Hugh: I must, Fiona, I must.

[**F/X:** *kiss*]

Betty: Please, Charles — the other diners are watching us.

Hugh: Then why did you sent for me — was it just a caprice, a whim, a vagary of fancy, a will of the wisp peccadillo, a mad irrepressible moment of antic impulse?

Betty: No, Charles, No, no, no — you know why I called you over.

Hugh: Tell me, tell me, in Heaven's name, Fiona, tell me. Put me out of this awful suspense. What is it you want?

Betty: Well, waiter, I'll have the Brown Windsor, followed by the steak and chips.

[*Orchestra:* *music*]

Kenneth: Oh what a tide of ungovernable indifference that evokes. And now, trends in medicine. Here is Doctor Gaylord Haemoglobin. This week he's going to tell us about his revolutionary new method of relaxation through Hypnosis. (*very calmly*) Doctor Haemoglobin...

Bill: (*shouts*) Don't shout at me! You know my nerves are in a bad state. Why are you staring at me like that? You hate me don't you — Why do you hate me? (*whimpering*) I've never done anything to you. Oh I can't go on. Steady Gaylord — count up to ten. (*quietly*) One, two, three, four (*shouts*) five! (*quietly*) six, seven (*through gritted teeth*) eight, nine (*strangled*) ten! (*pants; then quite calmly*) There — all better now. Now what was it you wanted to ask me?

Kenneth: Now you claim you can calm people's nerves through hypnotic suggestion.

Bill: (*calmly*) Yes, that's quite true — it's all a matter of mind

over... (*pause and then screams*) Look out! Here they come again! Little hairy things with feet. Duck! For heaven's sake, duck!

Kenneth: (*panicky*) What? Where?

Bill: (*very calm and kindly*) What's the matter?

Kenneth: (*excited*) Little hairy things with feet!

Bill: Don't worry — it's just your imagination. I can't see anything. You're probably just a bit overwrought. Hairy things with feet! Ha ha ha ha — oh the mind can play funny tricks. Ha ha ha — you don't want to worry about hairy things with feet. (*shouts*) It's those great green scaly ones with fangs. They're the ones you want to worry about! Ah — Ooh — Got him. I trod on him. That's better. You have to be on your guard all the time. (*calm*) Now, relaxation through hypnosis. Well, it's quite simple really. Would you mind if I demonstrated with you?

Kenneth: No, not at all.

Bill: Well, I just sit you comfortably — like this. Are you quite relaxed?

Kenneth: Yes.

Bill: Then I just wave my pocket watch in front of you — like this. And then in a calm soothing voice I just say (*shouts*) Go to sleep! Go to sleep!

Kenneth: I don't feel sleepy.

Bill: You swine. You're like all the rest. They all say that. They won't go to sleep however loud I shout at them. I could bellow at the top of my voice and they take no notice. (*shrieks*) Go to sleep!

Kenneth: How can I with you shouting at me like that?

Bill: (*quietly*) Ah you're not relaxed enough, that's your trouble.

Now close your eyes and picture yourself in calm and peaceful surroundings. You're lying on a sunny palm-fringed beach — the gentle waters lapping about your feet. You look at the calm blue waters where the waves break gently over the (*suddenly shouts*) Here they come again! Out of the sea! Them great green scaly things! Run for it! Run for your life! (*screams and runs off*)

[**F/X:** *distant door slams*]

Kenneth: Thank you, Doctor Haemoglobin. And now (*shouts*), Trends in — Ahem — er (*quietly*) trends in music. Again we have with us that doyen of folk singers Rambling Syd Rumpo. Hello Mr Rumpo, and where have your wanderings taken you this week?

Ken W.: Over hill, over dale, through fields and byres along the Watford By-Pass-O. A-reach me down, a-doodle-O, a-diddle-aye a dey-do, chirrup chirrup. I'm just being ethnic again. Well, me deario — I've been a-rummaging through me rucksack and just under me second best pair of rucks I found a half-forgotten old folk song. That is I've forgotten half of it, but I'll sing 'ee the rest. It's a Cornish Lummock Wogglers' song, which is sung in the village of Tinpadgett every Lummock Woggling time, which occurs at the time of the Vernal Equinox after the pubs have shut. The young men of Tinpadgett don their colourful Lummock breeches and go woggling up the high street, knocking on doors a-singing, 'I am the Merry Lummock Woggler — I ply thee a forfeit-o. Be your daughter coming out a-woggle picking?' To which the lady of the house traditionally replies, 'Sling your hook, oh Woggler man — or else I'll call the police-o.'

Kenneth: Sounds fascinating.

Ken W.: Oh aye — and then the Woggler men congregate outside and throw stones at the window, and when the maiden of their choice peers through the curtains they dance about, woggling their lummocks and singing this refrain. (*sings*)

Oh who'll come a-woggling this fine night
When the moon is shining bright-o?

For the lummocks be ripening on the russet bough
And we're in for a fine night-o.
With a riddle-me-dum, with a fo-ha-hee,
And a twitterpatch, nettlerash, dey-oh!

Kenneth: Well, thank you, Rambling Syd Rumpo.

I was reading in the paper the other day that a well-known starlet had acquired a pet alligator. This seems to be the 'in' thing these days — exotic pets — and you know me, I don't like to be left behind, so I popped into a rather unusual new pet shop that's opened in Chelsea. It was called 'Bona Pets'.

[**F/X:** *shop bell*
animal sounds]

Kenneth: Hello! Shop! Anyone there?

Hugh: (*coming on mike*) Hello — I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: 'Scuse us being all covered in hair, but we've just been stripping a Borzoi.

Hugh: At least we thought he was a Borzoi. When we stripped him we found it was just a hairy whippet.

Kenneth: Well, I must say it's unusual finding you working in a place like this.

Ken W.: Well we're just filling in between commercials. We've just done one where Jule is playing a big film director and I'm supposed to be this big star. So anyway, we've just finished making this million dollar epic and I say to him, 'Where you going for your hols — Bermuda?'

Hugh: And I say 'No — don't be daft. I'm going up a holiday camp. You get your own chalet, hot and cold, baby sitters laid on, and there's simply loads of talent waiting to be discovered.'

Ken W.: And I say 'Oh fabe.' And off we troll to Skegness.

Hugh: He took his part lovely.

Ken W.: But things are very quiet the nonce so we're doing a bit here and there. Now what can we do for you?

Kenneth: Well actually I'm looking for a pet.

Ken W.: Well of course dogs are nice, don't you think Jule?

Hugh: Oh yes, we've got a plethora of dogs here. How do you fancy a little chihuahua?

Kennneth: No thanks, I don't smoke.

Ken W.: Oh bold! No, he means a Mexican Hairless. I should have thought that was very suitable for you. Or you have your poodle. That's a noble beast, isn't it Jule?

Hugh: Yes. And you can have 'em in any colour you like. You have your blue rinse, your grey rinse — you can have any colour to match your barnet.

Ken W.: Now we're back on the Mexican Hairless again.

Hugh: No, I tell you what, we got one poodle — very unusual shade. He's streaked with lavender and crimson. We didn't intend it that way, but he rolled in the paint while we was doing the bathroom. He's a very eye-catching little fellow, though.

Ken W.: No, he's not the poodle type, Jule. A poodle's not really *him*.

Kenneth: Well what sort of dog would you recommend?

Hugh: Well, we've got some new strains we've bred ourselves. There's Cyril — he's half and half you know. Half King Charles spaniel, half fox terrier. We call him a fox-cocker.

Ken W.: Or you can have your Doberman Wolfhound, your wire-haired Dalmatian, or then there's Queenie. She's a cross between a German Sausage Dog and a Greyhound.

Kenneth: A sort of Grey Sausage Doghound.

Hugh: Yes. She stands four foot high with her belly dragging on the ground. She may not look much, but she don't half go.

Kenneth: It's not exactly what I had in mind. I was looking for something a little exotic.

Hugh: Well that does seem to suggest your miniatures or your toys. How about a bijou Chow? Or I've got the cutest little pom.

Kenneth: Really?

Ken W.: Would you like a Peke?

Kenneth: I don't really think so — but what about this little chap on the counter. He seems very quiet and well behaved. Yorkshire Terrier, isn't he?

Ken W.: Not exactly. It's a floor mop.

Kenneth: Yes, I thought he had rather a long tail.

Ken W.: Are you absolutely set on a dog?

Kenneth: No, not really. I just wanted something out of the ordinary.

Hugh: Well how about our twin set? Hamster and Tortoise? Marvellous for dealing with burglars.

Kenneth: What? A hamster and a tortoise. How?

Hugh: Well, the burglar creeps in through the window, sees the hamster sitting there wrinkling his nose and looking all cute. So he gives a squeal of delight, and while he's bending down going 'Kootchy kootchy koo' you creep up behind him and hit him with the tortoise.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: In the end I settled for something more exotic and unusual. I mean, it's not everybody in South Kensington goes walkies with an orang-utan. Very intelligent beast. I sent him out to get the newspapers, but unfortunately I haven't

seen him since, or the papers — or the newsagent for that matter. I offered a reward and circulated a description, but people keep bringing me Edwin Braden.

Ken W.: Great hairy fool.

Kenneth: Well, that brings us to the end of the show. So I'll say cheerio, see you next week.

SECOND SERIES, NUMBER 3

Recorded 23 March 1966
First broadcast 27 March 1966

FEATURING...

* Kenneth Horne — Master Spy, once again in the clutches of Dr Chou En Ginsberg

* Trends. An Exhibition of washing by Russell Codpiece, discussed by Lady Voleharvest, Dr Hammerfest, and Professor Globefoot

* Julian and Sandy: 'Bona Tattoos'

* Seamus Android (interrupted by J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock), with his guests Frou Frou Poltergeist, Rabid Dailey, and Darryl F. Klaphanger, the Fourth

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

Round the Horne was by now an established success. The 'Answers to Last Week's Questions' was a regular feature and 'Kenneth Horne Master Spy' was still going strong, although Kenneth Williams is complaining about the quality of the writing!

By now we had introduced the 'Seamus Android Show', a parody (of course) of the then very successful Sunday night chat show hosted by Eamonn Andrews. Marty and I had appeared on Andrews's show some weeks before and frankly had not been deeply impressed, as our parody demonstrates. Seamus Android's *non sequiturs* and the sort of guests who appeared on the show were all too like the real thing. Darryl F. Klaphanger IV was based on Kenneth Williams's description of his meeting with the legendary silent film producer, Hal Roach.

[*Grams:* *'Dixon of Dock Green' signature*]

Hugh: (*Dixon*) Evening all. Well, it's not every week that we have a story of sex, lust, and violence involving a psychopathic vicar and a transvestite desk-sergeant, who between them start a reign of terror the like of which the manor has never seen. No, it's not every week we give you a story like that, and this week is no exception — and so instead we're going to do the same pathetic old rubbish we always do. Still, it keeps Ted Willis off the streets doesn't it? It all started when Andy and Detective-Constable Lauderdale were called in to see the Super...

Bill: Well, Lauderdale, something nasty's come up again.

Ken W.: What is it, Super?

Bill: Well, you know how much I hate a bent copper —

Ken W.: Yes, sir, I know — you can't get them in the slot.

[*Orchestra:* *punctuating chord*]

Bill: Yes — the BBC studio that had the courage to present 'Dixon of Dock Green' now has the barefaced effrontery to present 'Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra:* *signature*]

Douglas: The story so far. Chief Sitting Bull Pertwee, he of the Blackfeet and tidemark round his neck, puffed at his wampum reflectively as he had an all-over wash in the bison, played with amazing dexterity by lovely 'Running water in all bedrooms' Paddick. Beside him squatted his daughter, Crazy Horse Marsden, she of the pale face and bucket-seat, idly sewing Apache on her wigwam. Where was his wife, Minnie Ha-Ha Williams, not getting much ha-ha these day but getting noticeably more Minnie. She had been gone nearly an hour and a half. He thought — ninety minutes and still no squaw. At that moment, she appeared round the bend — her usual state — in a canoe made of rude bark from a rude dog. From her waist dangled a ghastly scalp, from which dangled a ghastly body. The apparition spoke.

Kenneth: Me Kenneth Horne. How.

Douglas: That's what we've been wondering for years.

[*Orchestra: music link*]

Kenneth: That was Douglas Smith, known in the announcers' common room as the world's most beautiful animal — of a species fortunately now extinct.

Now the answers to last week's questions: complete the following song titles. First, 'That Old Black...' Well, we had several replies to this, including one from a Mr Nkrumah. Unfortunately he didn't send an address, and so it's difficult for us to sent that copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People* that you requested.

Kenneth: The answer, of course, was 'That Old Black Magic' and not 'Pudding', as one of you suggested.

The second title was 'These Boots Were Made For'. Well, Mr Gruntfuttock of Hoxton, I'm afraid I can't accept your suggestion. 'These Boots Were Made For Walking' — whatever you do with your own boots is irrelevant, and it's your own fault if the soles rot.

The third song was 'I Can't Begin To'. Well Mr Gruntfuttock, I can only hope you were being facetious, because if you really can't begin to what you said, I'd advise you to seek advice immediately.

Right — Smith. Smith — stop it, Smith. I've warned you before about that. It's a nasty habit and it'll only give you the headaches. Make the announcement.

Douglas: Yes, sir. And now, Episode Three of Kenneth Horne — Master Spy!

[*Orchestra: 'Master Spy' music*]

Kenneth: My last assignment had been a success. With Big Ben back in its rightful place, the international drug trafficking ring smashed forever, Mr Kosygin persuaded to stand as Conservative candidate for Cheltenham, Fort Knox and the world gold reserves saved from atomic contamination, and

Red China overpowered, I hadn't done a bad morning's work.

What I needed was a spot of leave. I thought I'd have a quiet Christmas in Tel Aviv. I was dead right. I checked into my penthouse at the YMCA. I asked for my baggage to be sent up and then, unfastening my grip from the chambermaid, I took out my smoking jacket and, dousing it under the tap, I relaxed. Suddenly there came a tap on the door.

[**F/X:** *knock on door*]

Kenneth: Come in.

Ken W.: (*Arab*) Greetings, effendi. May your shadow never grow less and may your camels and goats be as the many grains of sand in the desert, for is it not written that the serpent shall lay down with the cockatrix and the Bombay Duck, and they shall multiply and inhabit the earth. Is it not thus written?

Kenneth: I don't know, is it?

Ken W.: (*angry — in own voice*) Course it is. You don't think I'd ad-lib muck like this. (*Arab voice*) I come bearing a message for you.

Kenneth: He thrust his hand suddenly under his robe and pulled something out in a sheepish way — it was a sheep. On its back was written a message. It read simply 'Escaped Nazi war criminal believed hiding in Tel Aviv — Find him immediately'. And it was signed 'M'. There was a PS which said 'Now eat this message'. I thanked the Arab and gave him something to boot.

Ken W.: Thank you, effendi. I've always wanted something to boot. Take that...

[**F/X:** *thump, sheep bleating — repeated — going off into the distance*]

Kenneth: I had to think, and think fast. I always felt better with a drink inside me. I rang for room service and within three seconds a waiter arrived carrying a room on a tray — I tried the door — It was locked — I prised it open with the end of my jemmy...

[**F/X:** *splintering of wood*]

Kenneth: Sorry, Jemmy.

Bill: That's all right, guv. Anything to help. But next time use my other end.

Kenneth: I pushed my way in. On the bed lay a girl covered only in gold paint. I knew what I had to do.

Betty: Ooooh, go easy with that turpentine, it don't half sting.

Kenneth: What fiend had done this to her? I pulled my ear reflectively and my face flushed. How did this happen, I asked.

Betty: I dunno. I was just laying in here minding me own business and this man come in — said he'd come in to touch up me dado. Then before I knew what had happened, he was slapping paint all over me.

Kenneth: He's done a thorough job.

Betty: Yes, three coats you know. And before he did that he had to scrape me down, wash me off, and size me. You see I had Regency Stripe wallpaper on before.

Kenneth: Oh, but I must prefer you decorated this way — it doesn't show the fingermarks. Have you any clue to this man's identity?

Betty: Well he did give me an estimate before he started. Here —

Kenneth: To stripping down and making good old surfaces: £3.10.0. Three coats first quality gold paint: £2.5.0. Labour: £4. Fares, PAYE and insurance: Seven shillings. Good heavens...

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic music sting*]

Kenneth: He's overcharged you.

Betty: It wasn't that so much as the inconvenience. He said he'd do the job in four hours, but he was at it over three weeks and I had to keep making him cups of tea. And personally I preferred the old place the way it was.

Kenneth: My eyes travelled down the page to the signature: 'Chou En Ginsberg — Housepainter and Decorator — Arch-fiend to the trade. Suddenly it came to me. If I could track down Chou En Ginsberg, he might lead me to the escaped war criminal. Three days later found me at a table at the Trotsky Gypsy Tearooms, East Berlin. The gypsy waiter came over to my table. Immediately I sensed there was something wrong — he was wearing jackboots.

Bill: (*Russian*) Excuse me, comrade, what would you like to eat, you English pig?

Kenneth: I don't know...

Bill: (*screams*) Of course you know. And we have ways of making you tell us. (*hysterical*) For the last time, what are you going to have? I want to know.

Kenneth: I'll have a cup of tea and a pork pie.

Bill: (*gently*) Why don't you have a glass of Russian tea. You will enjoy that. (*screams suddenly*) That is an order.

Kenneth: Just then the gypsy orchestra started to play.

[*Grams: 'Hungarian Rhapsody' music*
in place of the normal shout, somebody shouts 'Heil']

Kenneth: There was something wrong about this orchestra — and that lead violinist, surely I'd seen him before? That lock of hair over the forehead, that toothbrush moustache — was it Jimmy Wheeler? One thing was for sure — It wasn't Yehudi Menuhin. And then he started to sing.

Ken W.: (*sings with music: German/gypsy*) Play gypsy — dance gypsy — sing gypsy — (*becoming hysterical*) march gypsy — fight gypsy — overrun West Berlin gypsy — dominate East Grinstead gypsy (*suddenly reverting to first manner*) and play your simple melody...

Kenneth: Suddenly all the pieces of the jigsaw fitted together and made up a crudely coloured picture of a pussy cat looking out of a boot. This was the man I was looking for. My hackles rose and excused themselves, saying they'd be back in a minute. I tried to follow them and then, suddenly, I felt something

small and hard pressed into the small of my back.

Hugh: (*German*) All right, Mr Special Agent Horne — one move and you are a dead man. I have a loaded frankfurter sausage in my hand, and I'm not afraid to use it...

Kenneth: Is it cocked?

Hugh: No. They all bend this way. Start walking and don't look round.

Kenneth: Why not?

Hugh: I want to remember you the way you are.

Kenneth: He pushed me through a door, but I was too old a hand to be taken this way. I spun suddenly, grabbed him by the arm, and gave him a cross-buttock. He didn't like it one bit.

Hugh: (*cockney*) I'm sorry. You want me to be honest with you, don't you? I don't like your cross-buttock. There I've said it, and I'm glad.

Kenneth: Well, it's too bad. It's the only one I've got. We grappled — (*ad lib*) 'Ooh — aaah — ooh'. I threw him a right cross but he feinted, trying to sell me a dummy.

Hugh: Psst. Wanna buy a dummy? Belonged to Peter Brough. Mouth, eyes, and ears wiggle, hair stands up. Just stick your hand up its back and — (*vent voice*) Can you say the alphabet my boy? (*dummy voice*) Yes, I can. A, gee, c, d, e, egh — right down to douggle-goo, x, y, z. (*own voice*) There you are. I'll sell it to you.

Kenneth: No, thank you. Too late I realized it was a ruse to distract my attention. Suddenly something hit me on the back of the head and I felt myself going out. Excuse me, I'm going out.

Hugh: Well, hurry back, we've got pages of this codswallop to get through.

[*Orchestra: music link*]

Kenneth: When I came to, I found myself lying on a fluffy white

bearskin, which I realized with a gasp of horror was still attached to a huge fluffy white bear. Where am I, I gasped, where am I? Where am I?

Ken W.: (*Chou*) Halfway down page sixteen. You are being kept plisoner in a disused senna-pod mine moored of the coast of Hampstead Garden Suburb.

Kenneth: It was my dreaded adversary — Doctor Chou En Ginsberg. He spoke again.

Ken W.: Aha — oho — oeehee — hoo ha — ho ha — (*own voice*) Here, I can't go on with this — it's a farce! Why don't you get some decent writers — Terence Rattigan — and then we could have Prince Philip introducing the show, like he did Nelson. But, oh no, we don't get anything with a bit of class like that. No, all we get is Douglas Smith, and those two simpering misfits, Took and Feldman. They don't service me. I've told them I want servicing. Terence Rattigan'd service me — he'd make me a star. I want to be a child star before it's too late — before the youthful bloom has faded from my cheeks. I'm still a Juve. A Juve. These are my peak earning years. I'm a golden boy. (*sobs*) Golden, I tell you, golden (*screams*) Où sont les neiges d'antan! (*sudden change of voice*) There's your actual French. (*wails*) Oh—oh—oh—

Kenneth: Are you finished?

Ken W.: After that little lot I shouldn't be at all surprised. Now where are we — oh yes — Aha — Oho — Mr Horne — you've found out too much. And so you must die, but before you die a little lefleshment, I think. I will summon my concubine Lotus Blossom — she who is like a stalk of ripened grain that sways as if the soft zephyr blows through a field of corn...

[F/X: *gong*]

Hugh: Yers guv.

Ken W.: It's been a bad harvest.

Hugh: Which of my many delights would you care to sample, O master? Would you like me to perform the exquisite ritual

mime what I do up the Japanese No Theatre and Working Men's Club?

Ken W.: Observe, Mr Horne: Lotus Blossom will express herself in the language of signs. Every movement and gesture is of special significance. I will accompany her on the nose flute. A-one a-two —

[*Flute solo: Chinese-style music*]

Hugh: (*grunts*)

Kenneth: Ah, yes, I've seen this done before. That means man — that means woman — that gesture means — good heavens! No, it can't be — ah, I've got it. Man emerges from Mother Earth, struts his little hour upon the stage of life and returns sadder but wiser to the dust from which he came.

[*Flute stops*]

Ken W.: Is that right, Lotus Blossom?

Hugh: I dunno. I haven't started yet. I was just having a scratch. Shall I commence now?

Kenneth: I'd sooner die if it's all the same to you. And what fiendish method have you devised for my death?

Ken W.: Exquisite in complexity. You will be taken from here into a room which will contain forty fat ladies on coach outing from Cleethorpes.

Kenneth: How awful.

Ken W.: Oh no. Worse to come.

Kenneth: What could be worse?

Ken W.: Your jacket will be removed and you will be placed in front of machine which shoots ray of incredible cutting power. It will sever your braces. Your trousers will fall down. All fat ladies will laugh, and you will die of embarrassment —

Kenneth: You fiend!

Ken W.: Take him away, Lotus Blossom. It's goodbye for the moment, Mr Horne, but remember: (*sings*) 'We'll keep a welcome on the hillsides — We'll keep a welcome in the glen...'

[*Orchestra: with cast humming quietly — 'We'll Keep a Welcome' under following speech*]

Ken W.: (*over humming — as John Browell*) Well that brings us to the end of yet another 'Sing Something Simple'. If you've got any requests, any of your favourite songs that you'd particularly like us to sing, please mind your own business. Nobody's asking you to stick your two penn'orth in — we've got enough troubles remembering the three songs we do know...

[*Ken W., cast & orchestra: 'When you come home again to (last note very flat) Wales'*]

[*Orchestra: chord*]

Kenneth: And now to sing something a little more complicated, are the Fraser Hayes Four with a track from their new LP — 'The Chipmunks Sing Handel's Messiah'. The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'I'm Gonna Sit Right Down & Write Myself a Letter'*]

Douglas: And now the part of the show that keeps you up to date with what the pacesetters are doing — 'Trends'.

[*Orchestra: 'Trends' music*]

Kenneth: First, the world of art. Now, when you rent a flat, most leases contain a clause that states that the tenant must not exhibit his washing. Well-known pop artist Russell Codpiece has defied this shibboleth by holding an exhibition of his washing at his Bloomsbury garret. This week our critics visited this exhibition — well, Sir Jocelyn? What did you think?

Bill: Well, as one ran one's eye down his laundry list, one was staggered by the enormous range. One item, a vest from his

early period, I found especially intriguing. I found it strangely evocative of the young Picasso, from whom I believe he stole it. But by and large, one felt, one had seen it all before.

Kenneth: But how did you feel about his underwear on the whole? Lady Voleharvest?

Betty: I'm not a lover of modern underwear. I found his combs too banal — the flap too obvious. The texture was stimulating but the line was too rigid. When he learns to use less starch and have more fun with his drip drys he might really show us something.

Kenneth: Did any of you like his socks? I found them rather strong — you Dr Hammerfest?

Hugh: There was one pair of socks that I found absolutely enchanting — schizophrenic in their mutations — but riddled with holes from which one deduces that Codpiece has been rejected by his mother, his wife, and also the Willesden Steam Laundry and 24-hour bagwash. But I could live with these socks, after all it's obvious that Mr Codpiece himself has done so for many many years.

Kenneth: Thank you — and now Professor Globefoot? You're the art expert — what did you think of the exhibition on the whole?

Ken W.: (*deep, fruity*) Magnificent. One stands humbled before such underwear. The gaiety of his nightshirts — the bright profusion of impasto eggstains — toast crumbs, marmalade smears, blobs of butter, tea-leaves and coffee stains clamour for attention. Codpiece may not be another Rembrandt — he may not be a second Gauguin, but I tell you one thing: he's a damn messy eater.

[*Orchestra: punctuating chord*]

Kenneth: Since we've started this Trends spot a lot of people have written in with various queries and every week we're going to try and answer a few of them. The first one, from an address in the Balls Pond Road, says: 'Dear Kenneth Horne. All my friends say I look like Twiggy. In a way this is flattering, but it causes me untold embarrassment in my

work. Signed Colonel Angus Musgrave, Brigade of Guards.' Well Colonel, there's nothing I can do to help, but I've passed your letter on to Justin de Villeneuve. The second letter comes from a woman and it says —

Betty: I'd like to know more about Vincent Price. Can you tell me where he goes on holidays? How he spends his evenings? Who his friends are? Signed Mrs Vincent Price.

Kenneth: An interesting coincidence that — said he, cunningly avoiding legal action. Finally, I have a query here from someone signing himself 'anxious teenager'. It reads —

Bill: (*very old*) I am a hundred and thirteen, but I like to keep up with the trends. I read in *Teenage Oracle for Girls* that Steve McQueen has a tattoo on his arm. Where can I get tattooed?

Kenneth: Well practically anywhere within the bounds of decency. Anyway, this letter set me thinking. If having a tattoo is the 'in' thing. I thought, well, I'd better get myself done straight away. So I went down to the East India Dock Road to a place calling itself 'Bona Tattoos'.

[**F/X:** *door opens — doorbell*]

Kenneth: Hello — is anybody there?

Hugh: Hello, I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy. We're Bona Tattooists.

Ken W.: Oh, it's Mr Horne. What brings you trolling in here?

Kenneth: Well, I hear that tattooing is the latest craze and I wanted something like Steve McQueen.

Hugh: Well, everyone to his taste. How do you fancy a loyal slogan like 'England forever' or 'I love Malcolm Muggeridge'.

Ken W.: We did that one the other day on this chap.

Kenneth: Which chap?

Ken W.: Malcolm Muggeridge.

Kenneth: I thought I'd have something a little more intellectual.

Hugh: Yes, Sand. He lends hisself to something more cultural. How do you fancy the Dead Sea Scrolls down his back?

Ken W.: No, he don't want to cover hisself with a lot of posh chat in Hebrew. He wants something with a bit of life in it. I tell you what I'd like to see. He could have scenes from Disney — Jiminy Cricket crawling up his left leg, Donald Duck scampering down his right.

Hugh: Yes, and Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs marching round his middle and disappearing down his trousers.

Ken W.: No, on second thoughts, it's a bit fey, isn't it? A bit whimsical. We can't decide really till we see what he could take. Get your shirt off and let's have a vada at you.

Hugh: Yes, come on — let the dog see the rabbit.

Kenneth: Just a moment, then. Right. There. What do you think?

Ken W.: Well you've got the area I'll say that. Room to work. How do you think he'd take the Death of Nelson across his back?

Hugh: Oh fabe! And we could incorporate that mole as Nelson's eyepatch...

Kenneth: Well, I didn't think this would come up but it's not actually a mole. (*shyly*) It's a beauty spot.

Ken W.: Oh, get him! The vanity of the man. Well, p'raps not Nelson then. How about reproductions of great masterpieces?

Hugh: A bona idea. Now let me see...
(*during next speech, Hugh makes creative noises*)

Ken W.: He's pondering. He's trying to find it — he's got it — it's coming through — it's arrived — it's here — he's found it!

Hugh: I see a Botticelli. No, no, not a Botticelli — p'raps an El Greco. No, wait a minute — I see him with a tiny but perfect Watteau.

Kenneth: Yes, I've often been complimented on it.

Ken W.: Jule, I'm not besotted by it. I think he'd take the Mona Lisa well. We could have her peeping through the holes in his string vest, smiling enigmatically. Yes, that's what we'll do: the Mona Lisa.

Kenneth: What happens if I get tired of it?

Ken W.: You just pop back here. Jule will tattoo a moustache on her and, hey presto — you have your Laughing Cavalier.

[*Orchestra: music link*]

Douglas: And what are the trendy Sunday night people doing? Time to find out now as we join the Seamus Android show.

[*Orchestra: Eamonn Andrews signature tune*]

Hugh: And tonight Seamus's guests are Anatole de Thighblast, the celebrated cat poacher; Chastity Griswold, 'the boxing Rabbi'; pop-singer Ruff Trayde and the Cruisers; and philosopher and racing tipster Captain Spock of the Nudist Racing Pink. And here is your host — Seamus Android.

(*applause*)

Bill: Well, before I introduce you to tonight's sparkling nonentities, we've some equally dreary people actually sitting in our audience. Over here is an ex-Miss World, sitting beside her is the former Miss Outer-Mongolia, now the Duchess of Stalybreath, and sitting between them is — I don't think you should be sitting there, sir, particularly making those gestures — Mr er —

Ken W.: Gruntfuttock. J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock. Former Home Secretary.

Bill: Really? Is that a fact?

Ken W.: No, you potato-eating simpleton, course not. It's a downright lie.

Bill: Er — yes — well, passing on, why, who's that I see over there?

Ken W.: Wait a minute. Why don't you interview me like you do

other people. I am a Sunday night person. I am a trendy pace-setting with-it old toerag. I'll liven up things for you. I know several jokes of a lewd and suggestive nature...

Bill: For heaven's sake, somebody, get him out of here.

Hugh: Come along sir —

Ken W.: And I know several unsavoury songs with appropriate gestures, to whit — and viz — (*a few bars of one of his own curious songs as he's dragged off into the distance*).

Bill: Er — yes, and while we're *on* the subject of pearl-diving in Streatham, here is my first guest. Film star, many-times married, over here on her 84th honeymoon — *Miss* Frou Frou Poltergeist.

[*Orchestra: link*]

Betty: (*Hungarian*) Hello, Seamus darlink. Hello, lovely lovely Engleesh people.

Bill: Now, Frou Frou, I believe you've just married again.

Betty: You naughty boy. I told you not to ask me about zat. To me, marriage is sacred. What I do in my private life is my own business.

Bill: Well, let me put it another way — how's business? It has been said that you have in the past married for money and —

Betty: Is not true. What a disgraceful thing to say to little bejewelled, mink-coated, filthy rich little me. Of course I do not marry for money. Divorce for it — yes.

Bill: And this husband is your 84th?

Betty: Who's counting? But this time it's for real. My other 83 I married when I was so immature. But Otto is different — or is it George? No, George was last week. It's so difficult to keep track.

Bill: Something we've all wondered Frou Frou — what's the secret of your wonderful looks?

Betty: Well, darlink, I bathe every day in asses' milk. Every morning I rub sandalwood oil all over my body. Every night I put dew, brought specially from Mount Ararat, all over my cheeks — and, apart from that, I do nothing at all — except have a face lift twice a year. To tell you the truth, I've had it done so often — you see the dimple in my chin, darlink?

Bill: Yes.

Betty: Is my navel. They do wonderful things in these cosmetic clinics. Pardon me, I have a slight cold. Will you excuse me while I blow my kneecap?

Bill: It's interesting you should say that because our next guest is also an expert on yak shearing. It's none other than well-known fashion photographer and scruffy herbert — Rabid Dailey.

Bill: Well, good evening Rabid. I hope we're not going to have a repeat of what happened last time you were on the programme, when we had to bleep out certain words you uttered.

Hugh: (*sloppy cockney*) Nah. I fink I got all the publicity that was going out of that.

Bill: Yes, well now, Rabid, do you find that mixing in the smart circles that you do has made any difference to yez attitude — as a person — personally — yourself — as a person — personally — do yez?

Hugh: I don't fink so. I fink I'm still basically, deep-dahn the same uncouth, cocky (*F/X: bleep*) I always was. But what I say is, if people don't like me the way I am, they can (*F/X: bleep, bleep, bleep*) with the sharp end of a bargepole.

Bill: Now would you say that luck has played any part in your career?

Hugh: What I say is, if you got talent, you don't need luck.

Bill: I see. Well, good luck Rabid Dailey. Now my last guest is a man who needs no introduction. His fillems have been see-an all over the world. It is, of course, well-known

Hollywood film producer — er — aaah — er — hang on a moment, I've dropped me script. Yes, of course, Darryl F. Klaphanger, the Fourth.

[*Orchestra: music link*]

Bill: Well, good evening Darryl.

Ken W.: (*Hal Roach*) Who are you fatso?

Bill: I'm Seamus Android.

Ken W.: Never heard of you, Buster. Sachay your fat can out of here.

Bill: Er — it's very good of you to say so. Now, I believe you know Frou Frou over here.

Ken W.: Know her. Yes. Very slightly. We were only married twice. How are you, baby? You're looking as (*expression of disgust*) Yech! as ever. I made that girl a star. A star! I've made 'em all. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks Jnr., Fatty Arbuckle, Kirby Spod...

Bill: Who?

Ken W.: Oh well, you can't win 'em all. Hey, listen Paddy, let's you and me get out of this crummy joint. Let's take a couple of girls back to my place — Big party after the show. I like you, my boy — I like the cut of your jib — I like your style — you're people — P-E-E-P-U-L — People. You see, I'm illiterate too.

Bill: Yes. And how true those words are even today. Er — tell me, Mr Claphanger, what brings you to England?

Ken W.: I'm over here, my boy, looking for talent for my new film — *Scandals of Nineteen Thirty-Four.* We got held up in production. That's Hollywood — heh, heh — yes, what I'm looking for is a leading man. Maybe, I could do something for you my boy — can you sing?

Bill: Er, no — no.

Ken W.: Can you dance?

Bill: No.

Ken W.: Can you act?

Bill: No, I can't do anything to tell you the truth.

Ken W.: Then why don't you get out of show business?

Bill: I can't. I'm a star.

Ken W.: I like this boy. He's got humility. H-O-O-... Oh, the hell with culture. Everybody back to my place — Big party after the show.

Bill: Thank you, Darryl. Well, that's all for this week. See yez next week. Goodnight.

[*Orchestra:* *play off*]

Kenneth: Well, that brings our show to a close too, except for this week's 'What is it' question. Have you got your pencil and paper ready? Good. Now what is it that has a short fat orange body covered in hair, eight tentacles, a sharp beak, webbed feet and goes grrr — grrr — chk chk chk whoop. I'll repeat that: grr grr — chk chk chk whoop. Have you got that? Well if you know what it is, hurry up with your answers. One's just crawled up my trouser leg. Cheerio — see you next week.

SECOND SERIES, NUMBER 4

Recorded 30 March 1966
First broadcast 3 April 1966

FEATURING...

* Kenneth Horne — Master Spy, in the case of the stolen World Cup, with Grotty Thunderghast, Demon Girl Spy, and the inevitable machinations of Dr Chou En Ginsberg (not forgetting Lotus Blossom)

* Julian and Sandy in the disguise department of the Army and Navy Store

* Trends. The teenage scene. J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock posing as the Prince Consort

* The Seamus Android Show (the *Marie Celeste* of showbusiness), with guests Noel Tramwicket, Zsa Zsa Poltergeist, Darryl F. Klaphanger, and Lena (?) Horne

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

This programme was notable for the introduction of Dobbiroids the horse rejuvenator — an (alleged) attempt by Douglas Smith to enhance his income by advertising.

Julian and Sandy make their appearance in MI5, filling in — as usual — between acting engagements.

There's more Seamus Android, with Kenneth Horne being mistaken for Lena Horne, which sounds corny but isn't.

Douglas: The story so far. Beefy cowpoke Betty Marsden, Marshal of Dodge City, rode into town on her pinto Solly the Wonder Horse, played by Hugh 'The Wonder Horse' Paddick, in an ill-fitting skin — his own. The Marshal strode into the Last Chance Saloon and Heel Bar and was confronted by a masked stranger. Was it Wild Bill Pertwee, feared from Kansas City to the Rio Grande, and not too welcome at the All-Night Turkish Baths, Paddington. Or was the stranger Kenneth 'Gabby' Williams — after all, who could be stranger than Kenneth Williams? Then, after a pause, for drinks and light refreshments, the masked stranger spoke, in a voice that suggested the wide, open spaces — between his ears. He said —

Kenneth: My name is Kenneth Horne.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Kenneth: That was Douglas Smith, or as he is better known, the Father of the Modern Bread Pudding, although he pleads the headaches.

Now for the answers to last week's questions. Complete the following song titles. First, 'When I Leave the...' Well of course the answer was 'The World Behind' and not 'The Bathroom As I Would Wish To Find It' as one of you suggested.

Question Two. 'The Girl That I Marry Will Have To'. Well, most of you thought that line was complete, all except one plaintive cry from the heart from a man signing himself 'Disgruntled of Cheltenham', who says that he's told the lady in question what she will have to but she refused point blank.

Question Three. 'He's Got a Fine Brown...' The answer to that is 'Frame' and I will not enter into any correspondence about that with anybody. If there's any lingering doubt in your mind, I refer you to the question of two weeks ago referring to 'The Sailor With The Navy Blue...'

Right, Smith. Make the announcement.

Douglas: Yes, sir. In a moment, Kenneth Horne — Master Spy. But first, the makers of Dobbins Medical Cummerbunds for horses present a new, exciting addition to their range: Dobbiroids Magic Rejuvenators. Is your horse listless?

Kenneth: Smith!

Douglas: Does he come home from the office tired and run-down, or does he —

Kenneth: Smith! Have you taken leave of your senses?

Douglas: Don't forget that Dobbiroids will make your horse bounce with health —

Kenneth: Smith!

Douglas: (*sings*) So feed your horse on Dobbiroids, Dobbiroids, Dobbiroids —

Kenneth: (*shouts*) Smith!

Douglas: I'm sorry, sir. I had to do that. They offered me money. I can't live on what you pay me. (*breaking down*) I'm sorry, I was driven — I had a wife and family once — now my friends shun me. My wife has left me. I have no job. (*suddenly back to normal*) Read my story in the Sunday Blag. (*brightly*) And now, Kenneth Horne — Master Spy!

[*Orchestra:* *'Master Spy' signature tune*]

Hugh: On the nineteenth of March 1966, the World Cup was stolen from the Central Hall, Westminster. Police could find no trace. This was a job for MI5.

Kenneth: I was summoned to an office in Whitehall where Colonel Haverstrap was waiting, a bulging dossier open on the desk in front of him.

Bill: All right Horne, shall I run over it once more?

Kenneth: If you wouldn't mind, sir.

[**F/X:** *heavy running footsteps going off into the distance and then coming back*]

Bill: (*panting*) There. That's better. Nothing like a bit of exercise. Now Horne, you'll want some information. Here are a few facts. Soap is formed by the union of fatty acids with sodium or potassium; the Bogwort sometimes reaches a length of nearly four inches; a stuffed porcupine tied to a stick makes the ideal thing for scouring out cold porridge from

saucepans. Those are all the facts I have.

Kenneth: Not much help in this case, sir.

Bill: No, but they'll be very helpful if you ever get on 'Round Britain Quiz'. Now the World Cup — it's been stolen and you know what that means?

Kenneth: Yes, sir. We'll have to drink out of the World Saucer. I had to move fast. I called Sir Andrew Sweet, head of the F.A., at his headquarters.

[**F/X:** *phone rings: phone up*]

Ken W.: (*on distort*) Hello — Sweet — F.A. here. Who's that?

Kenneth: Horne, F.O.

Ken W.: I'm afraid I can't answer that.

[**F/X:** *phone down*]

Kenneth: He was being evasive. I felt that he knew something. I had to get into F.A. headquarters somehow. But how? I needed to conceal my identity. I hurried to the disguise department of the Army and Navy Store. Their experts would take care of me.

[**F/X:** *shop door*]

Kenneth: Hello? Anybody there?

Hugh: Oh hello, I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: How nice to vada your eek again. Absolutely bona, ennit Jule?

Kenneth: What are you doing in a top security job with MI5?

Ken W.: They sent us down here from the labour. It was either this or waiters up the Bun-in-the-Oven in Chelsea. So we're filling in here.

Kenneth: I would have thought you might have been considered a slight security risk.

Hugh: Oh no, we've been screened. They went into our backgrounds and found that our fides were absolutely bona. We are your actual experts on disguise. We've had all the spies in here — when we've finished with 'em you wouldn't know them. That Siobhan Connery — we've done her.

Kenneth: I thought it was Sean Connery.

Hugh: That only goes to show how good our disguises are.

Ken W.: And Modesty Blaise — that's David Niven in drag. Now first, you'll want your basic spy equipment: bullet-proof waistcoat in your actual Tattersall check, then you'll want your shoulder-holster. Got a lovely range of shoulder-holsters. Show him your Spring Collection, Jule.

Hugh: Well, you have your mock-croc, encrusted with semi-precious stones.

Ken W.: Comes nice in the mock-croc.

Hugh: You have your doe-skin, with your initials done in diamante.

Ken W.: Comes beautiful in the doe-skin.

Hugh: And here's a nice one for evening wear — black satin with an embossed rose done in bullion.

Ken W.: Oh, it's a rave!

Hugh: Very gear!

Ken W.: Fantabulosa, ducky!

Kenneth: I'll have that then. But will it support the weight of my gun.

Ken W.: You don't want to go stuffing your Birretta in there, ducky.

Hugh: No, it makes such as unsightly bulge.

Ken W.: And spoils the line of your jacket.

Kenneth: But surely, as a spy going on a dangerous mission I'll need something to protect myself.

Hugh: Then you'll need this. It's small — fits into your pocket. If you're in trouble, press this little lever here.

Kenneth: What happens?

Ken W.: You spray yourself all over. It gives you morn till night personal freshness. And it's nice to know you're nice to know.

Kenneth: Thank you. Now what about my disguise? Make-up — you know —

Hugh: Well, let's have you in the chair. There. What do you think, Sand? He needs a facial, don't he?

Ken W.: Yes. Well, we don't have any trouble with superfluous hair. We'll have to do something about them bags under his eyes.

Hugh: Yes. I think baggy eyes are so unbecoming in a spy. Smooth 'em away with wrinkle-cream I think, don't you?

Ken W.: Yes. About four hundredweight of it.

Kenneth: If it's all the same to you, I'll just have an ordinary disguise. I want to track down an arch-fiend, not win the Miss Universe competition.

Hugh: Oh! Bond! Now, what do you want this disguise for?

Kenneth: I want to get into the Football Association headquarters. I'll need to look like a sporting personality.

Ken W.: How about Tamara Press?

Hugh: Don't be facetious, Sand. Wait a minute, let me think. Aaah — got it! Do you think he'd lend hisself to Kenneth Wolstenholme?

Ken W.: Not if he's got any sense he wouldn't. Don't worry, Mr Horne — we'll think of something.

[*Orchestra: short music link*]

Kenneth: Two hours later, I emerged looking exactly like Billy

Wright. The resemblance was fantastic. For a while, Joy Beverley and I were deliriously happy, but I knew it couldn't last. And besides, I couldn't stand her sisters coming round sitting in the living room singing about hand-cream all night. I hurried to the F.A. headquarters in Lancaster Gate on the trail of the World Cup. Once inside the building, I headed for the office of the England Team Manager, Alf Ramsay.

[**F/X:** *knock on door*]

Betty: (*husky/sexy*) Come in, darling.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Alf Ramsay?

Betty: Yes, darling.

Kenneth: Mm — that explains the way England are playing this year. My eyes took her in. I smiled at her wryly; she smiled at me O'Hara — and then together the two Irishmen, Riley and O'Hara, swaggered with a shillelagh under their arm and a twinkle in their eye, in the direction of Philadelphia. Then Alf Ramsay rose from behind the desk, wearing an off the shoulder gown, a collar of diamonds at her throat, and a rattle in her hand emblazoned with World Cup Willie. But that didn't fool me for a minute. Some sixth sense told me that this wasn't the real Alf Ramsay.

Betty: So, you've rumbled?

Kenneth: Yes, I know, but it's a long time since I had breakfast. She came towards me; the air was heavy with the scent of musk; I took her in my brutal sinewy arms and pulled her roughly to me. Her sinuous body melted in my arms.

Betty: Darling, I can live this lie no longer. I'm not Alf Ramsay.

Kenneth: And I'm not Billy Wright.

Betty: Good. It's better this way. Otherwise it'd do absolutely nothing for the prestige of British football.

Kenneth: We kissed passionately like two Italian footballers after the

winning goal. Who are you then? I murmured —

Betty: I'm from British Intelligence. I'm Grotty Thunderghast, Demon Girl Spy. The real Alf Ramsay has disappeared. We think he took the World Cup. It's the only way he could get his hands on it.

Kenneth: It can't be true.

Betty: It isn't. I slipped it in for a cheap laugh and a round of applause. I also do impressions. And now, Cicely Courtneidge *as* Jack Hulbert in Dick Whittington. (*principal boy*) Come along puss — only six more miles to London.

Ken W.: Bring back the Cat!

Betty: (*sings as Cicely Courtneidge*) Cheer up, puss. Faint hearts ne'er won fair lady. You scamper off and find some mice — ha ha — oh ha ha — And now at last I'm on my own, I think I'll play my xylophone.

[*Orchestra: standard intro 'On the Track' — then solo xylophone with orchestra*]

Betty: (*shouts over music*) All together now.

Ken W.: (*Interrupting*) All right, all right, that's enough dear.

[*music stops*]

Betty: But Mr Beaumont, you haven't seen my acro —

Ken W.: Don't bother, dear. We'll let you know.

Betty: All right. You've got my number, haven't you?

Ken W.: Don't worry, ducky, we've all got your number. Alright boys and girls, you've had a breather, back to the show — top of page nine.

Kenneth: If what Grotty Thunderghast had told me was true, this was serious. With Alf Ramsay and the World Cup both gone, this would undermine Britain's prestige as a footballing nation. There was only one man who could conceive such a fiendish scheme — Doctor Chou En Ginsberg.

[**F/X:** *gong*]

Ken W.: Aha, Mr Horne — so you have tracked me to my secret lair halfway up the Jungfrau.

Betty: (*German*) How are you? My name is Hilda.

Kenneth: Ah, you must be the Jungfrau.

Betty: Jawohl. Be careful where you put those Alpenstocks. (*yodels*).

Ken W.: Lives in a world of her own, she does.

Kenneth: You know, I've been thinking. Doing this show's like spending half an hour in a spin dryer.

Ken W.: Yes — in answer to your unspoken question — I have Alf Ramsay as my plisoner — also have World Clup.

Kenneth: Clup?

Ken W.: Yes. Clup. The sort you cleep in the clupboard.

Kenneth: Don't you think you're overcharacterizing a bit?

Ken W.: (*own voice*) Look, ducky, I don't tell you how to play your part. I don't just rush at it you know. I'm trained. I've been to the Method school. Before I came here I went to the Stanislavsky. If I say I've stolen the *clup*, the clup it is!

Kenneth: I didn't mean to offend you.

Ken W.: Alright. (*Chou*) Now you have discovered my secret, you must die. But before you die, a little entertainment. I will summon most exquisite geisha — Lotus Blossom.

[**F/X:** *gong*]

Hugh: Yers, cock. I stand before you in the first blush of my maidenly humility, mate. Do you wish for love songs to issue forth from my rose petal lips — or would you like me to shake it abaht a bit?

Ken W.: Gives you the creeps, doesn't she? You should see her first

thing in the morning. Ah, my little flower, my lychee nut, my Peking Duck (*own voice*) — more like a Bombay Duck, still you have to use your imagination on radio. (*Chou*) Come, Lotus Blossom, before Mr Horne dies, do your exotic and tantalizing version of the Dance of the Seven Veils. After two — a-one, a-two...

[*Orchestra:* *'A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody' (with oriental overtones)*]

[**F/X:** *two distinct clumps as boots are dropped on floor*]

[*music stops*]

Hugh: Phew, that's better. Got me boots off. Now me feet can breathe.

Ken W.: Takes all the titillation out of it, doesn't she? Ah so — back to the plot. Now you die!

Kenneth: He leapt at me with a fierce cry.

Ken W.: Aha!

Kenneth: We struggled —

Ken W.: Aha! Oho!

Kenneth: I gave him a rabbit punch. He drank it thirstily and then, staggering back, he threw his hands into the air, caught them deftly, and balanced them on the end of his nose. While my attention was thus distracted, he leapt onto a passing glacier and shot off down the valley at the rate of two miles a century.

The World Cup has so far not been recovered, and so the winning country at Wembley this year will be presented with a plastic Yogi-Bear toothmug in which to keep their Yogi-Bear teeth.

[*Orchestra:* *play off*]

Kenneth: And now here are the Fraser Hayes Four to sing a track from their new LP — 'Doing the Frug with Mrs Banderanaika'. The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'Hear That Band'*]

Douglas: And now the part of the show that keeps you up-to-date with what today's people are doing. But first, a message from our sponsor. Does your horse suffer from dandruff? Or ill-fitting dentures? Give him Dobbiroids for that look-alive —

Kenneth: Smith!

Douglas: (*resigned*) Oh, alright. There's no room for the little man in this show. (*bored*) And now Ladies and Gentlemen — 'Trends'.

[*Orchestra: 'Trends' music link*]

Kenneth: First, the Teenage scene. Doctors are worried that many teenagers have been chewing Morning Glory seeds for kicks. We asked gardening expert Percy Thrower if, in fact, these seeds contained stimulant properties. His answer was simple and to the point.

[*Orchestra: solo walking bass behind next speech*]

Hugh: (*Hipster*) Like don't bug me man. (*sings*) Come fly with me, come fly, come fly away — ool ya boo da dooh.

Kenneth: Gardening Club this week came to you from the Whisky-A-Blue Jeans Discotheque, Soho. Meanwhile letters are still pouring in from people who want information about trendy things and people. The first query reads:

Ken W.: My name is Gruntfuttock — J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock.

Kenneth: I'm afraid I can't answer that question. Moving rapidly on, our second letter comes from a Mr —

Ken W.: Gruntfuttock. Anticipating that you would not answer my first missive, I have written another, to whit and viz, this greasy bit of paper you are now holding. My question is this. Can you let me have the private telephone number of Judith Chalmers, whom I would like to get my hands on and...

Kenneth: At this point, the writing becomes indistinct, but I can make out odd isolated words like broom cupboard — loofah — and something about the advantages of herbal tobacco. But it's signed —

Ken W.: Yours as ever, J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock, Prince Consort.

Kenneth: Hmm, I can't imagine what sort of prince would consort with Gruntfuttock. Oh, wait a moment — there's a PS.

Ken W.: PS I am not actually *the* Prince Consort. I am not even *a* Prince Consort. It is merely a pose. And how long shall the men of money rule us? Nay, rise up and throw off your chains and drive the usurers forth with whips and scorpions — and if you have no scorpions, a plate of shrimps'll do as well. PS. Must close now as have set the bed on fire and the flames are licking round my hot water bottle.

Kenneth: And there the pathetic message ends. What became of the intrepid Gruntfuttock? Will the icy wastes ever give up their secret? We can only hope not. The next letter I opened came from 'Worried ex-Gaiety Girl' and reads as follows:

Betty: (*Gladys Runt voice*) I am 93 and my husband is 94 and just lately we haven't...

Kenneth: And that's all there is —

Betty: No. There's more on the other side of the page.

Kenneth: Oh, yes.

Betty: ...haven't been hitting it off too well lately. We disagree about our youngest boy. He's turned 72 — but every week he squanders his pension on wild living — staying up drinking cocoa with his friends till sometimes seven at night. His one ambition in life is to do the ton up the M1 in his bathchair, an attempt doomed to failure as over six miles an hour the rims of the wheels get too hot to handle. What shall we do about him?

Kenneth: Well, he's only 72. It's just a phase he's going through. You'll find that when he's in his eighties, he'll settle down. I understand your problem. We had the same problem with Edwin Braden.

Ken W.: Him? Great Hairy Catchphrase!

Kenneth: Finally, we had a rather sad letter signed 'Awkward of Tufnell Park' which reads:

Hugh: I feel terribly awkward in company. I can never think of anything to say. I'm gauche, shy, and rather clumsy and I think people are avoiding me.

Kenneth: Well 'Awkward of Tufnell Park', you're not alone in the world. There are others who have the same trouble. If you don't believe me, you should watch the Seamus Android show. Cue for music.

[*Orchestra:* *Eamonn Andrews theme*]

Douglas: And now, the makers of Dobbiroids present: Tonight from London, the *Marie Celeste* of showbusiness — the Seamus Android Show.

[*Orchestra:* *music up*]

Hugh: And tonight, Seamus's guests are: Rameses Gumbril, the whistling vicar of All Souls; Ludmilla Dogtrouser, the celebrated ballerina and copper's nark; Miriam Van Creep, the Nose-drop heiress; and Abdul Von Goldberg, the well-known puzzle. And here's your host — Seamus Android.

Bill: Well, hello there, and excuse me a moment while I answer this unexpected phone call, which none of us expected. (*pause*) Well now, this phone call comes as much of a surprise to me as it does to you.
(*pause*) I wonder who it can be? (*pause*)
(*hisses*) The phone call!

[**F/X:** *phone rings*]

Bill: Oh bother! There goes the phone, I wonder who that can be?

[**F/X:** *phone up*]

Bill: (*into phone*) Hello. Why, it's Frank Sinatra phoning unexpectedly in person personally all the way from

Hollywood himself. Hello Frank? Well that's incredible news. Good gracious, that's fascinating. They did? You have? You will? Well, that really is exciting news. Goodbye to yez.

[**F/X:** *phone down*]

Bill: That was Frank Sinatra from Hollywood. Alright. Now my next guest is the author of many sophisticated plays and so many unforgettable songs like — er — er — to name but a few... Noel Tramwicket.

[*Orchestra: music link*]

Hugh: (*à la Noel Coward*) How terribly, terribly heart-warmingly nice of you to invite me here, dear, dear boy — whatever your name is.

Bill: Now, you're famous for your songs and plays about England and the English. Now, tell me, what is it that makes you keep writing about the same subject?

Hugh: Well, you may think me a sentimental old fool, but in fact, I am. And there's something in London that inspires me — makes me frightfully gay. The pitter-pattering of soot on the pavements, the pitter-pattering of tiny little cockney sparrows on the passers-by, the happy cries of Costermongers as they're run in by the police, the old street cries like 'Who'll buy my sweet lavender', and 'Hello cheeky face, coming up for a drink'. I weave all this into a magic tapestry of sound. And these songs about dear old London that I write, make me enough money to get out of this dreadful place and live in Switzerland.

Bill: Thank you, Noel. Alright. Now, while we're on the subject of the Israeli lemon harvest, I'd like you to meet my next guest — actress 84 times married, Miss Zsa Zsa Poltergeist.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Betty: Hello lovely, lovely Engleesh people. How are you all darleenks? Am I not delightful?

Bill: All right. Now, Zsa Zsa, I see you were quoted in the week as saying that you and millionaire Piggy Dipthong the

Third were just good friends — is there any truth in that?

Betty: No. Is a misquote. We're married. That is, we *were* married on Tuesday, but on Wednesday I discovered he hadn't got any money, so I divorced him.

Bill: I thought he was a millionaire?

Betty: He was on Tuesday. But people have been so kind, since the news accidentally leaked out through the Zsa Zsa Poltergeist World Press Service. I have had seventy-five proposals — some even of marriage. But to all of you who have written in, I'd just like to say — don't worry darleenks, I'll get around to you all in time.

Bill: And how true those words are even today. Alright. And now, moving lugubriously on to yet another aspect of string-vest poaching, brings us to our next guest — Hollywood Fillem producer — Darryl F. Klaphanger.

Ken W.: (*Hal Roach*) Hi everybody. Grand to be back on this show. Just being here makes me feel kinda humble — yessir — humble — H-U-double M-B-U-L — Humble.

Bill: Welcome back, Mr Klaphanger.

Ken W.: Who are you buster? Sachay your fat can out of here and let a man do the talking. Now what is it you want to know?

Bill: Well, you've been making pictures for forty years now, but you've never had an actual box-office success.

Ken W.: I been unlucky. But I've been pretty near. Back in the 30s, I made that great musical, *43rd Street*.

Bill: I thought it was called *42nd Street*?

Ken W.: Mine was called *43rd Street*. How d'ya like that — one lousy street out. Then I made that Western with Gary Cooper called *High Eleven A.M.* — a floperoo — two years later they made *High Noon*. I was before my time. I been dogged by misfortune, my boy. Look at my record. I made *Lawrence of Israel*, *Nanook of the South*, *The Spy That Went Out in the Cold*. Each time my sense of direction let me down.

Bill: But you haven't given up, Darryl?

Kenneth: No, my boy. I'm still in there pitching. Ya got to have tenacity — T-E-N-N-A-S-Y. Boy, am I stupid! No, I'm coming back with a real biggie B.O.-wise. It's got everything — religion, music, and horror — and I'm getting Debbie Reynolds to play the title role.

Bill: And what's that?

Kenneth: Rasputin, the mad singing monk. But the hell with culture. Everybody back to my place — Big party after the show.

Bill: Alright. And now, talking of grouse-battering in Shropshire, my next guest is lovely sepia songstress, dusky nightingale, all the way from America — Miss Lena Horne!

[*Orchestra: music link*]

Bill: Well now, Lena —

Kenneth: I think there's been some mistake. Actually, it's Kenneth Horne. I was a bit worried when I got the invitation but I thought —

Bill: Well, Lena — ya haven't changed a bit. Joost as loovely as ever.

Kenneth: Very good of you, but the name is Kenneth Horne.

Bill: Well, Lena, seeing yez in the flesh for the first time, I find it difficult to believe that you are the mother of a girl in her twenties.

Kenneth: *You* find it difficult to believe. How do you think *I* feel? Look — the name is *Kenneth* Horne.

Bill: Alright. But it seems incredible Lena, looking at yez, that ya still have the figure of a young girl.

Kenneth: Well, I keep myself up. But I am *Kenneth* Horne.

Bill: And good luck with it. I hope it has a long run. Alright. Now people wouldn't forgive me if I didn't ask ya to sing Lena.

Kenneth: Kenneth.

Bill: So what's it going to be Lena?

Kenneth: Look for the last time I — oh well!

Kenneth & Piano: (*sings*) Do I love you, oh my, do I? Honey — Deed I do.

[*Orchestra:* *play off*]

Kenneth: Apparently, I was so convincing as Lena Horne that I was offered the lead in a revival of *Green Pastures*, playing opposite Louis Armstrong. But I turned it down — I didn't feel I could combine a singing career with that of wife and mother. Well, that brings us to the end of the show, except for a message to all shipping in the region of Wolverhampton. What on earth are you doing there? Cheerio, see you next week.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Douglas: That was Round the Horne presented by the makers of Dobbiroids —

Kenneth: Shut up, Smith! Until next week, goodbye.

SECOND SERIES, NUMBER 9

Recorded 4 May 1966
First broadcast 8 May 1966

FEATURING...

* The Kenneth Horne Theatre of Mystery and Imagination — strange goings-on at Hampton Magna
* Queen Gruntfuttock the Terrible and the Balls Pond Road Festival of the Arts
* The Counting of the Scroads
* S. Lupino Mousetrouser (Shylock, with Method interpolations)
* Miss Balls Pond Road, 1966
* Rambling Syd Rumpo and his hootenanny
* Julian and Sandy: Ballet Bona (*L'après-midi d'un Goose*)

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

The middle sketch replacing 'Kenneth Horne — Master Spy' was a parody of a genre popular on television in the 1960s: tales of mystery and imagination — e.g. *The Twilight Zone* and *The Inner Sanctum*. With stunning originality we called our spoof *The Twilight Sanctum*.

There's a welcome (?) return of Gruntfuttock, and Hugh Paddick appears in a character who bore many names during the life of *Round the Horne* but who was affectionately known to us as 'Dentures' because of his ill-fitting false teeth. Any word or phrase with a number of *esses* in it caused a shower bath effect on those he addressed. In this edition he graces (if that's the word) the Balls Pond Road Festival of the Arts.

Douglas: And now the show that nine out of ten people prefer to —

[**F/X:** *cuckoo noise*]

Ken W.: Speak for yourself, ducky, I'll take —

[**F/X:** *cuckoo noise*]

Ken W.: — anytime.

Douglas: Yes, it's Round the Horne.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Hugh: In this edition, you'll be able to meet guest stars The Lippincott Brothers and Spong, 'Fun with an electric sausage' — Rabbi O'Houlihan, 'He sings to a small stuffed ferret' — The Lactic Goatharbour Male Voice Choir — and Grip, Grope, and Gruber, Variety's Smallest Exploding Jockeys. And here is your breezy compere, Wimbledon's winsome nightingale of song — Kenneth Horne.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Kenneth: Hello again, and here are the answers to last week's questions. First, the etiquette question. The answer came in several parts, as follows: on your lap; under the table; not with your fingers; dip it in the melted butter; never wave it at the butler; not with your mouth full; and yes, but never before the Loyal Toast, unless you absolutely have to, and then only with a warmed spoon.

Finally, complete the following phrases. Hobson's is, of course, Choice; Fiddler's is elbow, and Cobbler's is, of course, Last, unless it happens to be a lady cobbler, in which case it's Cobbler's First.

Alright Smith, once more unto the breach, and imitate the action of a tiger — not *that* particular action — it'll give you hardpad. Smith, make the announcement.

Douglas: And now petal-soft, curvaceous, sex-bomb-shell Douglas Smith, a legend in his own time, steps lithely up to the microphone and in that thrilling husky voice, as warm as a kitten's purr, as enticing as a —

Kenneth: Smith! Stop it!

Douglas: Oh alright! Ladies and Gentlemen — the Kenneth Horne Theatre of Mystery and Imagination.

[*Grams: electronic music*]

Hugh: (*Karloff*) There is a part of the human brain that functions somewhere between the conscious, the unconscious, and the subconscious, which is known as the sub-unconscious-conscious. Come exploring with us now into the hinterland of the imagination, across the wasteland of superstition, through the bog of taboo, through the back door of the libido, and you'll find yourself in the — (*laugh*) / (*echo*) — The Twilight Sanctum — mum-mum-mum.

Kenneth: (*echo off*) What did you say?

Hugh: (*echo*) I said Sanctum-um-um-um.

Kenneth: (*echo off*) Oh that's what it was-os-os-os.

[*Grams: electronic music up and out*]

Kenneth: My name is Trelawney Blackstump. When I think of what befell me that fateful night in September, and of the horror of what I saw and heard, I can scarce repress a shudder. However, I shan't dwell on the Eurovision Song Contest. Suffice it to say that I was convalescing in my chambers in the Albany when I received notification that my Great Uncle Quasimodo had died, and I was summoned to attend a reading of his will at the family seat, Hampton Magna, on the lonely 'Monkey Gland' island off the Essex Coast. At the quayside at Little Poston, the old family retainer was waiting to row me across.

[**F/X:** *seagulls: sea-sounds: wind whistling: footsteps on gravel*]

Kenneth: Ho there, you in the boat — are you from Hampton Magna?

Ken W.: (*as Ben Gunn*) Aye, that I be. Jump in. Bain't you young Master Trelawney?

[**F/X:** *boat being rowed*]

Kenneth: How do you know that?

Ken W.: Why, bless you, young Master, don't 'ee know me? (*awful toothless chuckle*) Many's the time I dandled you on my knee when you was no higher than a spigot nor a turve. No, nor smaller than a grisset, nor a willow-squabbler, and gamier than a splod-tiddler for all. Ar. And told 'ee tales of smugglers and showed 'ee my tattooes, and let 'ee pull me beard. Don't 'ee know me now?

Kenneth: Of course. Aunt Alice.

Ken W.: No, I be Old Peg-Leg, the family retainer. Heed my advice, young master. Turn back while there be still time. Hampton Magna be accursed. There be ghastly apparations there. There be a nameless abomination there that flaps and squeaks and hums. I've seen it flap and heard it squeak and on a hot night my word, it don't half hum. It be a creature of the devil, part human, part goat, part bat and part —

Kenneth: Yes, go on.

Ken W.: Nobody knows. There be a part missing. And there also be the ghastly spectre of a Trappist monk, who rides abroad —

Kenneth: Don't you mean walks abroad?

Ken W.: No. He goes on ghostly coach tours with his mates to the Costa Brava. But every Friday night he manifests hisself in the bathroom — that's where he died. So if one night you should find yourself in the bath, and suddenly the level of the water rises, and it turns icy cold, and you feel a ghostly hand in the bath a-groping for the soap — don't 'ee look round —

Kenneth: Why not?

Ken W.: (*own voice*) Well how would you like someone staring at *you* in the bath, ducky. (*character*) But the worst manifestation is the ghastly bagpiper. They do say every time he plays his pipes, a Blackstump dies. He played the night your Uncle Quasimodo died. Go back to Lunnon, young Master, no good can come of this. Go back, go back. You be doomed. We all got a touch of the dooms. I'll take thee no further.

Wild horses wouldn't drag me no nearer this accursed pile.

Kenneth: Here's half a crown.

Ken W.: Ah, that's more like it. I've got nothing against wild horses but they won't cash 'em up the pub — unless they're crossed. Right, young master — there she be... Monkey Gland Island.

Kenneth: I clambered out of the boat onto the dark jetty and Peg-Leg and I made our way up the path to the gloomy house. I knocked on the door.

[**F/X:** *knock on door: door opens*]

Betty: (*Sonia Dresdel — all tight-pinned bun and staring eyes*) Good evening. We were expecting you. The spirits are quiet tonight.

Kenneth: Really, well I must be going now. Thank you for a most enjoyable...

Betty: Come in. I'll show you to the study.

[**F/X:** *footsteps on marble floor*]

Kenneth: Who are you?

Betty: Miss Hardclinker. I was your Uncle's housekeeper. This way, Master Trelawney. Here — this was your uncle's study.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Betty: It's exactly as it was when he was alive. Nothing has been changed. There — his jacket on the chair — his pipe in the ashtray — his boots in the fireplace — and there in his favourite chair —

Kenneth: Good heavens — *him*!

Betty: No, its Mr Panderbody, the solicitor. He always looks like that. I'll wake him up. Mr Panderbody...

Hugh: What... what... Settle out of court. Oh, oh — good heavens

— it's young Trelawney. Allow me to offer you my condolences.

Kenneth: Thank you, but I've already got some.

Hugh: Ah, but mine are cheese and tomato.

Betty: Shall I summon the rest of the family?

Hugh: Yes. I'm ready to read the will. Yes, how tragic about your Uncle Quasimodo. He was an upright man — of course now he tends to the horizontal — but I knew him well. Only a hundred and four when he died.

Kenneth: I never really knew him. What was he like?

Hugh: Well, he was a strange man — capricious, wilful, moody, a little eccentric one might say, a non-conformist, perhaps a little unorthodox, but all in all — let's face it — a right old loonie and good riddance to him.

Kenneth: You must have been a good friend of his. How did it happen?

Hugh: Well, in his last few months he contracted a liaison with a girl from the village — we don't know who she was — and following an evening he spent with her, he expired suddenly. The coroner brought in a verdict of 'ecstasy by person or persons unknown'. He left a rather strange will, as you will find when I read it. Aah, here are the other members of the family.

All: (*ad lib* 'Rhubarb, Rhubarb')

Kenneth: I surveyed them as they assembled in the study. A motley crew. There was Captain Peregrine Blackstump, rangy and loose-limbed — so loose-limbed, in fact, that as he walked in his leg dropped off and rolled under the sofa. Then there was Cousin Arthur from Australia. His tight strained expression spoke of many years spent in the outback. He sat there toying with a jumbuck which protruded from his tucker-bag. Miss Hardclinker and Old Peg-Leg Spasm made up the number. The solicitor cleared his throat, blew his nose, wiped his eyes, coughed twice, and addressed the company.

Hugh: Quasimodo Blackstump was an eccentric man. He left rather a strange will in the form of this gramophone record which he made just before he died. I'll just put it on.

[**F/X:** *hiss of needle on record during speech...*]

Ken W.: (*Ralph Richardson*) I, Quasimodo Blackstump, being of sound mind, do hereby bequeath all my wordly possessions as follows. My second best Yogi Bear commode to my nephew Peregrine, on the condition that he enters a nunnery. To my nephew Arthur, the wellington boot full of jam that he's long coveted. To my faithful housekeeper Miss Hardclinker, I leave two houses in Park Lane, a hotel in Mayfair, while to Old Peg-Leg I leave the *rest* of my Monopoly set. To my solicitor I leave the contents of my cellar — two dozen bottles of fine crusted old Napoleon syrup of figs — on the condition he uses them wisely. And to my nephew Trelawney, knowing how he's always felt about me, I leave the contents of my stables. Unfortunately I had to sell the horses. I leave my chest expanders to Jean Shrimpton. I leave the key under the mat, supper in the oven and the bathroom as I would wish to find it and (*sings*) I leave the stars above to those in love — When I leave the world behind — (*spoken*) All together now —

All: (*sing*) When I leave the world behind.

Hugh: And there the record comes to an end. Well?

Kenneth: I vote it a —

[**F/X:** *Klaxon (à la 'Juke Box Jury')*]

Hugh: There is a codicil to the will which says that in the event of any of us dying before tomorrow morning, his property will be shared among his survivors. It's strange but it's almost as if he expects one of us to die.

Kenneth: Cousin Arthur from Australia alone took the news calmly. He straddled the fireplace, with his pipe clenched between his teeth and his teeth clenched in his hand. Then producing a wallaby from his waistcoat pocket, he took some tobacco from its pouch and scoffed at our fears.

Bill: You pommies are behaving like a bunch of Sheilas. What

are you? All crook in the gut? Where I come from, a man's a man. Why, night after night I've camped by the billabong till I got nicked for loitering.

Kenneth: Loitering?

Bill: Yes, but as I explained to the trooper, I was only waiting till me billy boiled. Well I'm going to take a turn in the outback, make sure me kangaroo's tied down.

Kenneth: And clapping his wide-awake hat on his half-asleep head, he strode out of the room.

[**F/X:** *door closes*]

Betty: I don't like it. I don't like it at all. I feel something I don't quite understand.

Hugh: I'm sorry Miss Hardclinker, I thought it was *my* knee I was scratching.

[*Grams: bagpipes on echo*]

Ken W.: Listen. It be the piper. The phantom piper that do herald the end of a Blackstump.

Bill: (*off mike*)(screams)

Kenneth: Is that Cousin Arthur?

Ken W.: Aye. Either that or the piper's caught his chanter in the door.

Kenneth: We rushed out into the hall and there lay Cousin Arthur impaled on his own jumbuck. He was dead.

Ken W.: I warned 'ee. Get thee gone afore 'tis too late. Get thee hence Captain Peregrine — flee this doom-ed pile —

Douglas: No, I'm going to stick it out.

Ken W.: Please yourself, but do it after you've gone.

Douglas: If anyone wants me I shall be in the library.

[**F/X:** *door opens and closes*]

Betty: I think I shall go to my bed. How about you Mr Panderbody?

Hugh: No thanks, I shall go to my own.

[*Orchestra:* *short link*]

Kenneth: Two hours later I was in the arms of Morpheus when I was awoken by the sound of the phantom pipes.

[*Grams:* *bagpipes*]

Douglas: (*off*) (screams)

Kenneth: I leapt out of bed. Er — excuse me, Morpheus.

Hugh: (*Lotus Blossom*) That's alright, guv.

Kenneth: I hurried to the library. Peregrine was slumped in an armchair, in front of the television, an awful grin of horror on his face.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Betty & Ken W. & Hugh: (*coming on mike*) (*ad lib*) What's happened? He's dead. How did it happen?

Kenneth: Well, look what's on — 'The Rat Catchers'.

Hugh: Then you mean?

Kenneth: Yes. He died of boredom.

Ken W.: The curse of the Blackstumps has struck again. There be only four of us left.

Betty: (*nervous*) I can't stand it. I can't stand it.

Hugh: Calm yourself, Miss Hardclinker. Sit down in this chair.

[**F/X:** *whoopee cushion noise (fairly long effect — long dying duck ending with 'raspberry type' noise*]

Betty: (*gasps and expires*)

Kenneth: Good heavens — she's expired.

Ken W.: Yes, I heard her.

Hugh: Look — she sat on a poisoned whoopee cushion.

Kenneth: What a way to go. Do you realize there are only three of us left? That means the murderer must be one of us — you Mr Panderbody?

Hugh: (*suddenly adopting brisk military voice*) No, I'm not Mr Panderbody but Inspector Jim Beast of the Royal Canadian Mounted Parking Attendants. That's your man.

Kenneth: Old Peg-Leg?

Ken W.: No, not Old Peg-Leg but —

Kenneth: And ripping off his false nose, cardboard dickey, and leopardskin plus fours, he revealed himself as —

Hugh: Great balls of fire — it's Princess Grace of Monaco.

Ken W.: (*female voice*) Not the real Princess Grace of Monaco, but, as you see —

Kenneth: And taking off his cricket pads he revealed himself to be —

Hugh: Good grief — it's not Sir Felix Aylmer?

Ken W.: (*Felix Aylmer*) No, it is only a disguise. You see if I remove my rugby shorts and celluloid elbows —

Kenneth: Barbara Mullen!

Ken W.: Och, away with ye. Not the real Barbara Mullen, but — see —

Kenneth: And removing his cotton wool beard and revolving sporran —

Hugh: Noel Coward!

Ken W.: No, dear boy, just a terribly witty and decadent disguise. But you see, if I take off my signet ring and patent leather jockey shorts — I am as you see —

[*Grams: Luton Girls' Choir*]

Kenneth: The Luton Girls' Choir!

Ken W.: Not the real Luton Girls' Choir, just a trick of the light. I am in fact your Great Uncle Quasimodo.

Kenneth: They you're not dead? But why? Why? You're mad!

Ken W.: (*screams*) Don't call me mad. Don't ever call me mad. Don't use that word. Not mad. Don't call me mad. No. Not that. Not mad. Don't ever say that.

Kenneth: Why not?

Ken W.: (*snide*) I'm sensitive.

Kenneth: And with that he made a run for it. The Inspector brought him down in a rugby tackle.

Hugh & Ken W.: (*appropriate grunts and shouts*)

Kenneth: I touched him down and converted him and he's now running a mission in Africa, where I believe he's quite happy. That's where the whole business ended but —

[*Grams: piper*]

Kenneth: Excuse me, I must go now — they're playing my song.

[*Orchestra: playoff music*]

Kenneth: And now, here are the Fraser Hayes Four to sing a track from their new LP 'Songs for Swinging Chinese Lovers', entitled 'You make me Egg Foo Young'. Ladies and Gentlemen — The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'A Wonderful Day Like Today'*]

Kenneth: Well, as everybody no doubt knows, today sees the beginning of Throw-a-pie-at-a-pig week, sponsored by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Pigs Getting Above Themselves. To celebrate this fact of staggering unimportance, East London is presenting what will be known as the Balls Pond Road Festival of the Arts. Here in the studio is the organizer of the festival — Mr, er —

Ken W.: Gruntfuttock. J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock. Queen Gruntfuttock, the Terrible.

Kenneth: The Terrible I understand, but Queen?

Ken W.: I am not actually a Queen. Not in my own right. I am not even, and you must take my word for it, of Royal Blood. It's merely a device for getting into the Turkish Baths on Ladies' Night.

Kenneth: And you are the man behind the Festival.

Ken W.: I am the man behind many things in the Balls Pond Area to whit and viz, the blocking of the drains, the scrawling of certain slogans on various walls, and I am also the man behind the tree in the garden of the nurses' hostel.

Kenneth: I can see this varied and rich experience has fitted you for the job of organizing this festival. And have you done much historical research?

Ken W.: Oh yes. I have looked up my Pepys and combed my archives.

Kenneth: And very smart they look.

Ken W.: Now, the festivities open with the vast and historic ceremony of the Counting of the Scroads. This will take place at Number 14, Sheepdippers Alley. It is a Grace and Favour house, so called because it was presented by King Charles II to a young lady called Grace, who done him a favour.

Kenneth: And I believe you're actually going to enact this time-honoured ceremony of the Counting of the Scroads for us now.

Ken W.: I am. I have with me, as you see, my band of mummers.

Kenneth: Well, you go ahead and mum and I will describe the action.

Ken W.: (*intones*) Are your scroads ready, mummers?

Hugh: Yea. They are held high.

Ken W.: Then let the scroad counting commence.

Kenneth: It's a most impressive sight now as the scroad counters in their ritual garb of rimless bowler hats, plastic macs, and furry carpet slippers climb slowly and majestically, in solemn procession, into a huge tin bath of tepid cocoa, in which already reposes the Great Loofah of Scoon. Listen now as the ceremony unfolds.

[**F/X:** *three loud knocks*]

Hugh: Be there all stout burghers here assembled?

Bill: Yea, Scroad-master. I be a stout burgher.

Hugh: And be your appurtenances shrivelled?

Bill: Aye. Shrivelled and bound.

Hugh: Then let forth the mighty scroad blast.

Betty: Let forth the scroad blast.

Ken W.: Let forth the scroad blast.

[*Trombone:* *a loud squawk ending on an upward note*]

Bill: It has been let forth. Are there those with artifacts present?

Ken W.: Aye, we all have artifacts here.

Hugh: Then let them be grieved.

All: (*sounds of grunting and groaning*)

Hugh: Be all artifacts now grieved?

All: Yes, they be grieved.

Ken W.: I think I've ricked mine.

Hugh: Then let the grummit maiden come forth whirdling her grummit.

Betty: Here is my grummit. Will you be pleased to accept it as an earnest of goodwill and shake it for all to see.

Ken W.: Aye. I will shake it gladly.

[**F/X:** *tambourine*]

[*Grams:* *light country dance music*]

Kenneth: And the worshipful Scroad-master shakes the grummit now. I should explain for those of you at home that a grummit is something between a lawn mower and a hot water bottle with bells attached. As they go into a dance around the tithe pole or cistern, they each take it in turns to strike the grummit with the giant loofah and dance off two by two, a feat more difficult than it sounds as there are only three of them there. Thus are the traditions of England upheld.

(*country dance music up to end*)

Kenneth: An important aspect of any festival of the arts is the Drama. Here with me now is a man who is going to give a series of one-man shows — readings from Shakespeare — Mr S. Lupino Mousetrouser.

Hugh: (*Dentures*) Salutations. S. Lupino Mousetrouser, strolling player, at your service.

Kenneth: And what characters are you portraying in your one-man show?

Hugh: I do Shylock, with Method interpolations.

Kenneth: How do you mean 'method'?

Hugh: I use Stanislavsky. Realism, you see. I will demonstrate with Shylock's celebrated passage, where he has a moan

about hands, organs and passions. I say, 'If you prick us, do we not bleed?' Then I prick myself and bleed for the ladies and gentlemen. 'If you tickle us, do we not laugh?' And then I invite members up from the audience to tickle me. 'If you poison us, do we not die?'

Kenneth: And then I suppose you invite members up from the audience to poison you?

Hugh: I produce a goblet what purports to be hemlock, but is in fact fruit salts, then I sniff it, sip it and snuff it. It's a very moving piece. Then, as an encore, I do King Lear on the blasted heath. For this you have to imagine that I'm hairy, insane, wild-eyed and tattered — an effect that is helped by the fact that I am. Right. Go. (*declaims*) Blow winds and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow! You cataracts and hurricanoes spout, till you have drenched our steeples and drowned the cocks!

Kenneth: I think you already have.

Hugh: Oh no, there's more. (*declaims*) Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness —

Kenneth: Jolly good. Go on.

Hugh: I can't. I've run out of saliva.

Kenneth: Well, good luck with your readings and every (*Dentures*) success. In the words of Madame Pompadour, 'After you, the deluge'. Now every festival has its Beauty Queen and here now in the studio is Miss Balls Pond Road 1966. Good evening.

Bill: (*gruff*) Evening.

Kenneth: Surely you're not Miss Balls Pond Road?

Bill: No, I am her manager. This is Miss Balls Pond Road.

Betty: (*senile*) Hello, dearie, looking for a bit of fun?

Kenneth: Er — no.

Betty: Just as well.

Bill: There you are, Mr Horne — feast your eyes on her.

Kenneth: No thanks, I've just eaten. Now I believe you won this competition after several attempts.

Betty: Yes. That's true. Last year I was second.

Kenneth: And how many entries were there?

Betty: One. But this year there was much stiffer opposition. There was another entry.

Bill: Me.

Kenneth: Well, looking at the pair of you, it was obviously a very close thing. Tell me, have you won any other beauty competitions?

Betty: Not won. No. Not actually won. I have been placed. I was third in the 'Miss Go to Work on an Egg' contest.

Kenneth: Who won it?

Betty: A Buff Orpington.

Bill: It was hard luck on Malcolm Muggeridge.

Kenneth: Was he in it? I wouldn't have thought —

Bill: No, no. What I mean was, he took the prize winner to Paris for the weekend.

Betty: I have won many titles. I was Miss North Thames Gas — Miss Unzip a Banana — and of course I was placed last year in the big competition in California.

Kenneth: Miss Universe?

Betty: No — Mister Universe.

Kenneth: A necessary adjunct of any festival of the arts these days seems to be folk singing. And whenever the talk turns to folk singers, one name is always on everybody's lips. It's not a very nice name, but it does describe Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Well now, me dearie-o, I'll sing 'ee a song though my bossock hangs low, and Old Tom's a-coming for to carry me home-o.

Kenneth: Yes. I think that's best under the circumstances. Now I believe you're holding a hootenanny at the festival. What actually is a hootenanny?

Ken W.: Something between an owl and a goat. But it's very colourful. Now I was a-rummaging in me ganderbag and I come up with this ditty I'm going to bend your ear with. 'Tis the story of a young man whose love is far away over the sea. And he says to himself 'I wish I was a bird, so I could fly to my true love's side, oh how I wish I were a bird'. So he glues feathers to himself and leaps off the coalshed flapping his arms, but he falls and ricks his ankle. And as he lays there he sees a bird overhead, and he sings to it as follows:

(*sings with guitar accompaniment*)

Fly little bird way over the sea
Carry a note to my true love from me
Tell her I'll love her till we meet once more
And if she's not in, leave the message next door.
Fumble me tumble, and rumble me ree
Fly away, fly away — over the sea —
Ooooooooh.

Kenneth: Thank you, Rambling Syd, and may you never look back.

Ken W.: Why not?

Kenneth: Because I'm making rather a rude gesture. Now — the Ballet. What pictures does that not conjure up — splendid, sturdy chaps in the full flower of their manhood; that's *one* of the pictures it doesn't conjure up. Still, no festival would be complete without a ballet. And so, when I saw a poster advertising the Ballet Bona, I thought I'd pop along to their rehearsals and see how they were getting on.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

[*Piano:* *music for ballet exercises*]

Kenneth: Hello, are you the Ballet Bona?

(music stops)

Hugh: Yes. I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: Or to use our stage names — Julinski and Sandeyev. Well, how nice to vada your eek again. What brings you trolling in 'ere?

Kenneth: I heard you were presenting a new ballet. Could you tell me something about it?

Hugh: Yes — it's called *L'après-midi d'un Goose.*

Ken W.: That is your actual French, with the exception of goose, and we don't know the French for that. It means your Goose's afternoon. That is the actual translation, isn't it Jule?

Hugh: Yes. That is your actual —

Ken W.: Translation?

Hugh: Yes. You see we're bilingual. We've been suivez-ing le piste on the telly every Friday. Does wonders for your bon mots.

Kenneth: Why Goose?

Ken W.: Why not?

Kenneth: Well surely it should be *L'après-midi d'un faune.*

Ken W.: Well, you see we went up the costumiers but they didn't have no fauns' costumes left. All they had was a goose left over from panto. It's actually got a trapdoor in it for dropping your golden egg out of, but we're not using that. It lacks poetry — among other things.

Hugh: Course the big drawback is that it's a second-hand goose, you see. I mean, you don't know who's been in there. Still you have to suffer for your art, don't you?

Kenneth: Well, what actually is the story of the ballet?

Ken W.: Well, you see, Jule here is the Goose King and I'm a hunter — Prince Roderick the Mighty. And I'm trolling through

the forest one day and I come across this lovely creature...

Hugh: That's me.

Ken W.: He looks better in the skin. So anyway, I vada this goose cruising about on this magic pool. So what happens? I'll tell you what happens. All me hunting instincts rise, and I whip out me crossbow, do a *pas de chat* all around the stage — very butch like — then I take aim and fire — and transfix him with me magic barb. Then he does the dance of the dying goose.

Kenneth: I'd like to see him. Do you think he'd do it for me now.

Ken W.: Ask him, ducky.

Kenneth: Would you die for me?

Hugh: Gladly.

[*Piano: sad ballet music quietly under following speeches*]

Ken W.: There he goes. He's dying now. Look at him flapping away. Flap, flap, flap, go on gel. It's very pathetic, isn't it?

Kenneth: You took the word right out of my mouth.

(*Hugh grunts and groans as he prances about*)

Ken W.: There he goes — he's going now — it's ebbing away — No, wait a minute, it's coming back. No, he's going again, look, look — the way he's all curled up in a little ball — ah, bless him.

Hugh: (*bellows with pain*)

Ken W.: What's up?

Hugh: I've got me beak caught up me trapdoor. Hang on a minute. Right. Now, with a final flutter of me broken wings, I stagger back to the magic pool and plunge in.

Ken W.: Filled with remorse, I leap into the pool after him and after a breath-taking *pas de deux*, we expire together. The whole denouement smacks more than a little of the definitely fantabulosa —

Hugh: Course we know that we're a little far out. We're only on the fringe, as it were.

Kenneth: Of the festival?

Hugh: Oh yes. *And* of the festival. But if we get the critical acclaim we deserve, it'll mean a world tour — Monte Carlo, Lincoln Centre, the Bolshoi, Covent Garden —

Kenneth: And if it doesn't succeed?

Ken W.: Well, I s'pose it's back to washing-up at the Corner House.

[*Orchestra: chord*]

Kenneth: Well, that was just a glimpse of some of the many attractions that the Balls Pond Road Festival of the Arts is offering. And I hope it gives visitors to London this year a good idea of what they can avoid.

Well, that brings us to the end of our show. But before I go. I'd like to sing a couple of numbers you all know. (*sings to the tune of 'Night and Day'*) Ninety-four — Two Seven One... Cheerio. See you next week.

SECOND SERIES, NUMBER 10

Recorded 11 May 1966
First broadcast 15 May 1966

FEATURING...

* The Kenneth Horne Theatre of Suspense: 'The Picture of Florian Thrust'

* Trends. Fashion, with Mary Quince and Alexander Strumpet-Grebe

* Rambling Syd Rumpo and his Hebridean mouth music

* Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'Binky' Huckaback in 'The Hasty Nose'

* Julian and Sandy: 'Bona Promotions' (where all the top grapplers train)

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

More 'Theatre of Suspense', this time a parody of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* in which Kenneth Williams plays the handsome Florian Thrust but baulks at growing ugly. In the early phases of the story he eulogizes the writers: 'For the first time in this series the writers have serviced me. They've dug into my background and unearthed me potential.' The parody — which I think is one of the best Marty and I ever wrote — follows the original closely, even if there are a number of very un-Wildean side issues!

Hugh: (*Dentures*) My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, Bride and Groom, Barmitzvah boy, Your Graces, Your Highness, Worshipful Oddfellows, Privy Counsellors, Honoured Guests. Please be upstanding and charge your glasses. The toast is the Television and Wireless Cleanliness Campaign, with which I should like to couple 'Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Douglas: (*very fast*) The story so far. Talbot Spong wants to marry lovely Yeti Rosenkrantz, but sweet, fun-loving Yeti, still afraid of the mysterious Doctor Sweeney Puke, tells him that 'Prinny' Cattermole, posing as an exploding cummerbund salesman, has kidnapped winsome belly-dancer Archbishop Levy, and that Lord Obadiah Thin and Myfanwy-Toulouse-Lippincott are not his real father. Will Spong get his true love in the end? What is Puke's grisly secret?

Bill: Whatever became of Baby Jane?

Betty: What kind of fool am I?

Hugh: Why am I always the bridesmaid and never the blushing bride?

Ken W.: What is this thing called love?

Douglas: And here is the man who will answer none of these questions in thirty minutes, starting from now — Kenneth Horne.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Kenneth: That was Douglas Smith who wishes it to be known he has no connection — (*pause*) I think there's a line missing. No. Perhaps it's right as it stands.

Well now, for the answers to last week's questions. First, the 'What do the following initials stand for' question: R.S.V.P. — which of course stands for Rita Snavely is Very Petite; F.O. is Foreign Office; B.O. is box office; and P.O. is well... Needless to say, I received a letter from Mr Gruntfuttock of Hoxton, but I refuse to open it. I know, of course, that it is from the ubiquitous Gruntfuttock as the

envelope is rather bulky, there's something squashy inside that ticks, and the whole affair smells rather strongly of camphor and cheese spread.

Finally, the 'Odd Man Out' question. That was, of course, Danny La Rue. All the others are obtainable on a doctor's prescription, except for the surgical goat cosy — and I just threw that in to fool you. Right — Smith!

Douglas: Hello, fans. Here is Douglas 'Dolly' Smith — younger than springtime, cool as a mountain stream — as fresh now as the moment when my pod went (*makes popping sound*).

Kenneth: Yes, well keep taking the tablets and announce the next item.

Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen — The Kenneth Horne Theatre of Suspense.

[*Grams: electronic music*]

Hugh: (*sinister*) There are many things we cannot explain. What is extra-sensory perception? How does telepathy work? What was I doing behind a bush on Clapham Common with a pair of binoculars and a stocking over my face? These are just some of the things I cannot explain. But come with us on a journey into the supernatural — up the eerie passage of the inexplicable —

Ken W.: Oh get on with it, Hugh. Stop hanging it out. It's me they want to hear.

Hugh: (*own voice*) That was Kenneth Williams. Something else we cannot explain — but he's definitely one step beyond. (*sinister*) Come with us now. Are you afraid? (*sinister laugh*) to meet some of the creatures that lurk in (*chuckle*) The Twilight (*echo on*) Sanctum-um-um-um.

[*Grams: electronic music*]

Kenneth: My name is Sir Aubrey Main-Wilson. I am an art connoisseur — which means that I state age and profession when ordering breezy photos, which are sent under plain wrapper to my town house in Tite Street. The scene of my story is London, in the last years of the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, better known as Anna Neagle,

but that's another story. The narrative I am about to relate I have called the 'Portrait of Florian Thrust'. In a period known for its decadence and dandyism, nobody was more dandified or decadent than the exquisite young Florian Thrust.

Ken W.: That's me. I play Florian.

Kenneth: With the physique of a young Greek god and a profile of classical perfection —

Ken W.: Type-casting. Still, what I say is if you've got it, you may as well show it.

Kenneth: May I continue?

Ken W.: Go ahead. I'm enjoying it.

Kenneth: Florian was the most sought-after man in London's society. It all started at —

Ken W.: Isn't there any more about what I look like?

Kenneth: No.

Ken W.: Couldn't you make something up? You could make great play of my gilded youth, and of my wasp-waist and my fine silky hair and me coral-pink lobes. I'm noted for me lobes. And I've got medals for tap-dancing. You could tell 'em about that. And I've got a certificate for Junior Life-Saving, and framed testimonials — framed they are... (*smugly*) *and* I'm a Cocoa Cub.

Kenneth: I'm sure you are. But it doesn't contribute much to a portrait of a decadent Victorian dandy to say he's a Cocoa Cub. Besides, we ought to get on with the plot.

Ken W.: They don't want to hear plots. They want to hear about me. I mean for the first time in this series the writers have serviced me. I've been serviced properly at last. They've dug into me background and unearthed me potential. It's a breakthrough. I've broken through. A star is born. (*sings*) People — People who need people are the...

Kenneth: Shut up.

Ken W.: Oh — I'm sorry I spoke.

Kenneth: As I was saying, it all started at the studio of the eminent Pre-Raphaelite painter, Sir Edmund Burne-Mousehabit, who was painting Florian's portrait...

Hugh: There, Florian, it's finished. The best thing I've ever done. What do you think?

Ken W.: (*effete upper class*) You've caught the essential me. You've trapped my enigma on canvas. It conveys my exquisite personality, the whole essence of my sublime good looks — (*own voice*) Oh, it does me heart good to read it — (*back into character*) If only the *portrait* could age, and *I* could stay eternally young.

Hugh: Oh, Florian, how little you know. When you've lived as long as I have, you'll realize that life is like a Christmas pudding. As a man ages, it is as if he were eating his way through the pudding. Sometimes you nibble a raisin — the sweet things in life — sometimes you get a bit of 'olly stuck in your gum or the flaming brandy sets fire to your eyebrows — the little upsets of life. But in the end, when the pudding of life is nearly gone and all you've got left is a little custard round your plate, then come life's rewards — you still have your threepenny bit. Isn't that something to look forward to? Getting your hands on your threepenny bit?

Ken W.: I want to stay as I am. A thing of beauty and a joy forever.

[*Grams: electronic music (very short)*]

Hugh: What's wrong, Florian? You've gone quite white. You blanched visibly.

Ken W.: I don't know what it was. I had the most peculiar feeling. It was almost as if — no, it's silly —

Hugh: You can talk to me, Florian. You know I understand you.

Ken W.: It was almost as if my portrait came alive for a moment and said 'I will grow old for you and you will remain eternally youthful'. What can it mean?

Hugh: It means you've been at the metal polish again.

[*Grams:* *electronic music (passage of time — mysterious)*]

Kenneth: In the following years, I saw Florian but rarely, and yet every salon in London was agog with gossip of his debaucheries —

[**F/X:** *fade in cocktail chatter background*]

Betty: (*young, bright*) ... three plates of cockles, a gamekeeper's daughter, and a bunch of bananas. And in full view of the Prince Consort.

Kenneth: Incredible.

(*Fade out — fade in*)

Bill: (*military*) ... in the royal enclosure at Ascot, with a feather on a stick and a mirror, and unseated the Queen's jockey —

Kenneth: Fantastic.

(*Fade out — fade in*)

Hugh: ... down Piccadilly in broad daylight and knocked a policeman's hat off with it. The goat survived but the bishop will never be the same again.

Kenneth: Unbelievable. Yes, incredible, fantastic and unbelievable though it seemed, it was all true. Except that bit about the goat. But Florian was going downhill fast. As an old friend of the family, I decided to pay a call on his wife. The butler, Old Bollweevil, opened the door to me.

Bill: Good evening, Sir Aubrey. May I take your coat?

Kenneth: Yes, there you are.

Bill: And may I have your hat?

Kenneth: Yes. There.

Bill: Thank you, sir. They'll do me a treat. And if you don't want them boots, I can find a home for them an' all.

Kenneth: He coughed and retired discreetly — to Bournemouth, where he went into Gentlemen's Misfits, but I believe he's cured now. I entered the drawing-room where a distraught Esmeralda Thrust was waiting for me.

Betty: (*Bea Clissold*) Thank heavens you've come. I'm beside myself with worry. It's Florian — he's gone to pot.

Kenneth: I'll wait till he comes back.

Betty: These last 25 years life has been hell. He treats me abominably. Every Friday night he goes out at eight o'clock and do you know what time he comes in? Tuesday. And he leaves things lying about the house.

Kenneth: What sort of things?

Betty: Women. There's one in the bathroom, two in the study, and one in the spare bedroom. Do you think there's someone else?

Kenneth: I don't know. Have you looked under the bed? Well why don't you leave him?

Betty: Oh, I can't. What about the stigma?

Kenneth: Perhaps the court would give you custody of it.

Betty: I love him, but he's changed. Ever since he's had that accursed portrait. He keeps it locked in the attic and he won't let anybody look at it. It's as if that portrait is exerting some evil power. (*overacting*) What should I do? Advise me how to act.

Ken W.: (*own voice*) Too late to worry about that, dear. Just flail your arms about like you usually do. They should have given the part to Hugh. Here we are — page ten, and all he's had is a spit and a cough.

Hugh: Don't worry about me. I get the pound whether I play or not.

Ken W.: No, fair's fair. I mean, you've had your wig all greyed up special to look distinguished. You've still got your facilities. I mean, alright, you're over the top now, but I think we should respect the memory of what you once were.

Hugh: (*old actor laddie*) When I made my entrance, they used to applaud me taking my gloves off. (*own voice*) Now I don't get a ripple even if I strip to the buff.

Ken W.: He was the Sir John Gingold of his day. Tell 'em what Sir Michael Redgrave said to you

Hugh: What? About stop bothering his daughter?

Kenneth: Have you quite finished?

Ken W.: Don't mind us, ducky, you just carry on.

Kenneth: Alright. Now where were we? Yes — Esmeralda, I think the answer to your husband's strange behaviour lies in the attic. That portrait — I think we should see it.

[*Grams: electronic music*]

[**F/X:** *footsteps over music*
creaking door opens]

Betty: This is the attic, and there's the portrait.

Kenneth: Good heavens, it's —

[*Orchestra: dramatic chord*]

Kenneth: — covered in brown paper.

[**F/X:** *tearing of paper*]

Kenneth: Tearing off the paper, we looked upon the portrait of Florian Thrust — but no longer was it the portrait of the gay youth I had once known. Instead, it was that of a bent old man, wrinkled and evil, his face showing the signs of a misspent life — and of the recent passage of a bluebottle.

Betty: It's fantastic. The portrait has changed but Florian has remained the same.

Ken W.: (*Florian — entering*) So you have discovered my secret. But you won't live to tell.

Kenneth: He lunged at me with a knife. I ducked, he tripped and plunged the knife through the canvas — and, as he did, he emitted a cry of mortal agony —

Ken W.: (*cry of mortal agony*)

Kenneth: And then he slumped lifeless to the floor. As he lay there, his face wrinkled, crumpled and became as the portrait, ugly and depraved.

Ken W.: (*own voice*) They can't do this to me. I'm not ugly and depraved — I'm as lovely as I was seven pages ago.

Kenneth: Shut up — you're dead.

Ken W.: I demand a rewrite. Give me back my youth. Take no notice, listeners. I'm still young and lithe — I *am* a gilded youth. Gilded. Gilded.

[*Orchestra: starts play off*]

Ken W.: (*over music*) Stop the music, stop it. I haven't finished yet. It's disgraceful. I shall complain to my agent! Whatever became of baby Ken?

[*Orchestra: music drowns him out*]

Kenneth: And there the pathetic story ends. Not perhaps in the way Oscar Wilde would have written it — and so, if there are any Wilde lovers listening, I hope we haven't disturbed your concentration. Well, they say music soothes the savage breast — so if your breast is feeling savage, here are the Fraser Hayes Four to soothe it. The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'Home Cookin'*]

Douglas: And now, Trends!

[*Orchestra: 'Trends' music*]

Kenneth: First, the world of fashion. With me in the studio are the trendy, pacesetting fashion designers Mary Quince and her husband Alexander Strumpet-Grebe.

Bill: (*shy, nervous, well-educated*) G-g-good evening.

Betty: (*Knightsbridge*) (*snaps*) Be quiet, Alex!

Kenneth: Now you have a great reputation for your great zest for new things.

Betty: Yes, we are fun people, Alex and I. You see, we're both young and it's fun to be young and invent fab with-it gear for fun, fab, with-it people like us.

Bill: Y-yes. We believe that —

Betty: Shut up, Alex, or I'll send you home.

Bill: Sorry, dear.

Kenneth: You do everything as a partnership, I believe?

Betty: Oh yes. I wouldn't do anything without Alex, and he wouldn't dare to — er — I mean want to do anything without me. It's fun doing things together, we just simply share everything, don't we Alex?

Bill: Y-yes — we —

Betty: Alex! Sit! Now behave yourself or you'll sleep in the wardrobe again tonight. What was I saying? Oh yes — everything's a partnership with us. Alex brings up the tea in the morning — I drink it. He washes the car — I drive it. But I also do things for him. I design the dresses — he wears them.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Kenneth: Well now, to fresh woods and pastures new — and here is something you're likely to find in any wood or pasture — if you don't look where you're going. Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Well hello, me dearie-o, sing lackaday and rue me-down-daffy, for green grows my corbangle.

Kenneth: Well, I should try steaming it on a low gas. But tell me, why are you wearing a kilt this week?

Ken W.: I am entitled to wear it as I am a clansman. The McRumpos. We are descended from Robert the Bruce.

Kenneth: You look more like Brenda the Bruce.

Ken W.: But the reason I am wearing it is because this week I'm going to sing 'ee some traditional Hebridean mouth music, which goes as follows:

Ken W. & guitar: (*ad lib mouth music*)

Kenneth: There he goes, his kilt swinging in the breeze — all mouth music and no trousers. Lang may his lum reek, but that's one of the penalties of sleeping outdoors.

The trend in the theatre is back to the forties — what is getting to be known as the 'wasn't it fun when they were dropping bombs on us and we were all half starving' school of drama. Here's an excerpt from one of these war epics — 'The Hasty Nose' starring Dame Celia Molestrangler and ageing juvenile 'Binky' Huckaback.

[*Grams:* '*White Cliffs of Dover*']

Bill: The Captain's in there Miss — second bed along — behind the screen — but don't stay too long. You'll tire him.

Betty: Thank you, doctor.

[**F/X:** *footsteps*]

Betty: (*quietly*) Charles?

Hugh: You've come, Fiona.

Betty: I had to come.

Hugh: I knew you would.

Betty: I knew you knew I would.

Hugh: Yes, I know. I always knew. And yet — I was uncertain. Lip-bitingly, stomach-turningly, heart-flutteringly, eye-brow-raisingly, shoulder-shruggingly, uncertain — but still, somehow, sure. And you Fiona?

Betty: I know. I was sure, too. Stiff-upper-lippedly, teeth-grittedly, dog-in-the-mangerly, utterly, utterly sure — and yet, somehow — uncertain.

Hugh: I know.

Betty: I know you know.

Hugh: I know you know I know.

Betty: Yes. I know.

Hugh: You see that's the wonderful thing about us — it's all unspoken.

Betty: Are they looking after you here, Charles?

Hugh: Yes. The swelling's gone down.

Betty: Does it still hurt?

Hugh: Only when you poke it with your umbrella like that. Fiona — can you take a shock?

Betty: I'll try to be brave Charles.

Hugh: (*suddenly and dramatically*) Look!

Betty: Oh, Charles!

Hugh: Not a pretty sight, is it? Fiona — I've asked them to remove it.

Betty: Why, Charles, why?

Hugh: (*hysterical*) It's no good to me. I want them to take it away — I'd rather not have it at all than have it like this. Oh, it's cold Fiona, it's cold! Do you understand, Fiona? Do you understand? Say you understand!

Betty: I understand, Charles. There's nothing worse than a cold hot water bottle.

[*Orchestra: music link*]

Kenneth: There's nothing I enjoy more on a Saturday afternoon when the wife's out shopping than a spot of wrestling on the television. The Au Pair's not too mad about it — she complains that it gives her backache. In order to find out a little more about the wrestling game, I paid a visit last week to a gym in the West End, where the top grapplers train. The sign on the door said 'Bona Promotions'.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Hello — anybody there?

Hugh: Oh hello, I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: Or to use our ring names, Man Mountain Jule and Sky-High Sand, But what brings you trolling in here?

Kenneth: Well, I believe you're experts on wrestling. I wondered if you could fill me in?

Hugh: Oh yes. Apart from wrestling ourselves, we are entrepreneurs —

Ken W.: That is your actual French. Jule and me have handled all the top grapplers at one time or another. Take the Hooded Terror — he's one of ours. The Iron Man, he's one too. Then there's the Borneo Maniac, comes on as a gorilla.

Hugh: Oh her! She's too much she is.

Kenneth: Her?

Ken W.: I thought everybody knew. Alice Makepeace her name is. Used to wrestle in mud and we made the mistake of signing her up before we'd scraped her off.

Hugh: Was our eeks red when it turned out to be a palone.

Kenneth: That accounts for her wearing a gorilla skin.

Ken W.: Oh, it's not a skin. It's natural that is.

Kenneth: But you do actually wrestle yourselves?

Hugh: Not actually ourselves. Each other. You may have seen us last Saturday afternoon on telly.

Kenneth: Yes, I did.

Ken W.: Well, what did you think of our performance? You can be frank. Be as brutal as you like — we can take it. You think it lacked, don't you? You wasn't besotted.

Kenneth: Well...

Hugh: We didn't come across, did we?

Kenneth: No.

Ken W.: You see, Jule, what did I tell you? It's that television director. Got no idea. Couldn't shoot a cross-buttock to save his life.

Hugh: And his camera angles — all to pot. Kept dollying in on me bad side. You see from the wrong angle I look almost plain.

Ken W.: No you don't.

Hugh: I do. I know it. My knees in a close-up look dead naph. I mean, let's face it, they're wrinkled. I've tried everything — creams, astringent lotions, I've had 'em lifted twice, but there's no doing anything with them knees of mine. I think wrinkled knees are so ugly in a wrestler, don't you?

Kenneth: But surely appearances aren't all that important?

Ken W.: You must be joking, ducky. That's what the women come to see. They come to have a vada at two great huge brawny men battling it out. That's why I cover meself all over in oil — it enhances me physique.

Hugh: I wish you wouldn't do it though. You keep slipping out of me hammer lock.

Kenneth: Well, they say that a lot of wrestling is phoney — is that true?

Ken W.: Oh no. Last week, for instance, me and Jule had a real *grudge* fight. We both got our wilds up in the third.

Hugh: Well you started it, hogging the close-ups like that.

Ken W.: Maybe, ducky, but that's no excuse for what you did. It was brutal, Mr Horne, bestial what he done.

Kenneth: What happened?

Ken W.: He grabbed me by the wrist, pinned me down, and then broke it.

Kenneth: Your wrist?

Ken W: No, ducky, me fingernail.

[*Orchestra:* *play off*]

Kenneth: Well so much for the manly art. And so much for our show as well. That's all for this week, except for this week's 'Did you know?' Did you know that an extremely high-pitched whistle, although unheard by man, can be extremely irritating to dogs? Another good way to irritate them is to whack 'em with a carpet slipper. Dwell on that. Cheerio. See you next week.

SECOND SERIES, NUMBER 13

Recorded 1 June 1966
First broadcast 5 June 1966

FEATURING...

* The Kenneth Horne Theatre of Suspense in 'Moby Duck'

* Trends, featuring Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'Binky' Huckaback

* Rambling Syd Rumpo and the Runcorn Splod Cobbler's Song

* Julian and Sandy: 'Bona Performers'

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

This was the last of the second series and was a cheery romp through most of the (by now) well-established characters.

The main sketch is a gripping sago of — yes, *sago* — whaling ships in the nineteenth century, although more Alan Melville than Herman, the author of *Moby Dick*, on which this grim farrago is loosely — very loosely — based.

Hugh: (*Dentures*) My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, your highnesses, your graces, Father Thames, Mother Macree, Sister George, the President of the Balls Pond Road Temperance Society would like to take Irish whiskey with his honoured guests — but he daren't. So please be upstanding and charge your glasses with Dr Cattermole's Vitaminized Tonic Wine — the kiddies love it — Ladies and Gentlemen, the toast is: 'Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra: signature tune*]

Douglas: And in this edition, you'll be able to meet Dermot Stavacre and Renee, thrills and spills on the Mighty Bacon Slicer; Banderanaika Lippincott, his ferret and his gluepot, in a mystifying mélange of melody. There'll be tumbling from Ali Ben Glob and the Whirling Postules, and music will be provided by Captain Peregrine Simcox and the massed pipes of the 14th Mounted Sanitary Inspectors. But here now is your own, your very own, Kenneth 'the tiddley-winkey girl' Horne.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: That was Douglas Smith, who has often been — but unfortunately always comes back. Now here are the answers to last week's questions.

First, complete the following film title: 'Whistle Down The—' Well, of course, it was 'Wind' and most of you had it. Bad luck. Needless to say I had a letter from Mr Gruntfuttock. What he whistles down is of no possible interest to anyone except Bertram Mills, and perhaps the Director of Public Prosecutions.

The well-known phrase or saying was 'People in glass-houses shouldn't'—and of course that is complete as it stands.

Finally, the 'What is it?' question, in which I asked you 'What is it that has a great hairy body, two huge staring eyes, sixteen legs and an eight foot wing span?' Well, I only got one answer to this, which came from a Major E.R. Larkshaunch of North Borneo. He said 'the creature you describe is common in these parts and is known as the giant man-eating — aaaaaaaaaaaagh!' I assume he was right as

the letter was sent by his next of kin. I've written to Borneo and asked for one to be sent, carriage paid, to J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock of Hoxton. That ought to fix him. All right Smith — make the announcement.

Douglas: Certainly. And now, since this is the final programme of the series, this is positively your last chance to throw yourselves at the feet of D. Smith, demon boy announcer, and demonstrate the esteem in which you hold me. What — no one? Oh well — The Kenneth Horne Theatre of Suspense.

[*Grams: electronic music*]

Hugh: Terror is a strange emotion. It is different things to different people. It can be a creaking on the stairs, it can be something rustling in the attic — but for most people it is (*ghastly chuckle*) Mrs Thursday. Come with me now through the creaking door of the unconscious, where lurks the ghastly naked spectre of insanity —

Bill: (*gruff cockney*) Good evening, sir. I am the insanity spectre. I've come to unblock your libido.

Hugh: Through here spectre. You'll find it in the Twilight Sanctum-um-um-um.

[*Grams: electronic music*]

Kenneth: My name is Ebenezer Kukpowder, but we won't go into that now. I come of a West Country seafaring family, but I can't do the accent. The story I am about to relate took place when I was but a slip of a lad, the lad in question being my Father, and the slip being me. The year was 1863 and I had arrived in Portsmouth. I was footloose — in fact my kneecaps were only held on with sticky tape — and fancy free — that is, if it was free, I fancied it. Ready for adventure, I made my way to a low tavern on the quayside frequented by rough swarthy seafaring men.

[**F/X:** *low tavern noises*]

Bill: (*dame voice*) Pink gin, dearie.

Betty: (*barmaid*) Coming up, Black Jem. How about you, Tobago Jack?

Hugh: (*shy*) I'll have the same as him... and a packet of crisps.

[**F/X:** *door opens: howling gale: door closes chatter off*]

Ken W.: (*Robert Newton*) Shiver me timbers! Avast me maties! Clear a path for Scarface Rufus, me boyos. Avast, I say. I'll put me hook through any man jack who dares to stand in me way. Ahah — ahah — ar — A pint of grog, me beauty. Ah, come here me dear, give us a kiss, Ar — ar —

Hugh: (*shy*) Evening, Vicar.

Bill: (*gruff voice*) What brings you in here, Scarface?

Ken W.: I be looking for a crew to sail with Captain Ahab — he be shipping out tonight. Which of ye stouthearted lads'll sign on? Shanghai Charlie? Frisco Sam? Yokohama Mike? Weston Super Mare Alf? What? Be ye all afeared? Curse your black hearts for a pack of lily-livered jackals. Who will take ship with Captain Ahab?

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Good evening. Ebenezer Kukpowder at your service.

Ken W.: No thanks, I never use it. But I'll have the green stamps.

Kenneth: I eyed him curiously. Aye Aye, Scarface.

Ken W.: Aye Aye, Kukpowder.

Kenneth: He was a small wizened creature wth dangling greasy ear locks. I wondered why he wore them. As if in answer to my unspoken question, he said —

Ken W.: To lock up my dangling greasy ears. They'll nick anything in this pub. Well, Kukpowder, what brings you here?

Kenneth: I'm looking for a ship.

Ken W.: Ar — then come in me hearty. Well, mateys, and who be this young Kukpowder, who puts ye all to shame — this fine stripling with his apple cheeks and his long blonde hair and his — (*own voice*) — Gaw! You don't half have to use your imagination with this script. (*back in character*) You'm be a

likely lad to sail aboard the Golden Help Glub Glub.

Kenneth: A curious name for a sailing boat.

Ken W.: Aye — the woman who was launching it, fell off the rostrum and drowned.

Hugh: (*seafaring type*) Aye — and ever since the ship be accursed. Nobody who goes on her ever be seen again. 'Tis like a floating Eamonn Andrews show. Don't 'ee go aboard her, me dear —

Ken W.: Take no heed, young Kukpowder. (*own voice*) Oh, it's ludicrous. (*back into character*) Have a drugged drink matey — what'll it be?

Kenneth: I'll just have a grog and bitter lemon.

Ken W.: Here lad —

Kenneth: I quaffed the foaming tankard eagerly, and then suddenly, everything blurred and the figure of Scarface started to dance in front of my eyes.

[*Grams: Highland reel*]

Ken W.: (*Highland dance type shouts*)

Kenneth: When I came to, it was to find myself lying on a bunk surrounded by the faces of as ruffianly a band of desperadoes as one could wish to meet — outside of Eddie Braden and the Hornblowers. One of the scoundrels leant over me —

Hugh: (*ancient, toothless and evil*) Hello matey, be ye feeling better?

Kenneth: Where am I?

Hugh: You're in the evil-smelling fo'csle of Captain Ahab's ship, and these are some of the evil-smelling fo'csle be your shipmates. This be One-Eye Culpepper.

Bill: (*Irish*) Hello, matey.

Hugh: This be Blackhearted Obadiah Loombogel.

Douglas: Hello, matey.

Hugh: And this be the first mate — Ironteeth Rumspigot.

Betty: (*sexy*) Hello, darling.

Hugh: You've been shanghaied, young Kukpowder. We be four weeks out of Portsmouth bound for the China Seas. We be going after Moby Duck.

Kenneth: Shouldn't that be Dick?

Hugh: No. This be the Great White Peking Duck that haunts them waters. Eighty foot long it be, with a two hundred foot wingspan, and they do say as how when it lays an egg in the China Seas, there be tidal waves at Scarborough. Cap'n Ahab be sworn to slay the creature. You see, they had a tussle once before and he now wears a wooden leg. Oh, it be a fearsome creature.

Kenneth: I can imagine. It's not every day you see a giant duck with a wooden leg.

Betty: It's not the duck, it's Captain Ahab.

Bill: Here he comes now.

[**F/X:** *man with wooden leg approaching mike door opening*]

Ken W.: Morning, scum.

All: Morning, Cap'n.

Ken W.: Curse all they black hearts ye bunch of snivelling toadies.

All: Thank you, Cap'n.

Ken W.: Any complaints?

Bill: The food, Cap'n Ahab — it be awful. The biscuits got the weevil in 'em, the salt beef be blighted, and the crêpe Suzette be burnt to a frizzle.

Hugh: There be no hot chocolate sauce for the ice cream and the

champagne be non-vintage. It's more than human flesh and blood can stand.

Bill: For the last four weeks, we've had nothing but baked beans. There's rumblings in the foc'sle every night.

Ken W.: Silence, One-Eye. How would thee like a taste of the cat?

Bill: Thank you, Cap'n — it'll make a change from all them baked beans.

Betty: We can't go on like this.

All: (*rumble with mutiny*)

Ken W.: Back, you mutinous dogs. Where's Mr Christian — Mr Christian —

Hugh: (*Jewish*) So do me a favour, what do you want?

Kenneth: He was a small dark man with a parrot on his shoulder. It regarded the company with a beady eye and spoke —

Betty: (*parrot*) Solly wants a cracker, Solly wants a cracker. Solly wants a cracker. Pretty Solly, Pretty Solly, Solly wants a cracker.

Hugh: (*Jewish*) Solly'll get a bunch of fives up the beak if she doesn't shut up.

Ken W.: Mr Christian, take One-Eye Culpepper below and give him a few lashes, some mascara, and a tint of wrinkle cream. He looks awful.

Bill: No — no — no — please — not that — no —

Ken W.: Take him away, Mr Christian, and when he's had his punishment, clap him in irons, applaud him in manacles, and put him to picking oakum.

(*Bill is dragged off protesting*)

[*Orchestra: short link — sea music*]

Kenneth: For the next two weeks the poor wretch lay below picking

away at his oakum. An unpleasant habit, but it passes the time at sea. But for the rest of us it was hard unremitting labour. Ahab was a cruel taskmaster. He drove us relentlessly and savagely.

[**F/X:** *wind howling and gulls screaming*]

Ken W.: (*shouts*) Haul fast the mizzen sheet.

Hugh: (*shouts*) Mizzen sheet hauled fast.

Ken W.: (*shouts*) Haul close the main sheet.

Hugh: (*shouts*) Main sheet hauled close.

Ken W.: (*own voice*) Now just fold the eiderdown back and fluff up the pillow. There. Goodnight all.

All: Goodnight, Cap'n.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Kenneth: The next morning I was awakened at a quarter to six bells by Captain Ahab shouting from the crow's nest.

Ken W.: (*shouts*) Avast! Avast!

Kenneth: (*shouts*) Avast what?

Ken W.: I dunno. But it's pretty big. Wait a minute, it be Moby Duck. Thar she blows —

Kenneth: What do you mean, there she blows? Ducks don't blow.

Ken W.: Well whatever it is they do — she's doing it. Look — Duck-ho on the port bow. She's taking off. She's going to lay an egg.

Hugh: (*quacking of giant duck*)

[**F/X:** *duck laying huge egg, ending in gigantic splash*]

Ken W.: (*in character*) Man the harpoon gun — We're going after her. She's getting away. More steam — more steam —

Betty: This is a sailing boat.

Ken W.: Oh — More wind! More wind! We're gaining on her — she'll not get away this time. Forty years I've awaited this moment. (*insane laugh*) Yes, I know what you've said about me — I know what's been whispered on this ship. You all think I'm a raving madam.

Betty: It's a misprint, Ken — it should be raving *mad* man.

Ken W.: (*own voice*) Oh, I thought it was a bit bold.
(*character*) I may be mad but that Duck be the cause of my madness. I will have vengeance. There she be alongside now —

Hugh: (*giant duck quacks*)

Ken W.: Stuff me in the harpoon gun, Kukpowder — I'm going after her myself.

Kenneth: Aye aye, sir. Ready, aim — fire.

[F/X: *harpoon gun going off*
whoosh of body through air]

Hugh: (*painful quack*)

Betty: Congratulations — a direct hit.

Kenneth: Where?

Betty: Well I can't actually say — but if Captain Ahab was an orange...

Bill: See them grappling. Cap'n Ahab and his Leviathan duck, locked in mortal combat.

Ken W. & Hugh: (*ad lib sounds of man and duck in a fight to the death*)

Kenneth: For hours it seemed the duel continued, no quarter being given or asked, but at last, with a final flurry of its huge webbed feet, Moby Duck succumbed.

Hugh: (*duck succumbing*)

Kenneth: And vanished beneath the waves, carrying Captain Ahab with it —

Ken W.: (*screams ending in 'glug glug' sounds*)

Kenneth: There endeth my chronicle. And even today, eighty years later, though I am old, bent and sore — I beg your pardon — another misprint. That should be sere — and although I've lost a little hair since then, the memory of that Giant Duck stays with me. And whenever I eat duck à l'orange at the Ritz, I think to myself, with a quiet smile... 'It's amazing what you can get away with in Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra:* *play off*]

Kenneth: By the way, the part of the duck was played by the accomplished Mr Hugh Paddick - it was the part that most people throw away.

And now, here are the Fraser Hayes Four, who've spent all the morning polishing their scales, and cleaning their little webbed feet, so as to be nice and smart as they sing...

Hugh: (*Dentures*) 'Super-cali-fragilistic-expiali-docious'.

Kenneth: ...Ladies & Gentlemen — The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious'*]

Douglas: And now — Trends.

[*Orchestra:* *'Trends' music*]

Kenneth: First — Theatre.

Betty: Noel Coward's new play *Song at Twilight* has taken London by storm. And while some critics say that it's controversial, others maintain that he has avoided the real issues.

Ken W.: (*Noel Coward*) It's the Coward's way out.

Kenneth: In the cinema there's still a lot of trouble over certain love scenes.

Betty: (*common*) You do that again and I'll call the manager.

Bill: (*old*) I'm sorry madam — I was looking for my umbrella.

Betty: Well, you won't find it there.

Kenneth: However, the trend in films is still back to the Forties — the era when Fanny was by Gaslight and not Hill, and Hill was Doctor Charles and not Fanny. The days when Jimmy Tarbuck was Ted Ray, and so was Charlie Chester. When we all sat behind blackout curtains in three inches of bath water, doing nothing with this page until told what to do with it. When Cooper was Gladys and not Henry, when Clay was Keyes and not Mohammed Ali, when everybody was our gallant ally except for people who are now our friends. Ah well — Plus ça change - that's your actual French. Here now is an excerpt from one of the great films of that period, starring Dame Celia Molestrangler and ageing juvenile 'Binky' Huckaback.

[*Tape: 'White Cliffs of Dover'*]

Betty: Oh, Charles — I thought you'd never get here.

Hugh: It wasn't easy, but I pulled it off.

Betty: How strong you are.

Hugh: Oh Fiona, how I love you in these gay, madcap, antic, hoydenish, exuberant moods of yours. You just twinkle.

Betty: Only for you, Charles. Only for you. Come — sit here by me. Tell me, Charles, is it bad?

Hugh: At the Front?

Betty: At the Front.

Hugh: Pretty bad. At the Front. Not too good at the back. But he's done the sides beautifully.

Betty: You're pulling my leg, Charles.

Hugh: I'm sorry darling, I thought it was mine. (*hollow laugh*)

Betty: Is it — hell — the trenches?

Hugh: Yes. The trenches are hell. The buck and wing's not too good either, but fortunately they're not too particular in ENSA.

Betty: (*tinkling laugh*)

Hugh: Oh, it tickles you does it? Perhaps I should have shaved it off. How I love to hear you laugh, Fiona — it's everything most wonderful — it's a rainbow after rain, the first cuckoo of Spring, a field of corn in the sunlight, the dappled dancing of moonbeams on a mountain lake — it's jam and crumpets in front of the fire — it's Christmas Day — it's like a fairy tinkling in an enchanted glade — a sunset over the Cairngorms — the Taj Mahal by moonlight, it's — it's — I don't have the words for it.

Betty: I know.

Hugh: I know you know.

Betty: I know you know I know.

Hugh: Yes, I know.

Betty: Oh Charles — I want to make you happy for these few brief, fleeting moments that we're together. How can I make you happy?

Hugh: You know, Fiona.

Betty: Yes — I know I know. Kiss me Charles — kiss me.

Hugh: Oh, Fiona — if only this could go on forever. Tell me Fiona — have you ever loved like this before?

Betty: Not like this. Not quite like this. Not on the top of a 73 bus.

[*Orchestra: link*]

Kenneth: Yes. It beggars description, doesn't it? And now we move on to the world of folk music — Summer is icumen in — loud sing Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Well, hello me deario — for I'll fusset me trusset and whirdle me groats, and if that don't work, I'll poke it down with a stick.

Kenneth: I wouldn't. It might turn nasty if it's disturbed. And what ineffable ullage have you got for us this week?

Ken W.: 'Tis a Runcorn Splod Cobbler's Song. Sung by the splod cobblers of Runcorn as they pump their cordwangle bellow afore cobbling their splods. It's best to do it in that order. See the splod has to be white hot, otherwise it gets the bogel in it and you can't do nothing with a bogelled splod.

Kenneth: No. I believe that even the dustman won't take it away. What exactly is a splod?

Ken W.: Now that's an interesting question and I only wish I had an interesting answer to give you. However, a splod is a kind of spottle guard or shreeve hoof worn by a Lummockshire Nobtiddler or work goat, as it prefers to be known. Understandable really — you'd feel embarrassed, too, if you was called a Lummockshire Nobtiddler.

Kenneth: Yes. You would be wide open to all sorts of curious nicknames.

Ken W.: Precisely. (*own voice — to audience*) Sometimes I swear he understands every word I say. (*back into character*) Now me dearie-o, I have dipped into my ganderbag on many happy occasions, but none more so than tonight, when I have come up with what is undoubtedly the most uninteresting song in my whole niggardly repertoire. (*guitar vamp*) As the splod cobbler works his trumice, he sings this lugubrious ditty —

Ken W. & Guitar: (*sings*)

I sing as I cobble and hammer my splod
Tho' my trumice glows hot and my trade be odd
I sit as I gorble and pillock my splee
For a cobbler's life is the life for me-ee —
Sing lickety-lickety-splod, me boys
Sing wackety-wackety — (*cry of anguish*)

Kenneth: Why the (*cry of anguish*)?

Ken W.: Well, that's the sad part of the narrative. Alas he misses his splod and impales hisself on his own cordwangle.

Kenneth: I imagine that could be very painful.

Ken W.: Fatal most often as not. As a result of which he dies — lackaday — and they do say as how his ghost walks abroad in a minor key, as follows :

Ken W. & Guitar: (*sings mournfully in a minor key*)
Now his ghost still sits and cobbles his splod
Tho' his trumice grows (*quavering*) cold, and he's on his tod
He sings as he gorbles his ghostly splee
'Oh, a cobbler's life was the death of me —'
(*quavering*) Sing lickety-lickety splod, me boys
Sing wackety-wackety — (*moans*) Splod!

Kenneth: I think there's an awful warning for us all there. Moving on now from the ineffable Rambling Syd to something far more effable. Recently I was asked to organize a cabaret for the Director General of the BBC. They said they wanted something different, so I popped down to a little agency in the Charing Cross Road that I'd heard of. It was called 'Bona Performers'.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Hello, anybody there?

Hugh: Hello, I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy. We're Bona Performers.

Ken W.: Oh, it's Mr Horne. How nice to vada your dolly old eek again. What brings you trolling in here?

Kenneth: Well, I've been asked to organize a cabaret for the BBC on the fifteenth. I was wondering if you could fix me up.

Ken W.: Oh yes, ducky. We'd be glad to fix you up anytime. BBC is it? Oh you'll want something a bit risqué for that mob. How about Queenie? I think she's at liberty.

Kenneth: What does Queenie do?

Hugh: Striptease with a difference. See, normally she's the

bearded lady at Blackpool; long beard she's got, right down to her ankles.

Ken W.: And instead of stripping, she just come on and shaves. She can't do it often. It takes her two years to grow the beard again, poor love.

Kenneth: It's not exactly what I had in mind. A little less exotic, I think.

Hugh: Well, would you like to have a leaf through me files? See if there's anyone you fancy?

Ken W.: Yes, Jule — get out your immediate vacancies and let the gentleman have a vade.

Hugh: How about him? Nemesis Groatblast — England's Premier Yodelling Archbishop. He's V.A.F., you know.

Kenneth: Variety Artistes Federation?

Ken W.: Oh, is that what it means — we thought it meant 'Vada! Absolutely Fantabulosa'.

Kenneth: And what does he do?

Hugh: Well, it's difficult to describe, but it involves feats of incredible agility and dexterity with a fire extinguisher, a frankfurter sausage and a goat.

Ken W.: Yes. Unfortunately though, the goat's got a prior engagement on the fifteenth. But we can get you the Great Omipaloni — he's one of ours, isn't he, Jule?

Hugh: Oh yes. He's your actual strong man. Beggars description, he does.

Kenneth: Could you give me some idea of his act?

Ken W.: Well, he comes on wearing this leopard skin, see — he's a great huge butch omi, with thews like an oak and bulging lallies —

Hugh: Then he bends an iron bar, tears two telephone directories in half, drives a nail through a plank with his bare fist, and

then, as a finale — for his *pièce de resistance* —

Ken W.: There's your actual French —

Hugh: He's harnessed between two teams of wild horses — pulling in opposite directions. But does he budge? Budge he does not. We bill him as the strongest man on earth.

Kenneth: I'll take him then.

Ken W.: But you can't have him on the fifteenth. That's his night for washing his hair.

Kenneth: Well, who else have you got that's available?

Hugh: Well, we're available, aren't we Jule?

Ken W.: Extremely. We'll be happy to oblige on the fifteenth. We are your great all round entertainers — Sand and Jule — a show in theirselves — the brightest stars in the show business firmament. We can be seen nightly at the Marine Commando Club in Paddington, can't we Jule?

Hugh: Yes. Come and see us. Drag yourself up there one night. We have to be seen to be believed.

Kenneth: And what, I shudder to ask, do you do?

Ken W.: Oh bold! He goes too far, doesn't he? Well, we are versatile, Mr Horne. You name it — we do it.

Kenneth: Sing?

Hugh: Not your actual singing. No.

Kenneth: Dance?

Ken W.: No. The muse of Terpsichore has not actually lighted on our shoulders. That is to say, we don't do your actual wallop.

Kenneth: Juggle?

Hugh: No.

Kenneth: Conjure?

Ken W.: No.

Kenneth: I thought you said if I named it you could do it?

Ken W.: Ah yes, ducky, but you haven't named it yet.

[*Orchestra: play off*]

Kenneth: Well, eventually I named it and they did it. But happily the plaster should be off in a couple of weeks. Cheerio.

Recorded 22 July 1966

FEATURING...

* **Kenneth Horne — 'The Man With the Golden Thunderball'**

* **Trends — including Dame Celia and 'Binky' and the interminable Rambling Syd Rumpo with the plaintive lament of the herring fishermen of Hampstead Garden Suburb**

* Julian and Sandy: 'Bona Homes and Landscape Gardens'

This is an oddity, a programme specially recorded for the Transcription Service of the BBC.

Transcription meant that a suitably doctored edition — with most of the topical references removed — was distributed worldwide. In this instance a specially doctored version of a *Round the Horne* programme which had already been heard on the Light Programme had to be re-recorded for overseas consumption.

In the original script 'Old Whatsisname' was Harold Wilson, but it was felt that it would be unsuitable for foreign listeners to hear the British prime minister lampooned — loss of dignity and all that. Personally I can't see that 'Old Whatsisname' was an improvement.

Hugh: (*Dentures*) My lords, ladies and gentlemen, noble personages here assembled, King Nancy of the Friendly Islands, Queen Lippincott of Gonga, Doris the Queen Mother, Edna the Queen Sister, Syd the Queen brother-in-law, Arch duke, Coy baron, and Camp Earl, Bonnie Prince Lionel, the Young Pretender —

Ken W.: Yes — we've all got his number.

Hugh: King Kong, Count Dracula, Lord Muck — please be upstanding and charge your glasses. The toast is a better, fuller life through the scientific use of the Bicycle Pump, with which we should like to couple 'Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Douglas: The story so far. The tumbril rolled through the streets of Paris, bound for the dreaded Madame Guillotine, played by dreaded Madame Bill Pertwee in drag. Lovely white-throated, swan-necked Kenneth Williams clung to her father — crusty snaggle-toothed old roué, Betty Marsden. The screaming mob, played by screaming Hugh Paddick in a greasy tricorn, shrieked vile obscenities, which were cut at rehearsal, and the sinister drums, played by Edwin Braden's sinister drummer, and available for Barmitzvahs and weddings, beat out their sinister message. Beneath the guillotine crouched a tattered wizened old crone, knitting. As the blade fell, she raised her head and cackled —

Kenneth: My name is Kenneth Horne.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: That was Douglas Smith, nightclub hostess of no fixed abode, who appears by permission of Identikit. Well now, here first are the answers to last week's quiz. Question one — Nautical codes. The answer was in three parts: You can do it with a rocket, you can tap it out, you can dress it over all with Bunting... or lower a small boy covered with honey. Question two. Complete the titles of these plays or films: 'As You...' Well, the answer was 'As You Like It', and *not* 'As you would wish to find it'. Then there was Cat on a Hot...' Well, of course, that was 'Tin Roof', not 'hot brick'. The third title was 'She Stoops To...' and the answer was, of course, 'Conquer'. I got some very original replies to this, but to be honest, most of you were wildly

improvising. Right now — Smith — stop offering to introduce Edwin Braden to your sister and announce the next item.

Douglas: Yes, sir. And now, more phlegmatic than Fleming, more binding than Bond. Combining the best elements of spy thrillers such as *Thunderball* and *The Man With the Golden Gun*, we present Kenneth Horne as 'The Man With the Golden Thunderball'.

[*Orchestra:* *music*]

Kenneth: I had just finished a case. I relaxed by the water's edge at Cap de Grimsby, and sipped from my finely fluted crystal glass of oatmeal stout. I lay back with that feeling of well-being that only comes from complete and utter drunkenness. My ears started to ring. I picked one up and answered it.

[**F/X:** *phone ring. phone up*]

Kenneth: Hello, Fanny Hill here.

Bill: Stop that wishful thinking, Horne. This is Haverstrap here, MI5. I've got Brown-Horrocks. He wants a word with you.

Hugh: Hallo, Horne.

Kenneth: Hello, Brown-Horrocks.

Hugh: I've been trying to get you. Where on earth have you been? Do you realize I've been on the blower all morning.

Kenneth: Big deal!

Hugh: It's essential that you get back to London immediately. Have you got transport?

Kenneth:: Yes sir. I've got my two point four drophead announcer here. I'll leave right away. And with that I leapt onto Douglas Smith's back, slid him into first gear, did a fast racing change and roared away —

Douglas: (*crude car impression — including hooter*)

Kenneth: Alright, Smith — we all know you can do it.

Douglas: Ten minutes later in London.

Kenneth: Ten minutes?

Douglas: I took a short cut through Luton. It's not such a pretty ride but —

Kenneth: Alright, Smith. Don't make a meal of it. Where was I? Oh yes — I strode into HQ up to a door marked Private, and strode in without knocking.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Betty: (*squeal of surprise*)

Hugh: Ah — Horne.

Kenneth: Ah, Brown-Horrocks. I — er — didn't realize you were busy.

Hugh: Er — Miss Golightly and I were engaged on top secret work. I trust you'll keep it a top secret. Alright, Evadne, you can take the rest down later. A memo, you know, to the PM about this latest crisis.

Kenneth: What's up, sir?

Hugh: It's *big* Horne, very big. I've been badgered by Uno for over a week now.

Kenneth: I suggest you keep taking the tablets. And if that doesn't work, put a poultice on it.

Hugh: Thank you, Horne. Now something strange has been happening — I want you to look at this.

Kenneth: Good heavens. That looks nasty.

Hugh: No, this! Under this dustsheet.

Kenneth: Good gracious — The Prime Minister of England — old — er — er — whatshisname —

Hugh: No. It *looks* like er — old whatshisname — but see — you can unscrew his head.

Kenneth: Then the resemblance is complete. What is it? A robot?

Hugh: Precisely. And perfect down to the last detail. At least, I don't know er — old whatshisname that well, but, see a mole on his hip ...

Kenneth: A live one?

Hugh: No, just a clever facsimile. Here — look — help me get his vest off. Now, see this panel — you just prise it open, so.

[**F/X:** *sound of wooden panel being prised open — and then splintering*]

Hugh: And inside a small common or garden talking doll device. So in fact, the person we all thought was old er —

Kenneth: Yes —

Hugh: Is in fact merely a lifelike dummy. But we don't know what's happened to the *real* er — Somebody's kidnapped the real whatshisname and substituted this grisly, grinning effigy in place of the grisly grinning original.

Kenneth: Who?

Hugh: We have one slight clue. There's a label on the dummy that says 'Foreign Made'. Manufactured by Chou En Ginsberg Novelty Corporation — Tokyo.

Kenneth: Hmm — not much to go on. But I think we might find our answer in —

[**F/X:** *gong*]

[*Orchestra:* *four bars Japanese music*]

Kenneth: Chipping Sodbury —

Hugh: I think you're wrong, Horne.

Kenneth: Oh well, in that case I'll try Tokyo.

Hugh: Good luck, Horne.

Kenneth: And with that, he extended a warm hand — on the end of a stick and clouted me on the ear. The interview was over. I knew I had no time to waste. Smith — announce me to Tokyo.

Douglas: Ten seconds later, in the Street of a Thousand Artifacts, Tokyo.

Kenneth: Thank you, Smith. As I pushed my way through the throng I had a sudden feeling that I was being followed. Behind me was a huge giant of a man. He came for me and we grappled. (*sounds of struggle*) He gave me a half nelson.

Bill: (*Japanese*) Oh — ah — ooh — There — one half nelson. Will give you other half next Friday when I get paid.

Kenneth: I gave him a quick cross-buttock, he didn't like that at all. He sprawled back and then leapt at me with a karate chop.

Bill: One karate chop coming up with a double portion of baked beans on the side.

Kenneth: And then something hit me, and I went headfirst down the slope to oblivion. Sometime later I came to, to find a pair of almond eyes set in a pickled walnut face staring into mine.

Ken W.: Ah, Mr Horne. I have been waiting for you to come to. In Japan we have a saying. It goes: what song shall the caged bird sing when it dreams of its freedom? Perhaps you can supply the answer.

Kenneth: No, I'm afraid not. Why do you ask?

Ken W.: Is number four down in Junior clossword in morning plaper. Now, what blings you to Tokyo?

Kenneth: We're onto your little game. We know what you've been up to.

Ken W.: Is pack of lies. Cannot prove anything. Was merely trying to help young lady onto bus — is not my fault I am shortsighted — have good War record. Decolated for

blavely in Kamikaze. Told Constable most solly and pleaded Japanese headaches.

Kenneth: I'm not talking about that incident. I'm talking about your kidnapping the Prime Minister — er —

Ken W.: Old Honoulable Whatshisname.

Kenneth: And substituting a dummy in his place.

Ken W.: Aha!

Kenneth: In an attempt to discredit the British er —

Ken W.: Glovernment. Yes. I have the oliginal — er ... here.

Kenneth: Now look here, Doctor —

Ken W.: One moment — before coming to honoulable tag of miselable sketch we have entertainment. I will summon most desilable geisha. Lotus Blossom.

[F/X: *gong*]

Ken W.: Ah — Lotus Blossom — most beautiful flower of the East.

Hugh: Yers, guv. I await your command, Oh Mighty Mandarin, and come waving my fan and bringing a hint of Eastern Promise.

Kenneth: Mmm, and more than a hint of garlic.

Ken W.: Feast your eyes upon her, Mr Horne. In all Tokyo there is no maiden whose radiance and beauty and exquisite proportions can compare to Lotus Blossom.

Kenneth: Really?

Ken W.: Yes. Things very bad in Tokyo just now. Sing for us, my little bamboo shoot, one of your plaintive traditional airs, that our ears may be assailed with a thousand delights, as the tinkling cadences of the nightingales' sweet tones waft us to Nirvana. After me — a-one — a-two —

Hugh: (*sings listlessly*) 'If you don't want the whelks don't muck

'em about. Keep the baby's fingers off the slab —'

Ken W.: Thank you, Lotus Blossom. Don't call us, we'll call you. And now Mr Horne — on with the plot!

Kenneth: Alright, you grinning devil. The game's up! This small bore Douglas Smith I'm holding is loaded and I'm not afraid to use it.

Ken W.: (*screams*) I don't believe you, it's a trick.

Kenneth: Right — you force me to do this. Right, Smith?

Douglas: Yes, sir — bang, bang.

Kenneth: Well, Doctor Chou En Ginsberg?

Ken W.: Alright. I know what you want. I'll do it. I'll release — er...

Douglas: (*prompting*) Old Whatshisname —

Ken W.: — and send him back to England. That's what you've come for, isn't it?

Kenneth: Good heavens, no — I've come on behalf of the British Public to ask you to keep him here.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: Well that's the end of the story, but somehow I feel we haven't heard the last of...

Ken W.: Doctor Chou En Ginsberg, MA Failed — Goodbye.

Kenneth: Well, here are another four lifelike effigies with an ingenious device so that when you press a button they sing a track from their new LP 'Nellie Melba goes Pop'. The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'Camptown Races'*]

Douglas: And now — Trends.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: This is the part of the show for the trendy young moderns. The people who are 'fused', as opposed to people of my generation who badly need rewiring. First, Theatre. The plays of the thirties are still being revived. Here is an excerpt from the poignant third act of *Bitter Laughter*, starring Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'Binky' Huckaback.

[*Grams:* *'Room with a View'*]

Betty: You startled me coming through the window like that.

Hugh: I had to come. Oh darling, darling Fiona.

(*they kiss*)

Betty: Are you glad, Charles? About us, I mean.

Hugh: Glad? Yes, Fiona — enchantedly, heart-quenchingly, delectably, luxuriously, voluptuously glad. And yet somehow — sorry — about us, I mean. And you Fiona? Are you sorry?

Betty: Grief-riddenly, wretchedly, hand-wringingly, utterly, utterly sorry — and yet, somehow glad.

Hugh: I know.

Betty: I know you know.

Hugh: I know you know I know.

Betty: Yes — I know.

Hugh: Oh, Fiona, how I hate having to meet like this. Secretly, furtively, lurkingly, clandestinely for a few snatched sweet-sad madcap heart-twitteringly, rib-thumpingly bewitching moments of blissful pain.

Betty: Or painful bliss.

Hugh: How true. How terribly terribly true. And yet how false.

Betty: How true.

Hugh: Oh, what's the use Fiona, these trite, meaningless, empty,

vacuous, pointless phrases can't convey what I feel in my heart.

Betty: I sensed that.

Hugh: I sensed you sensed it.

Betty: I sensed you sensed I sensed it.

Hugh: Yes, I sensed it.

Betty: I know —

Hugh: I know you know —

Betty: I know you know I know —

Hugh: Yes, I know. That's the marvellous thing about us — we don't need words. I must go now, darling. Goodbye.

Betty: And shall I see you again? Answer yes, Charles, for pity's sake answer yes...

Hugh: Yes — next time I come to do the windows.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: And now, trends in music. Here again is that doyen of folk singers, whose homespun tunes have made him one of the highest paid entertainers in the country. Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Well, hello me dearío, and shall my dangle lie fallow till Old Tom goes a-sickling-o.

Kenneth: I have no comment to make at this time. But where have your peregrinations taken you lately?

Ken W.: Since I last been here I been a-rambling and a-wandering and a-gypsying up and down the country-o a-drivin' of my Continental Bentley-o — dilly dilly daffy down my spong.

Kenneth: I beg your pardon?

Ken W.: I'm just being picturesque. It's just an affectation-o —

a-doddle-o, a-ruff a-duff, fol de riddle-i-do — cheerup, cheerup. Now I'm a-going to sing 'ee a sad sea shanty sung by the herring fishermen of Hampstead Garden Suburb. 'Tis a plaintive lament on account of Hampstead Garden Suburb be landlocked — amongst other things. This song tells the story of a poor fisherman what comes home one night with an empty net, and his wife says to him 'What have you caught, me Billy-o, what have you caught, me darling Willy?' To which he answers, 'Nary a one, me Susie-o, but I bought a tin of sardines from the Supermarket up Camden Town'. And then he sings —

Heave away, me hearties-o
Pull away, me dando
With a yo ho ho and a ah ha ha
With a hey down derry down and the wind blow free-o.

Kenneth: Thank you, Rambling Syd Rumpo. When I hear you sing like that it makes me want to throw off the trammels of civilization, and belt you one with a marlin spike.

And now — Trends in the Home. Recently I saw an advertisement in a Sunday paper which said, 'Why not get with it in the Garden'. So I thought, with the summer coming it was time to have my garden replanned, so I phoned this firm — 'Bona Homes and Landscape Gardens' it was called. The next day their representatives came round.

[**F/X:** *front door opens*]

Hugh: Oh, hello — I'm Julian, and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: We're Bona Homes, incorporating Fabe Gardens. Just filling in between acting jobs. We've just been in that commercial where there's me and Julian sat in this car, and then all these horseguards go trotting by...

Hugh: So then Sand turns, looks at me, and we both change to Guards.

Ken. W.: He took his part lovely. Now, let's have a vada at this garden of yours.

Kenneth: It's through here —

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Ken W.: Ugh! Nasty! I couldn't be doing with a garden like this! Could you, Jule? I mean all them horrible little naff gnomes — Oooh — Ugh!

Hugh: Oh no — its a bit Noddy in Toyland ennit? All that grass — that'll have to go — I mean, grass in a garden, Sand?

Ken W.: Oh très passé. The mind boggles.

Kenneth: What do you suggest?

Hugh: Paving, that's the answer here. Paving.

Kenneth: Crazy?

Ken W.: Absolutely insane! Or you have your various types of stone. Show him your brochure, Julian.

Hugh: Yes, well you see here you have your Florentine Marble —

Ken W.: Comes lovely in Florentine Marble —

Hugh: Or you have your ceramics —

Ken W.: Oh fable ceramics — All hand-done by a disciple of William Morris in Ladbroke Grove — or Jule, wait a minute — how do you see his patio?

Hugh: Wait a minute, wait a minute, its all happening in here. I've got it — Terraza!

Ken W.: Oh fantabuloso! Yes — and then maybe I could do something wild with a couple of creepers up his trellis. Yes, yes. I'm beginning to see it now. Go on, Jule.

Hugh: What about something decadent? A sunken birdbath?

Kenneth: I'm afraid I don't know any sunken birds.

Ken W.: Oh bold. Yes, go on — it's beginning to sing to me now.

Hugh: Don't rush me, don't rush me.

Ken W.: Oh — I'm sorry I spoke.

Hugh: It's beginning to come over me in waves. (*pause, and then very quickly*) I see it as a miniature version of the piazza in Florence. Ah yes — and that rockery, that'll have to come down!

Ken W.: Yes, we'll have that down. And the walls.

Hugh: We'll have *those* down.

Ken W.: We'll have it all down! Wait a minute — no — no — won't work.

Kenneth: Why?

Ken W.: Well, you can't have a mock Tudor house with an Italianate piazza out the back.

Kenneth: Well, what do you suggest we do?

Ken W.: Only one thing for it — the house'll have to come down.

[*Orchestra: music*]

Kenneth: I shall miss that house. Still they've been very decent about it. They're leaving the toolshed up in the garden for me to sleep in. Well, that's it for this week. It only remains for me to give you the result of last week's competition, when I asked you to 'pin the tail on the Tasmanian Devil'. Perhaps I should have mentioned it was a live one. However, the prize goes to Mr J. Wilson Landharbour, late of Station Approach, Tahiti, to be divided equally among his next of kin. And the prize is an electric toothbrush, especially designed for people with electric teeth. Cheerio, See you next week.

THIRD SERIES, NUMBER 1

Recorded 8 February 1967
First broadcast 15 February 1967

FEATURING...

* Armpit Theatre — *The Three Musketeers*, a tale of derring-do and codpieces (not forgetting the chips and pickled onion)

* The Round the Horne Colour Supplement — with Brad Smallpiece and a special look at the British legal system

* Rambling Syd Rumpo, with a poignant song about a squatter in the outback

* An excerpt from that 1942 classic, *Brief Ecstasy*, with Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'Binky' Huckaback in an impossible position

* Julian and Sandy — 'Bona Law' ('We've 'andled the most bizarre briefs')

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

This programme introduces a new variation on the main sketch format, 'Armpit Theatre' — based on the BBC's Armchair Theatre. It's a knockabout romp, a complete travesty of Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*.

All the usual characters are present, and the 'Round the Horne Colour Supplement' concentrates on the English judiciary, with Julian and Sandy as somewhat unconventional lawyers.

Hugh: (*Dentures*) My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, Master of Hounds, Mistress of the ostler, father of the groom, stable boys, unstable boys, kinky girls, whippers-in — whippers-out, fellow followers of the fox, members of the noble Hunt, who unfortunately cannot be with us today, please be upstanding and raise your stirrup cups. The toast is John Peel in his coat so gay.

Kenneth W.: We've all got his number, dear.

Hugh: Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Jorrocks, with which I would like to couple 'Round the Horne'.

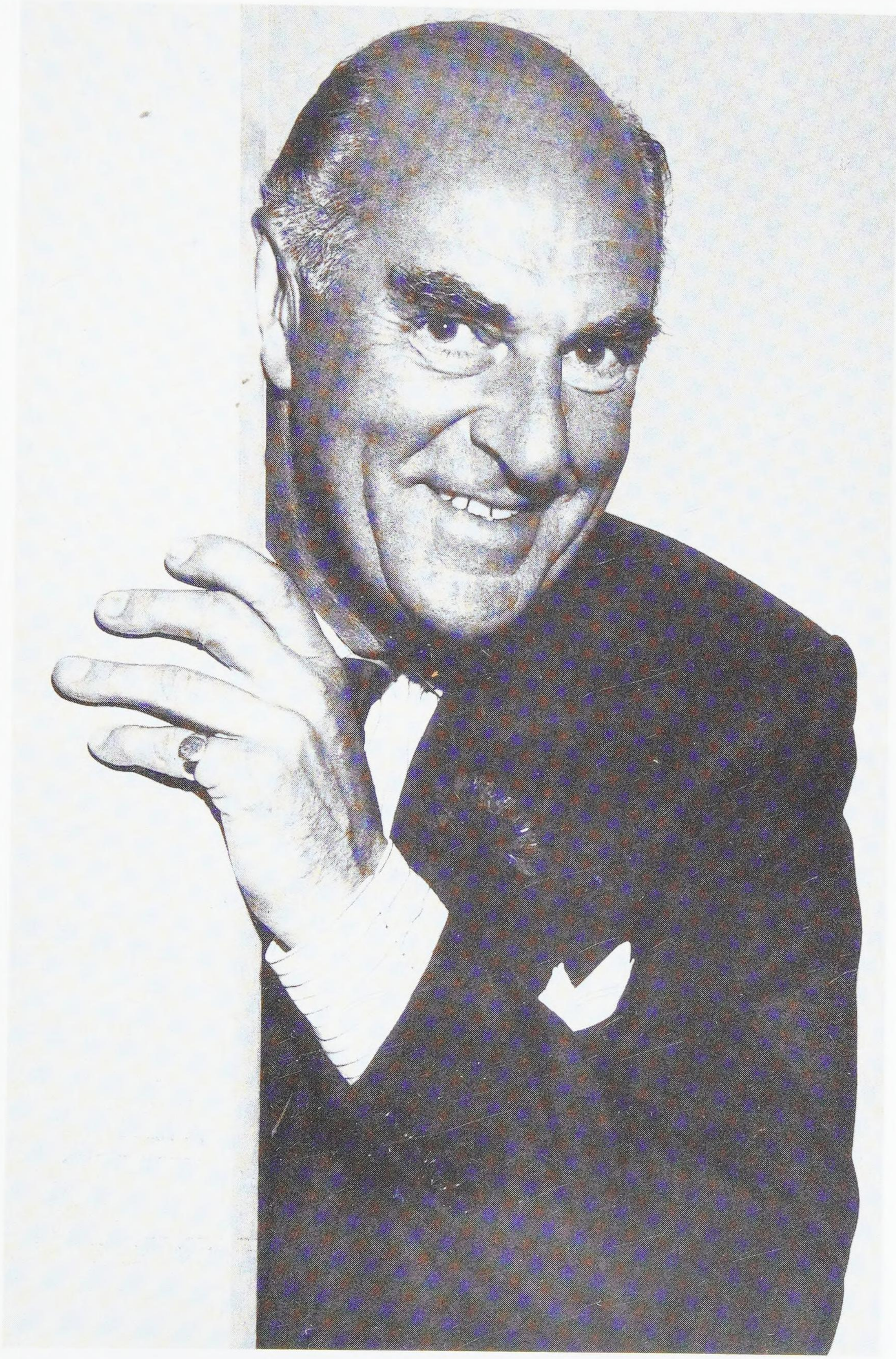
[*Orchestra: signature tune*]

Kenneth: Hello again, and welcome to the show. As this is the first of the series, here are the answers to last week's questions. First, the 'Where Do You Find It' question. The answer came in several parts as follows: wound round a sailor's leg, on top of the wardrobe, floating in the bath, under a prize bull, and in a lay-by on the Watford Bypass. At least I found one there, but I couldn't use it because it was covered in verdigris, so I gave it to the scouts, who exhibit it proudly next to a daguerrotype of Baden-Powell's woggle.

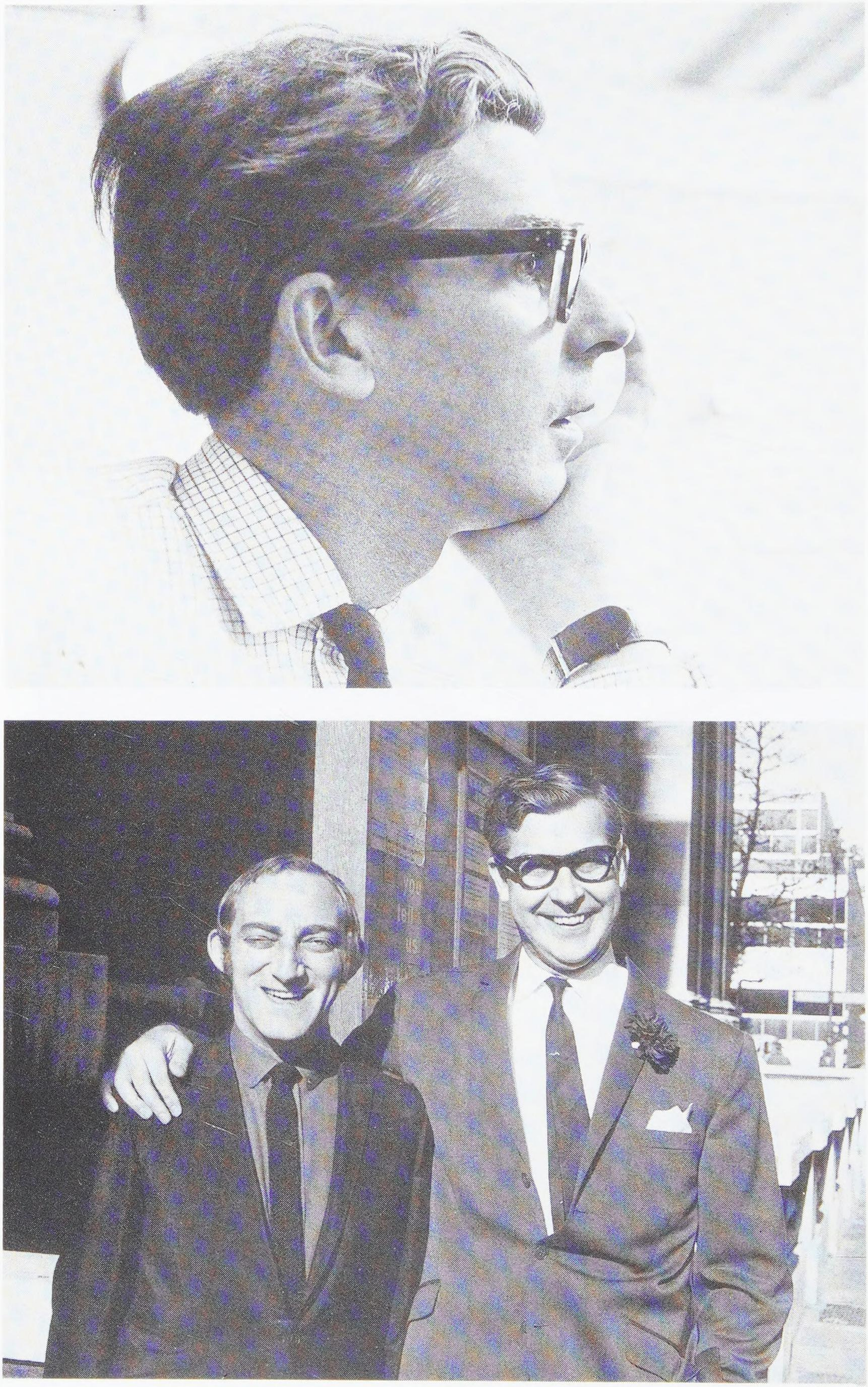
Finally, the 'What Was Wrong With This Picture' question, where I showed you a photograph and asked you to pick out the deliberate mistakes on it. Well, most of you realized that Queen Victoria was wearing an Arsenal football shirt in the picture. It should, of course, have been Bolton Wanderers. The sheep, bottom right, shouldn't have been wearing jockey shorts; greyhounds, of course, do not have antlers; and the vicar's mini-skirt was in the wrong tartan. The prize for the winning entry has been sent to Mrs J. Monkshaunch, Seaview Cottage, Tibet, and is, as promised, the Bank of England nude calendar, featuring Mr Lippincott, the ex-governor, in a series of saucy poses, representing the twelve months of the fiscal year.

And so to our new feature. Smith, wend your way over to the microphone and make the announcement. Here he comes, Douglas Smith, the well-known happening.

Douglas: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, it's ... Armpit Theatre.



'The Boss' — Kenneth Horne

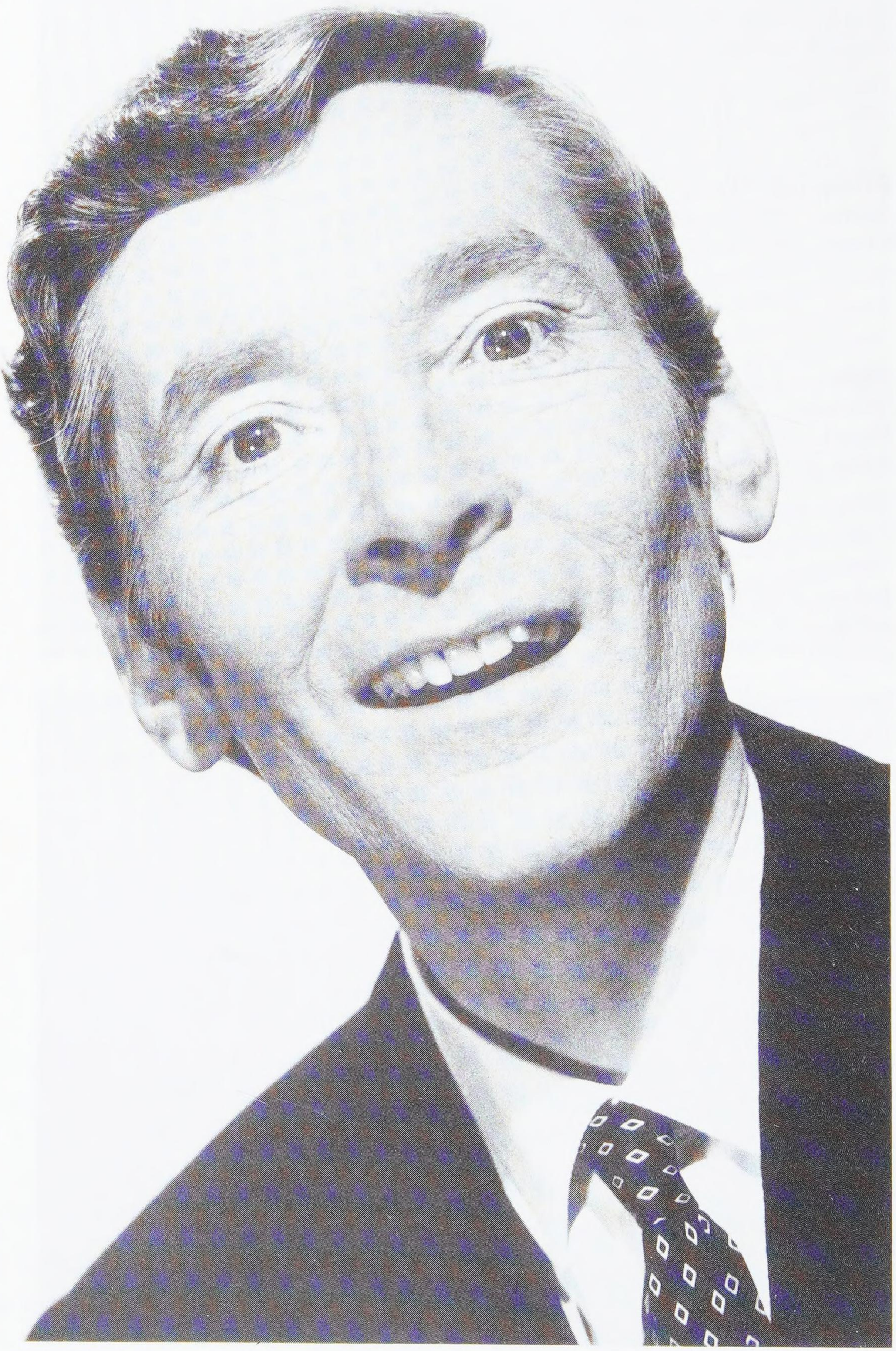


Left Barry Took, *c.* 1965. Thinks: 'Can Rambling Syd actually *say* that?'

Below left Marty (left) and Barry. Who says comedy writers are gloomy people?

Right John Simmonds (producer of *Round the Horne*): stern but fair [*Mrs Sylvia Simmonds*].

Below Feldman and Took *acting* a moment of inspiration (*c.* 1965).



Left ''Ere, stop messin' about!' Kenneth Williams.

Above Daphne Whitethigh (Betty Marsden) gives Kenneth Horne some homemaking hints [*Sandra Pronger/BBC*].

Right Bill Pertwee — 'polished comedy' (the guitarist in the background is Bert Weedon) [*Bill Pertwee*].

The old boy himself, with the *Round the Horne* 'family' [*BBC*].

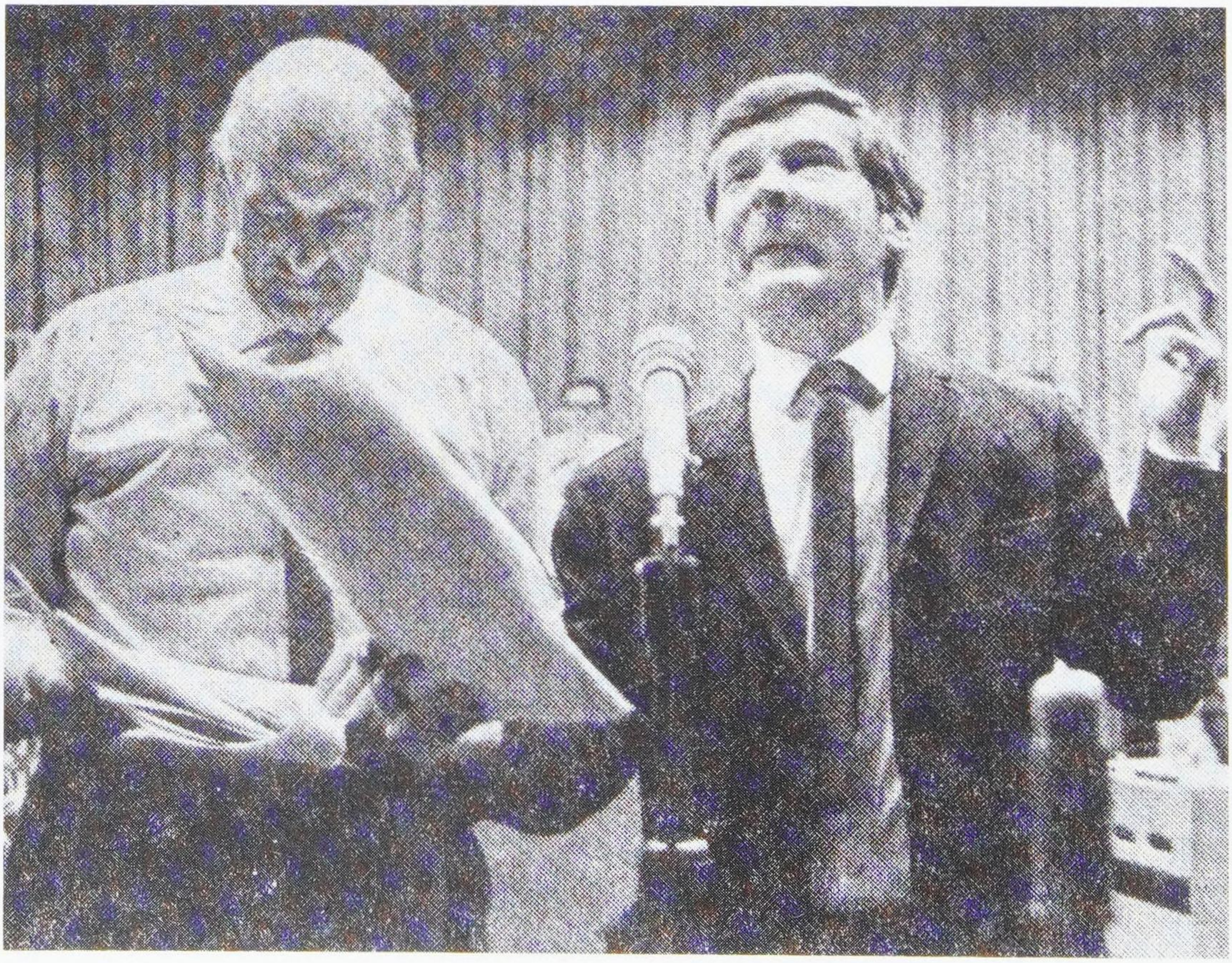
Kenneth Horne — 'lovable, generous, and loyal' [*Hulton-Deutsch collection*].

Rambling Syd Rumpo (Kenneth Williams) 'whirdling his grummits' [*BBC*].

Round the Horne — possibly the happiest radio show ever made. *Left to right*: Hugh Paddick, Kenneth Williams, Kenneth Horne, Betty Marsden, and Douglas Smith [*BBC*].

The team in action [*BBC*].

Kenneth Horne with the ubiquitous Gruntfuttock (Kenneth Williams): 'I want to get my hands on Judith Chalmers' [*The Guardian*].



[*Orchestra:* *Armpit Theatre theme*]

Douglas: The BBC, the studios that gave you tales of adventures and swashbuckling romance — like the *Count of Monte Cristo* in which you saw Alan Badel's impressive Edmund Dantes, and Michael Gough's magnificent Danglars, now present Kenneth Horne as D'Artagnan in a special production of 'The Three Musketeers'.

[*Orchestra:* *music*]

Kenneth: My name is D'Artagnan. Alice D'Artagnan — but that's another story. I'm half Bourbon with a dash of ginger — but that too is another story.

My father was a small landowner in Gascony — three inches high to be exact. My family had fallen on hard times. Not for us delicacies like frogs' legs — we had to eat the rest of the frog. Small wonder my mother and father croaked when I was still quite young.

In 1662 I made my way to Paris to seek my fortune.

[**F/X:** *clip clop of single horse's hooves*]

Kenneth: I made my way to a low tavern in the Rue de la Danny, the main drag, and tethered my old nag to a hitching post. All right, you stay there, Granny. I'll get you a pint of stout and a packet of cheese and onion flavoured escargots.

Betty: (*old crone*) Thank you, Alice. You always was a good granddaughter to me.

Kenneth: And that is yet *another* story.

Ken W.: Perhaps you should have told that one, ducky. It's getting more laughs.

Kenneth: I flung open the door of the low tavern and swaggered in on my hands and knees. It was a very *low* tavern.

Cast: (*French crowd noises*)

Kenneth: At the bar stood three moustachioed gallants with swords at their sides. The tallest of the trio wore a gay cockade in his hat. I stared at him for a moment. He spoke.

Hugh: Are you staring at me cockade?

Kenneth: Yes — you're Musketeers, aren't you?

Bill: Aye, cully. I'm Porthos and this man at my elbow is Athos.

Kenneth: Oh, I'm sorry. In this light for a moment I couldn't tell Athos from your elbow.

Bill: And here — this is Aramis.

Kenneth: He gestured with his gleaming épée at the gloomy saturnine man at his side. He had the face of an unfrocked priest ... and the ears of an unfrocked Rabbi, which he carried in a matchbox at his waist. He extended his hand to seven years with options and kissed me on both cheeks.

Ken W.: Enchanté, mon brave — that's your actual French. Nous sommes, as you may have gathered, your actual musketeers.

Kenneth: The King's Own?

Ken W.: Not for keeps.

Hugh: Our motto is 'One for all and all for one'.

Ken W.: And I'm one.

Kenneth: I don't quite follow.

Ken W.: Well he's one and *he's* one and all.

Kenneth: Well I'd like to be one.

Bill: First you have to prove yourself. Can you ride a horse? Can you fight off twenty men at once? Can you make love to a beautiful woman?

Kenneth: Not all at the same time. But anything you can do I can do better. I can do anything better than you.

Ken W.: No you can't.

Kenneth: Yes I can.

Ken W.: (*sings*) No you can't. No you can't.

Kenneth & Ken W.: (*sing*) Yes I can

No you can't

[*Orchestra and cast:* *applause and cries of 'Bravo', etc.*]

Hugh: No dog of a Gascon can speak like that to a musketeer. I challenge you to a duel.

Bill: And I.

Ken W.: And I.

Kenneth: To the death?

Bill: To the death.

Hugh: To the death.

Ken W.: To the death.

Kenneth: At dawn tomorrow?

Bill: At dawn.

Hugh: At dawn.

(*pause*)

Ken W.: Well, can you make it twelve for twelve-thirty. I'm having me hair done — and Vidal gets furious if I cancel.

Kenneth: Same here! So be it. Tomorrow then — the Champs-Elysées.

Hugh: I'll wait by the Eiffel Tower.

Kenneth: But it won't be built for three hundred years.

Hugh: I'm in no hurry.

Bill: (*in manner of feed*) But why fight on the Champs-Elysées?

Kenneth: Because...

[*Orchestra:* *fanfare*]

Kenneth: ... It's a duel carriageway!

Douglas: There will now be a short musical interlude while the enormity of that joke sinks in.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Douglas: Dawn — the next day.

Kenneth: Have at you — Ah ah — Have at you.

Betty: (*old crone*) Oi, Alice. They haven't arrived yet.

Kenneth: Oh, well, I'll have at myself then till they get here.

[**F/X:** *horses' hooves approach*]

Hugh: Ho there, Gascon dog.

Kenneth: No, that's Granny the wonder horse.

Hugh: A fine beast.

Betty: Ta.

Hugh: Ah, here come Porthos and Aramis. Will you fight us one at a time or all together?

Kenneth: All together —

[*Orchestra:* *piano intro.*]

Bill:
Ken W.: (*sing*) 'Sing something simple, As time goes by ...
Hugh:

Kenneth: They came at me, their rapiers gleaming.

[**F/X:** *sword fights and shouts*]

Kenneth: Porthos was nicked — but was remanded for a doctor's report. Aramis was next. He lunged at me deftly, flashing his épée. I parried — and lunged quickly. After a quick

lunge I slipped into the library for a nap, but he wasn't to be put off. He showed me what he was made of.

Ken W.: I'll show you what I'm made of — look.

Kenneth: Good heavens — skin! Take that!

[**F/X:** *clash of swords*]

Ken W.: (*long drawn out wail of agony*)

Kenneth: Touché.

Ken W.: (*groans*)

Hugh: Is he? Is he?

Kenneth: Yes — overacting. But he'll soon be all right. Now you, Athos.

[**F/X:** *clash of swords*]

Bill: Look out. Here come the Cardinal's Guards.

Kenneth: Owing to shortage of cast, there'll be a short pause while everyone changes to guards.

Douglas: The Cardinal's Guards — for it was they — rushed at the musketeers with savage oaths.

All: (*over the following speech*)
Zut alors.
Zoot Sims.
Oo la la.
Défense de Cracher.
Gardez la Change.
Place Pigalle
Plume de ma Tante
Suivez la Piste.

[**F/X:** *sword fighting*]

Douglas: The fight was on: back to back, face to face, cheek to cheek, up against the wall — they did what they had to. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis cut and thrust with a will while Alice

was parrying one of the guards.

Kenneth: A musketeer's life is terribly hard.

Douglas: Says Alice. Finally outnumbered, they were forced to retreat. Led by D'Artagnan, the musketeers leapt on to Granny the Wonder Horse and with a cry of —

Hugh: Hi Ho, Granny!

Douglas: — they rode off to the Tuileries.

Bill: Why are we going there?

Kenneth: To get twilled, you idiot.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Douglas: Meanwhile, at the decadent court of the effete King Louis, word had reached the Queen.

Betty: (*common*) I heard that Lou. That's a *nice* word to use in front of your queen. That's nice language for the King of France to use, that is.

Ken W.: (*Gruntfuttock*) Sorry, Queenie. I dropped the orb on me toe.

Betty: Well I'm royalty, I am. I've got breeding. If you put a pea under my mattress I'd feel it. It'd give me gyp all night it would.

Ken W.: Shut your cake hole, you fat nausepot. Pea under your mattress. You could put two stone of King Edwards in your pit and you'd still sleep like a 'og.

Betty: I'm a Hapsburg I am, and don't you forget it.

Ken W.: Well, button your Hapsburg lip.

[*Orchestra:* *fanfare*]

[**F/X:** *three loud knocks*]

Bill: (*footman*) Your majesty — his eminence the Cardinal Richelieu craves audience.

Ken W.: Ah, the eminence grise himself. Show him in.

Bill: Oi, this way your greasy eminence.

Hugh: Your majesty, I have a complaint.

Kenneth: The next line was cut by the Ministry of Health on the grounds that it was infecting the lines around it.

[*Grams: elegant period music*]

Kenneth: Ah, I wish you could see this scene as the Cardinal with his colourful habit (for which I believe he's receiving treatment) advances into the stately throne room, with its priceless tapestries, gilt caryatids and Aubusson carpets woven by hand — they don't use needles, they have long pointed fingers. What a colourful spectacle, with the deep crimson of the curtains set off by the silver gleam of the simulated nickel plate, fully transistorized Japanese mini-commode and teasmade, obtained for only fifty thousand coupons from Podghast's Navy Cut Cigarettes.

Bill: (*TV commercial voice*) Deeply satisfying Podghast's with the smoked salmon flavoured filter.

Ken W.: (*sings*) Buy some for Louis.

[*Orchestra: vibes arpeggio*]

Douglas: The Three Musketeers Part Three — you wouldn't have liked Part Two. It was all plot. (*very quickly and urgently in manner of Dick Barton narration*) The wicked cardinal, jealous of the queen's influence on the king, plans to discredit her.

Ken W.: Shame, shame.

Douglas: Knowing that she has given a diamond necklace as a token of her favours to the Duke of Buckingham, he persuades the king to hold an enormous ball.

Hugh: Don't drop it, Louis.

Douglas: At which the queen *must* wear the necklace. Meanwhile, on the next page, the musketeers are celebrating their victory over the Cardinal's Guards.

[*Fade, cut and up*]

(*all laugh*)

Hugh: A toast to the King!

All: The King!

Bill: To our new found friend, D'Artagnan. The swiftest swordsman in Gascony.

Hugh: Here's to D'Artagnan the high speed Gascon.

All: D'Artagnan.

Kenneth: I am very honoured, gentlemen.

Ken W.: Young D'Artagnan, you shall live with us from now on. Come, I'll show you my quarters.

Kenneth: All right, and I'll show you mine.

Bill: These clothes you wear — they're not fit apparel for a gentleman.

Hugh: We'll take you to the king's own tailors — Berman's Theatrical Misfits and Hundred Years War Surplus Store.

Ken W.: You shall have a fine purple cloak, a lace jabot, sheer silk hose — and as a fine a codpiece as any gentleman could wish, together with four penn'orth of chips and a pickled onion.

Hugh: High boots — a fine ostrich plume in your hat —

Bill: Looking like that, everywhere you go men will envy you and women desire you.

Ken W.: (*snide*) Or the other way round.

Hugh: One thing, D'Artagnan.

Kenneth: What is it?

Hugh: In that clobber don't go near the docks on a Saturday night.

[**F/X:** *knock on door*]

Ken W.: Entrez.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Betty: (*sexy*) I am her majesty's lady in waiting.

Bill: Well, come in Mrs Woman — we won't keep you waiting long.

Betty: I have a message from the queen. She must see you at once. It's a matter of life and death!

[*Grams:* *Dick Barton signature tune and fade*]

Douglas: What does the queen want to see the musketeers about? Where does the mysterious cardinal fit in? Will Snowy and Jock be in time? How does Lord Otto Mousetrouser fit into the bacon slicer? What is the sound of one hand clapping? Can you look me in the eyes and say you love me? Tune in next week for episode two of 'The Three Musketeers'.

[*Orchestra:* *music up to climax*]

Kenneth: Well, there's nothing so bad it can't get worse, so here are the Fraser Hayes Four — three voices in perfect harmony — to sing: 'On a Slow Boat to China'.

[*The Fraser Hayes Four: 'Slow Boat to China'*]

Douglas: And now the 'Round the Horne Colour Supplement'.

Kenneth: This part of the show can only be heard in colour, and, like the newspaper supplements, it comes entirely free, so if you don't like it don't come whining to us. So, to our first item — Swinging London. Trendy columnist Brad Smallpiece, with news of current events.

Hugh: Among the many hexciting hevents to titillate the visitor to London this week are Formation Goat Nadjering for the Bulstrode Cup at the Wimbledon Palais, armadillo baiting

at Crufts, the Ideal Spotted Dick Exhibition at Olympia, and Floodlit Horse Massage at Highbury Stadium. But I myself would plump for the Camping Exhibition at the Marine Commando Club, Paddington — weather and police permitting.

Kenneth: I shall make a beeline for it. The Colour Supplement now turns its attention to a frequently criticized but essential part of the contemporary scene — the British judicial system. Every day at the Old Bailey scenes like this are being enacted:-

Ken W.: (*slight echo*) Yes, I admit it. I killed her. I killed them all. They said I was mad — me! Mad! Mad am I? I'll show you — I'll kill *you*! I'll kill you *all*! Then we'll see who's mad. (*laughs insanely*)

Bill: (*slight echo*) Quite so, m'lud, but what about the accused?

[*Orchestra:* *brief music link*]

Kenneth: And who do we revere more than the solid British bobby.

[**F/X:** *car arriving, brakes to a halt*]

Bill: What is it, constable?

Hugh: Just breathe into this will you, sir.

Bill: But ...

Hugh: Don't argue, sir. Just breathe into this.

Bill: All right. (*hurrs into mike*)

Hugh: Now this one.

Bill: (*hurrs into mike*)

Hugh: Ah, that's better. I can't stand cold gloves when I'm on point duty.

Kenneth: Of course there have been many folk songs written about the Law, and here now to sing one is that doyen of folk singers, a man who has few peers, except through the

window of the nurses' hostel in the Balls Pond Road. Your own, your very own, Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Well, hello me deario — for I'll dangle my grummit till my billy boils.

Kenneth: Well I'll have a cup, if it's no trouble. What song are you going to give us now?

Ken W.: It's something I picked up down under. 'Tis an Australian Outlaw's song and tells of a squatter in the outback.

Kenneth: Primitive plumbing?

Ken W.: So some say. Anyway, this swagman is in the bush camping by a billabong, and the billabong reports him to the police and up come the troopers one two four and ...

Kenneth: One two four?

Ken W.: It was three's day off. So anyway, they catch him having a jumbuck in his tuckerbag.

Kenneth: Well it's better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

Ken W.: Precisely. So then he sings this haunting lament.

[*Guitar vamp*]

Ken W.: (*sings to a tune similar to 'Waltzing Matilda'*)

Once long ago in the shade of a goolie bush,
Toasting his splod by the old faggots gleam,
Rested a gander man nobbling his woggle iron
And stuffing a sheep in the Old Mill Stream

Then up came the troopers and hung him by the billabong,
They twisted his woggle irons one two and three
—

(*minor*) Now his ghost sits and moans
As it grunges in his gander can
Who'll come a woggling his jumbuck with me
Oh!

Kenneth: Thank you, Rambling Syd, and keep taking the tablets. One thing about British Law is the way it adapts to circumstances. As time changes, so does the Law. For instance, thirty years ago it was illegal to set fire to an orang-utan within the precincts of Westminster Abbey on even dates. Nowadays there is no stigma attached to such an act, except of course to the orang-utan.

Similarly with divorce. In the 40s the social complications were enormous, as we illustrate with this excerpt from the 1942 production of *Brief Ecstasy*, starring Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'ageing juvenile', Binky Huckaback.

[*Grams: 'Room With a View'*]

Hugh: Fiona — are you asleep?

Betty: No, Charles. Are you?

Hugh: No.

Betty: Neither am I.

Hugh: I can't get off. I keep thinking.

Betty: Thinking what?

Hugh: You know what I'm thinking.

Betty: Yes I know.

Hugh: I know you know.

Betty: I know you know I know.

Hugh: Yes, I know. But knowing doesn't help. Every night I lie here torturing myself. We're in an impossible position.

Betty: Give it time, Charles.

Hugh: If only your husband would divorce you.

Betty: But he won't. You know Roger.

Hugh: (*bitterly*) Yes, Roger. I'm sick of Roger. This is his house. I

see him everywhere. Roger in the morning, Roger in the evening — Roger at supper time. He'll always be between us, Fiona.

Betty: Hold me, Charles.

Hugh: I can't. Somehow whenever we're together I feel he's there between us.

Betty: I know. I feel that too.

Hugh: Oh what are we going to do, Fiona?

Betty: Shall I speak to him?

Hugh: Yes, you must, or we'll never get any peace.

Betty: Very well, Roger?

Bill: Yes, love?

Betty: Get up and make us some cocoa, dear — we're trying to get to sleep.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Kenneth: From time to time the most honest law-abiding citizen gets entangled with the law. I did myself recently, and I was recommended to a fashionable firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn. The brass plate on the door read 'Bona Law'.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Hello — Anybody there?

Hugh: Oh hello, I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy. I've got me articles and he's took silk.

Ken W.: Frequently, Well, Mr Horne, How nice to vada your dolly old eek again. What brings you trolling in here?

Kenneth: Can you help me? I've erred.

Ken W.: Well we've all erred, ducky. I mean it's common knowledge, en it Jule?

Kenneth: Will you take my case?

Hugh: Well it depends on what it is. We've got a criminal practice that takes up most of our time.

Kenneth: Yes, but apart from that, I need legal advice.

Ken W.: Ooh, isn't he bold? Time has not withered nor custom staled *his* infinite variety.

Hugh: What is it you've done?

Kenneth: (*shyly*) I don't like to say.

Hugh: Oh you can tell us. Sand and me have 'andled the most bizarre briefs — nothing could shock us.

Kenneth: Well — look it's here, on this charge sheet.

Ken W.: Let's have a vada. Oh Jule, look at this.

Hugh: Ooh! He didn't!

Ken W.: He did. Look, it's written down.

Hugh: But I mean — in broad daylight — outside the corner house. Aren't you ashamed?

Kenneth: Yes, but it's only a parking offence.

Ken W.: Only! They're very hot on that. What do you think, Jule?

Hugh: Hm, let me look up me tort.

Ken W.: Shh — he's looking up his tort. Sometimes it takes him hours to find what he's looking for. Ah — he's found it. Well?

Hugh: I recommend we try Per Verulium ad Camphorum actus injuria linctus est.

Ken W.: That's your actual Latin.

Kenneth: What does it mean?

Hugh: I dunno — I got it off a bottle of Horse Rub, but it sounds good, doesn't it? How shall we tackle it, Sand?

Ken W.: I think we should plead insanity.

Hugh: Yes, but what about Mr Horne?

Ken W.: Oh him. I'll defend him. I'll do me speech for the defence. Would you like to hear it?

Kenneth: I can't contain myself.

Ken W.: That's your problem, ducky.

Hugh: Go on, do your plea Sand. Oh, he's an eloquent pleader.

Ken W.: (*clears throat. As he declaims, Hugh ad libs encouragement*) Omis and palones of the jury, vada well the eek of the poor omi who stands before you — his lallies trembling. He has his share of guilt, but who is without it? We all have a bit — everyone of us. We have our share. His only crime was that he loved not wisely but not too well. This kid never had a chance — born on the wrong side of the tracks, forced to take in washing, society drove him to a life of vices. It is not this omi who is on trial — it is all of us. We made him what he is — without hope, without love, without hair. Give him a chance to become a useful citizen again — a housewife and a mother, so that he can look the world in the face and say, I name this ship HMS Ark Royal. God bless all who sail in her.

Hugh: Bravo, Sand. You could have been a Queen's Counsel. Well, Mr Horne — what do you say?

Kenneth: Have you got Quintin Hogg's phone number?

[*Orchestra: pay off music*]

Kenneth: Well, they did defend me in the end. I got off but they got six months — and that is still another story! Well that brings us to the end of the show except for this week's mystery noise. What is it that goes (*makes mystery noise*)? If you know

please drop a line to me, care of 'Round the Horne', and mark your envelope clearly in block letters (*repeat mystery noise*). Cheerio. See you next week.

THIRD SERIES, NUMBER 4

Recorded 6 February 1967
First broadcast 5 March 1967

FEATURING...

* Armpit Theatre, in a forgettable drama of the First World War — *The Plastic Max*
* The Round the Horne Colour Supplement, with Daphne Whitethigh, Seamus Android, and Brad Smallpiece
* 'The Horse — Its Place in English Life'
* Rambling Syd Rumpo — the Song of the Somerset Nog
* An indignant Julian and Sandy

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

In the third series we tried a new form of sketch based on more contemporary films. This one was a parody of *The Blue Max*.

By this time, with Dobbiroids behind him, Douglas Smith was playing various objects — animal, vegetable, and mineral. Anything from a sheep to a sacred volcano. In this sketch he was a First World War biplane.

In this programme Seamus Android has become a mere reporter of the show business scene, and the Colour Supplement concentrates on the Englishman and his horse. For reasons I now forget, we tried to lose Julian and Sandy, and in fact the first draft of this script didn't have the fey pair in it. There were, however, protests from the producer and the cast, and in the Shakespearean spirit of *As You Like It* we wrote them back in. And back they stayed, in various manifestations, until Christmas 1987, when they appeared on television for the first and only time on the Terry Wogan show. In 1988, sadly, Kenneth Williams's death separated them forever.

[**F/X:** *thunder storm and out for dialogue*]

Betty: (*screams*)

Ken W.: (*Bela Lugosi-ish*) Scream as much as you like, my dear, no one can hear you here.

Betty: But why have you strapped me to this operating table?

Ken W.: Call it an old man's whim.

Betty: All right. Why have you strapped me to this old man's whim, and what are you doing with that little black box?

Ken W.: Don't worry, my dear. You won't feel a thing. I just attach a wire here, a wire there, then I turn this knob and...

Douglas: This is the BBC. Ladies and gentlemen, it's 'Round the Horne'.

Betty: No, no. Anything but that.

[*Grams:* *Twilight Sanctum*]

Hugh: Yes, it's 'Round the Horne'. This is the witching hour — the time that ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties walk abroad.

Douglas: They're not bad judges. Here is Kenneth Horne.

[*Orchestra:* *brief signature tune*]

Kenneth: Hello, and welcome to the show. That was Douglas Smith, the celebrated African Queen impersonator — all offers to his agents, the Bernard Delfont Clerical Sportswear Boutique, Carnaby Street, Pontefract. No reasonable offer will be refused. Well, here are the answers to last week's questions. Complete the following similes. The answers were: as a brush, like the clappers, and, as a coot. I got several correct answers and a letter from a firm of solicitors representing a Mr A. Coot threatening legal proceedings. Apparently it's quite untrue as he was at home in bed at the time. He has sent a photograph to prove it, taken at home — in bed — at the time. Right now — Smith!

[*Orchestra:* *Armpit Theatre theme*]

Douglas: Armpit Theatre presents a gripping story of German air aces in World War One. Cheaper than 'The Blue Max', Armpit Theatre presents — 'The Plastic Max'.

[*Orchestra:* *music to climax and out*]

Kenneth: My name is Heinrich Von Horstwessel und Klagenfurst Reichsteafelzummelblatzervogel Stumpenrauchengilden-plätzer. There's a hyphen in there somewhere but I can never find it. The year was 1918 and I was the Kommandant of a German fighter squadron on the Western Front. The war was going badly — our planes were in a shocking state and we were sending up anything that could fly. Patched up Albatrosses, clapped out Halberstadts, we even tied wings on the squadron goat — but you can't do the things with a goat that you can with a Sopwith Camel. And if the planes were bad, the pilots were worse — with no experience of combat. One morning there was a knock on my office door.

[**F/X:** *knock on door*]

Kenneth: Come in.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Bill: (*clicking heels*) Oberlieutenant Grossbagel reporting, sir.

Kenneth: As you were.

Bill: As I was what, sir?

Kenneth: As you were when I first met you — the moonlight gleaming through your sauerkraut.

Bill: A new batch of pilots has arrived.

Kenneth: Ask them to goose step this way.

Bill: (*shouts*) In here, pig dogs. Ein, Zwei, Ein, Zwei.

[**F/X:** *marching feet*
they halt]

Kenneth: Grossbagel, call the roll.

Bill: Yes, sir. Von Schickser.

Hugh: Here.

Bill: Adolf Steiglitz.

Ken W.: Here.

Bill: Albrecht Von Gotterdamarung.

Doug: Here.

Bill: Cohen.

Hugh: Hello!

Kenneth: Hmm. (*pause*) (*sotto*) I'm a little worried about Cohen.

Bill: Oh why, sir?

Kenneth: He's the new chaplain.

Bill: Hans Furtwangler.

Ken W.: (*clicks heels*) Jawohl, mein Kapitan — that's your actual German.

Kenneth: Who was this young Furtwangler who stood before me. He was of a different cut to the others. They all had duelling scars on their cheeks — he had one down his back. Tall, blond, arrogant, handsome almost to a fault...

Ken W.: Go on. It does my heart good to hear it.

Kenneth: That's all there is.

Ken W.: Isn't there anything about my appealing elfin face — my doelike orbs — my fashionably flat figure — my coltish legs. Isn't there anything about that?

Kenneth: They must have forgotten to put it in.

Ken W.: I could have been another Twiggy.

Kenneth: Too late — you were twigged long ago. May we continue?

Ken W.: Don't let me stop you, ducky.

Kenneth: Right — Furtwangler, you're looking at me strangely.

Ken W.: (*character*) Yes, sir. It's those medals you're wearing. What are they?

Kenneth: This one is the Kaiser's medal for conspicuously helping old ladies across the Unter Den Linden. This one is my Sooty Club badge and bar, and this is Germany's highest award — the Plastic Max.

Ken W.: I should like to wear the Plastic Max.

Bill: You, huh. You have to be an air ace to win the Max — like Kapitan Horst Von Kukpowder.

Ken W.: He is stationed here?

[**F/X:** *drone of approaching World War I plane*]

Kenneth: Yes — see that tiny speck up there?

Ken W.: Yes.

Kenneth: Wipe it off will you. Those damn flies — they get everywhere. But here he is coming in to land now. That is Von Kukpowder, the greatest ace in Germany.

[**F/X:** *World War I plane coming in to land*]

Hugh: What a pilot. He can make that plane do anything.

Bill: See the way he's weaving his way through that herd of cows on the runway, and look at that —

[**F/X:** *squelch — splash — moo of cow*]

Kenneth: A perfect pancake landing. Cook —

Douglas: Jawohl.

Kenneth: We'll be having sliced beef for dinner.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Douglas: The Mess — some hours later. The pilots are discussing their day's adventures.

Cast: (*German rhubarb*)

Hugh: ...a dog fight just north of Mons. I climbed — banked — and threw a bucket of water over them.

Cast: (*German rhubarb*)

Bill: I hear the English are using Tiger Moths — How can we combat them?

Kenneth: We're being issued with Tiger Mothballs.

Ken W.: I didn't know Tiger Moths had —

Kenneth: Waiter!

Ken W.: ...been invented yet.

Bill: Yes, sir. More beer, sir.

Kenneth: Yes. Bring us two steins.

Bill: Here you are sir.

Hugh: I'm Epstein.

Ken W.: I'm Golstein.

Hugh: Boy, are we in the wrong plot.

Cast: (*fade and up*)
(*German rhubarb*)

Bill: I think the Americans have entered the war.

Douglas: Why do you say that?

Bill: I nearly shot down Ben Lyon today.

Ken W.: Excuse me, sir.

Kenneth: Yes, Furtwangler?

Ken W.: Is that Von Kukpowder over there — the one with the window in his eye?

Kenneth: That's a monocle. I'll introduce you. Von Kukpowder —

Hugh: Ja?

Kenneth: I would like to present — in association with S.A. Gorlinsky — Hans Furtwangler.

Ken W.: Please to meet you, Kukpowder.

Hugh: Not plain Kukpowder. Can't you tell by the way I stand, the way I move, the way I hold my cigarette that I am Von.

Kenneth: You can't blame him, it takes Von to recognize another. He's a commoner.

Hugh: Hm. They don't come much commoner than him.

Ken W.: You junkers are all the same. You are so proud because you wear the Plastic Max, but I'll win the Max myself one day. I'll shoot down more planes than you and then it'll be 'Junkers go home'.

Hugh: Huh!

Kenneth: (*narrates*) The aristocrat air ace smiled icily, bowed, clicked his dentures, turned and goose-stepped out of the mess. A goose nearby Kukpowder-stepped after him and they went off arm in arm — to a local beer garden — to water the beer. But fate had not finished its grim gavotte, and tragedy lurked in the wings. Enter Betty Marsden, all eyes and teeth — many of them her own.

Betty: Ah, darling. I was so so lonely without you. How about a little drinkie for your liebling?

Kenneth: Hans, this is my wife — Brunhilda. Brunhilda — Hans Furtwangler.

Ken W.: Come here, woman — kiss me. (*kiss*)

Betty: But my husband.

Ken W.: Damn your husband — I love you.

Betty: Oh darling, I love you too.

Ken W.: Run away with me. Be mine. (*kisses*)

Betty: Yes, yes, my darling. Yours. I'll be yours forever. (*kisses*)

Kenneth: Oh good. For a moment I thought you two might not get on.

[*Orchestra: brief link*]

Bill: The next day. Preparing for the dawn partrol.

Kenneth: This'll be your plane Furtwangler.

Ken W.: What is it?

Kenneth: It's a Douglas Smith Mark II. Try the throttle.

Douglas: Brmm Brmm — phut phut — Kersplot... I need turning over —

Kenneth: That is the understatement of the year.

Ken W.: You can't send a boy like me up in a crate like him.

Kenneth: You've got to go. There's only you and Von Kukpowder left. You're to keep in touch with each other by means of this — the latest example of German technological electronic know how.

Ken W.: What is it?

Kenneth: Two old baked bean tins attached by a length of cotton. Are you ready Von Kukpowder?

Hugh: Jawohl, Herr Kommandant.

Kenneth: The two pilots climbed into their machines — the mechanics swung the propellers — the planes taxied up the runway, and Furtwangler and Von Kukpowder took off

looking like two great birds.

Ken W.: It's a disgrace.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

[**F/X:** *planes in flight (continues to end of scene very softly under dialogue)*]

Hugh: Red Leader to Red Fox II, are you receiving me?

Ken W.: Red Fox II to Red Leader. I am receiving you loud and clear. I am flying at five thousand feet over Cologne.

Hugh: Oh — what's the weather like there in Cologne?

Ken W.: Very good, Jean. We've got a request here from Sapper Loomis of BAOR 14 — for the best Mum in the whole world, and grannie and the twins, and he's asked for Kathy Kirby's latest number.

Hugh: Have you got it?

Ken W.: Oh yes. We've all got *her* number.

Hugh: Look out, Red Fox II — on your tail. A Sopwith Camel — at five o'clock. Can you see it?

Ken W.: I can't see it at five o'clock. Tell it 'my place — drinkies at six'.

Hugh: The English swine is diving on you. You don't stand a chance. Two Vickers blazing on one wing, and two Rabbis on the other — and... they're armed. Here come more. Look, behind the Camel, a Walrus — and look, elephants, clowns —

Ken W.: (*snide*) Here — it's a flying circus.

[*Orchestra:* *'Entry of the Gladiators'*]

[**F/X:** *planes zooming around*
machine gun fire]

Ken W.: Well done — they're turning tail. How many did you get?

Hugh: I'm not sure. My monocle is misted up. Ah, that's better. Ein, zwei — with my little eye —

Ken W.: And I got four. Does that qualify me for the Max?

Hugh: No. For four you only get a set of raffia table mats.

Ken W.: I'm still a better fighter pilot than you are.

Hugh: You. Don't make me laugh.

Ken W.: Can you fly under that bridge?

Hugh: Of course I can. Here goes.

[**F/X:** *plane diving*
long splintered crash]

Hugh: (*off mike*) Correction!

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Douglas: Meanwhile, back at the base.

Betty: Oh, where are they? They've been gone hours. Where's Hans?

Kenneth: You love him, don't you?

Betty: Yes. I want him. I need him — I...

Kenneth: Don't my dear — I know what you're going to say.

Betty: I can't help it. I need Hans to make somebody happy — me.

Bill: See, there's only one plane coming back. It's a riddled Douglas Smith — coming in on a wing and a prayer.

Douglas: (*off mike*) Chug — chug — chug. Splut — splut. Strain — strain.

Kenneth: What's the matter, Smith?

Douglas: I can't lower my flaps.

Betty: Poor Hans is in trouble. Hand me that baked bean tin — I'll talk him down. Hello, Hans darling.

Ken W.: (*on distort*) Brunhilda — I'm in trouble — my undercarriage has been shot through — my engine is on fire (*snide*) and I've got chapped legs.

Betty: Don't worry. I'll guide you in. Left hand down. Cut your engine.

Douglas: Phut phut. Silence.

Betty: Left rudder, left rudder — steady... now back a bit.

Ken W.: My rudder has dropped off — my wings have dropped off — my propeller has dropped off — and there's flames licking round my joystick. What am I going to do?

Kenneth: Crash.

Ken W.: (*snide*) Oh all right, then.

[**F/X:** *crash*]

Betty: Is he?

Kenneth: Yes my dear, look — no Hans.

[*Orchestra: playoff*]

Kenneth: Well, here now are the Fraser Hayes Four, who've been putting their heads together with sticky tape and have come up with a plan for the perfect murder of 'More'. The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*The Fraser Hayes Four: 'More'*]

Douglas: And now the Round the Horne Colour Supplement.

Kenneth: Here first with news of the West End Theatre is Daphne Whitethigh.

Betty: At the Queen's, crowds are still flocking to see Neil Simon's Odd Couple, Danny la Rue reports from the Whitehall that they're filled to capacity for every performance, and while many theatres are feeling the credit squeeze Cecil Beaton assures me that Lady Windermere's Fan has yet to feel the pinch.

Kenneth: Hard luck, Lady Windermere. Who's Where? Sunday night personality Seamus Android reports from Pinewood Film Studios.

Bill: (*Android*) All right. Hello there. Well now — Ha ha — All right now I'm here on the floor with a young actress whom I have often, as I know you have — indeed we all have at one time or another — and in fact has won many awards for it. So here with me personally herself in person in an impromptu unscripted off the cuff spon — I can't quite read — ah! — taneous interview. It's leggy gamin — Miss Gamy Leggin. Now tell me Miss Leggin, to what do you attribute your overnight success — oh — I see and very charming too — and with that back to the studio.

Kenneth: Thank you, Seamus Android — or as you are known to millions of television viewers Chairman of the Bored. And now our What's On in London feature, brought to you yet again by Brad Smallpiece.

Hugh: Hat a loose hend? There's no hend of hactivities for the visitor to London to hamuse hisself with. Jam Bangle Dipping at the Sailor's Hostel, Glyndebourne. Nark Fettering on ice at Billingsgate. A demonstration of Brass Rubbing by the Reverend Lippy Gonga Margoulis at the Municipal Slipper Baths, Paddington. But I myself will make a beeline for Tulse Hill and the Stripperama Darby and Joan Club, where the Bishop of Snaresbrook will cut the tape and thus inaugurate his 'Mile of Hedgehogs'.

Kenneth: Good luck, Bishop, and keep taking the tablets. And now the Colour Supplement turns its attention to 'The Horse — Its Place in English Life'. The horse has always occupied a special place in the Englishman's heart. Which of us can forget Anna Sewell's 'Black Beauty' — certainly I can't — but that's another story. At school we all thrilled to the legend of the Great Horse of Troy.

Bill: (*RSM*) Right then, you Ancient Greeks, get fell in. Phalanx attention. Phalanx ready for inspection, sir.

Hugh: Thank you, Sergeant Agamemnon. Now men, we've been hanging about Troy for a long time now — but I've hit on a plan that might work. We're going to smuggle ourselves in — inside this great horse.

All: (*reaction*)

Hugh: It's an old trick but it might just work. Right, Agamemnon, get the men into the horse.

Bill: Sir. Right you ancient bubble and squeaks, into the horse you go. Left right left — up you go lads.

All: (*oohs of effort*)

Bill: All the men are in the horse, sir.

Hugh: Do you think the Trojans will fall for it?

Bill: They might, sir — but I think for the sake of the men it'd be better if we hadn't used a real horse.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Kenneth: The English have always been keen judges of the qualities of a horse, and are never more shrewd than when horse trading.

Ken W.: I see you'm be a good judge of horse flesh squire — and old Jem wouldn't guide 'ee wrong, sir. I tell 'ee you won't go far wrong with this 'un here. His father was a Derby winner and there's breeding here — class — quality. This be the finest horse you'll see round these parts. Well sir — can we strike a bargain?

Kenneth: Yes — I'll have a quarter of a pound — and don't bother to wrap it. The cat's not *that* particular.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Kenneth: It's sad to reflect that the old village smithy is a thing of the past. What a picture the old smith used to make standing

outside the forge, touching his forelock to the fancy. Or was it touching his fancy to the forelock. Whichever way it was, it was very picturesque. Ah the old smithy.

[**F/X:** *horse galloping up*]

Hugh: (*Dentures*) Ho there, Blacksmith. Would you shoe this horse?

Bill: (*rustic*) Aye, young master. (*shouts*) Go on shoo — get out of it.

[**F/X:** *hooves galloping off*]

Hugh: Thank you. I've been trying to get rid of that horse for weeks.

Kenneth: The English love stories about horses — hence the popularity of such films as 'National Velvet' and 'Son of Flicka'.

[*Grams: 'Big Country' type of music*]

Ken W.: Gee, Gramps. Why have we got to shoot Flicka?

Hugh: Well, son — t'ain't easy, but a man's got to do what a man's got to do. And I know what I gotta do.

Ken W.: Then are you going to shoot Flicka?

Hugh: Yup. The old critter ain't no use no more. Broke a leg. Got to shoot her.

Ken W.: But Gramps — gee, shucks, gosh, golly — Do you have to shoot her?

Hugh: 'Fraid so son.

Ken W.: But you said *I* could.

Hugh: There she is. Flicka old friend, guess this is the end of the trail old buddy. Don't look son. Goodbye Flicka.

Betty: But paw — Do you have to? Couldn't you just put my leg in splints?

[*Orchestra:* *brief music link*]

Kenneth: It gets me right here — so it's just as well this isn't television. Many songs have been written about horses. 'Horsey Keep Your Tail Up', 'Bless This Horse', 'Horsey Horsey Don't You Stop' — Don't you *ever* Stop — but of course they don't — and if they do it's a sign it's going to rain. Here now is a man who is a positive storehouse — I think it says storehouse, but there's a thick blue line through it so it's difficult to read — a storehouse of ineffable folk songs. The effable Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Hello, me dearios — for I'll tether my nadjers to a grouting pole for the old grey mare is grunging in the meadow.

Kenneth: Better there than here.

Ken W.: Precisely. It would only upset the studio manager.

Kenneth: And I imagine you're going to sing us a song about a horse.

Ken W.: Yes, 'tis a song about the Somerset Nog.

Kenneth: Nog?

Ken W.: Yes, so called because it's a cross between a nag and a dog. Half Suffolk Punch and half Dachshund. It gets very foggy on the moors. Anyway, the Nog is a strange looking creature — three hands high and eighteen foot long. They're not pretty to look at but the rhubarb in that part of the world is magnificent.

Kenneth: Thank you for that piece of country lore.

Ken W.: My song tells of a man who wants to go to the great fair at Ganderpoke Bog, so he asks the farmer for a loan of the Nog, so he can take all his friends with him, and it proceeds in this fashion.

Ken W.: (*sings to the tune of 'Widdecombe Fair'*)

Reg Pubes, Reg Pubes
Lend me your great Nog,
Rollock me fussett
And griddle me nodes.
For I want to go-o

To Ganderpoke Bog, with
Len Possett, Tim Screevy,
The Reverend Phipps,
Peg Leg Loombucket
Solly Levy, Ginger Epstein,
Able Seaman Truefitt,
Scotch Lil,
Messrs Cattermole, Mousehabit,
Neapthigh and Trusspot, solicitors
And commissioners for oaths,
Father Thunderghast, Fat Alice
Con Mahoney, Yeti Rosencrantz,
Foo Tong Robinson and Uncle Ted Willis an' all,
And Uncle Ted Willis and all.

(*spoken*) So they all get on — except Fat Alice, who don't get on with anybody — and off they go, but, sad to relate, the horse snaps in two and expires. But they do say as how its ghost walks abroad — in two halves.

Kenneth: Pretty nerve wracking to come across the back end of a phantom Nog, I should think.

Ken W.: It'd make the hairs in your nose stand on end. And if you be passing Ganderpoke Bog at midnight they say you can hear the two ghostly halves of the Nog singing in duet...

(*sings*)

Reg Pubes, Reg Pubes
You lent your great Nog —
Rollock me fussett
And griddle be nodes.
And now my remains are in
Ganderpoke Bog — with
(*as quickly as possible*)
Len Possett, Tim Screevy,
The Reverend Phipps,
Peg Leg Loombucket,
Solly Levy, Ginger Epstein,
Able Seaman Truefitt,
Scotch Lil,
Messrs Cattermole, Mousehabit,
Neapthigh and Trusspot, solicitors
And commissioners for oaths,
Father Thunderghast, Fat Alice,
Con Mahoney, Yeti Rosencrantz,
Foo Tong Robinson and Uncle Ted Willis an' all,
And Uncle Ted Willis and all.

Kenneth: Thank you, Rambling Syd, and I must admit you sounded exactly like the back end of a phantom Nog.

Romantic stories of horse-riding abound in fiction. Here is an example of one such story.

[**F/X:** *horses' hooves distant*]

Betty: (*off mike — as Fiona*) Whoa!

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Hugh: Darling, you're back. Had a good ride?

Betty: Oh, yes — I so love it — all alone galloping along. There wasn't a soul about.

Hugh: I was watching... from the window. You rode like the wind — your hair streaming out behind you — you looked as if you were part of the horse.

Betty: Which part?

Hugh: (*laughs*) I adore you when you're flippant, and I love the way you handle your palfrey.

Betty: Why don't you come out with me?

Hugh: You know I can't ride myself. I've tried — but I keep falling off. I'd rather watch you — if you don't mind, Lady Godiva.

Betty: Not at all — Peeping Tom.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Kenneth: So much for horse lovers, and so much for our show. We'll be back again next week when...

Ken W.: Oi 'ere — what about Jule and me?

Hugh: Go on Sand, you tell him.

Ken W.: I will. I got me wild up.

Kenneth: What is it?

Ken W.: What about our parts? Haven't we got parts?

Kenneth: I'm afraid not.

Ken W.: What no Jule and Sand? It's a disgrace.

Hugh: Disgrace. We're much loved characters we are.

Ken W.: We're gifted artistes. Nothing for us? And we got all dragged up special. Look — Jule's has his piece dressed.

Kenneth: I'm sorry, but the writers couldn't think of anything for you.

Ken W.: Couldn't think of anything! It's easy to fit us in.

Hugh: You could have had us where we was eskimos and I could have said 'I'm going to the igloo for an ig'.

Ken W.: Or we could have been in a railway booking office and I could have said 'Jule's checking his departures and looking up his Bradshaw'.

Kenneth: I don't think so. The audience may have seen a secondary meaning.

Ken W.: Them? They don't even see the *first* meaning. They just laugh at anything — if they think it might be dirty.

Hugh: Come on, Sand. Don't plead with him. It cheapens you. If he don't want us he don't and that's it. We'll go where we're appreciated.

Ken W.: Yes — we'll try 'I'm Sorry I'll Read That Again'. They're grateful for any old rubbish. Come on. It's a disgrace. (*etc.*)

Ken W. & Hugh: (*ad lib off*)

Kenneth: I have a feeling they'll be back — rather in the way that the seaweed always comes back to Worthing. Well, we'll be back anyway. See you next week.

THIRD SERIES, NUMBER 6

Recorded 13 March 1967
First broadcast 19 March 1967

FEATURING...

* Armpit Theatre, with a tale of bohemian life in nineteenth-century Paris

* The Round the Horne Colour Supplement (this week in black and white)

* Seamus Android

* 'What's on in London' with Brad Smallpiece

* Rambling Syd Rumpo, 'The Ballad of the Woggler's Moulie'

* Julian and Sandy — the *Daily Palare*'s intrepid reporters

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

Douglas Smith is back advertising 'Dobbimist' ('the horse deodorant that nine out of ten Hollywood stars prefer'). The main sketch is loosely based on another classic of literature, George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. Both as Trilby, and in her accustomed role as cookery expert Daphne Whitethigh, Betty Marsden excelled.

Hugh: (*Wrestling MC*) My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, at three stone dripping wet, Kenneth 'the Hooded Terror of Bulawayo' Williams.

All cast & Orchestra: Boo!

Hugh: On my right in the red corner, plucky challenger Betty 'the Chertsey Gorilla' Marsden.

All cast & Orchestra: Boo!

Hugh: Behind me, Bill Pertwee 'the Barnstorming Pole'.

All cast & Orchestra: Boo!

Hugh: On my back, Douglas Smith 'the Sidcup Tiger'.

All cast & Orchestra: Boo!

Hugh: Your referee for the contest, Kenneth 'Man Mountain' Horne.

Cast: Boo!

[**F.X** *boxing ring bell*]

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Kenneth: The MC was, of course, Hugh Paddick — the wrestling vicar of St Barnabus Without. Well, today, as everybody knows, marks the start of 'Immerse an Orang-Utan in Porridge Week', and to mark the occasion I have been asked to make an appeal on behalf of the Lady Mousehabit Emergency Committee for the Preservation of the Porridgy Orang-Utan as we know it. Now, as you sit in the comfort of your own homes, spare a thought for the millions of porridgeless Orang-Utans. Many of them have never had the experience of being dipped in porridge, and some not even in custard. What a sad comment on our so-called affluent society. The money each and every one of us spends every day on pouring syrup of figs over the cat would keep

an entire colony of Orang-Utans immersed in porridge for a whole year. Send you donations to Lady Nemone Mousehabit, c/o The Monks Retreat, Tel Aviv. Mark your envelopes clearly 'Orang-Utan' and see what good that does you. And so to our next item. All right, Smith, make the announcement.

Douglas: Yes, sir. But first a word from our sponsor. Is your horse a wallflower at dances? Does he stand in the corner alone? Persuade his best friend to whisper in his ear (*whispers*) UFO (*normal*) Under fetlock odour.

Kenneth: Smith!

Douglas: Buy him some Dobbimist — the horse deodorant that nine out of ten Hollywood stars prefer.

Kenneth: Smith! Have you got the mania again?

Douglas: No, sir — I've been got at — offered money to plug the product. You see, I'm only paid a pittance for announcing. I'm feeling the pinch, sir.

Kenneth: I'm sorry. I had no idea. Here's something to get on with.

Douglas: Oh, thank you, sir — a pair of steps. And now, Armpit Theatre presents a tale of the gay bohemian life of Paris in the 80s — 'Trilby'.

[*Orchestra: suitable music*]

Kenneth: My name is William Manderghast, known as Little Billee for reasons that I don't care to go into. I am a painter, and in the year 1880 I came to Paris to pursue my bent. Ah, the Montmartre of the 80s — a hotbed of talent. There was the sculptor Rodin —

[**F/X:** *hammer and chisel on marble*]

Ken W.: I chip away a little 'ere. I chip a little away there — a little more here, and voilà — look you can see right through into the bedroom next door.

Hugh: It's magnificent — The Lovers.

Kenneth: The Paris of Cézanne.

Bill: Gentlemen, the toast is Cézanne (*business to be explained*) idly dan... Cézanne is a funniful man.

Kenneth: The Paris of the diminutive painter, Henri Toulouse-Lautrec, known to his friends as very little Toulouse.

Betty: Henri, why must I pose in this position on my hands and knees?

Ken W.: You will see in a moment. I stand on your back, so — and look! Now I can reach the canvas.

Kenneth: I moved into a garret which I shared with several other impoverished artists. There was me, Little Billee, my best friend, Incredibly Tiny Fred, Economy Size Alf, and Relatively Enormous Cyril. Although we were cold, hungry, miserable, damp, and poor, somehow when we were together — it was very much worse. But we got by somehow.

[*Grams:* *musette accordion*]

All (except Betty): (*rhubarb*)

[**F/X:** *door open*]

Hugh: Ça va, Little Billee.

Kenneth: Ça va, Incredibly Tiny Fred.

Bill: Where have you been?

Kenneth: To the Flea Market, and see what I've bought.

Hugh: A fine flea. Tonight we'll dine royally.

Bill: And if we're careful there'll be enough for sandwiches tomorrow.

Kenneth: Well said, Relatively Enormous Cyril.

Douglas: Bags I the wishbone.

Kenneth: How's the painting going, Incredibly Tiny Fred?

Hugh: Not bad. This is my latest in the eighteenth-century manner. Cupid in Aphrodite's bedchamber — after Watteau.

Kenneth: So I see.

[**F/X:** *knock on door*]

Kenneth: Come in.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Betty: My name is Trilby. Forgive the intrusion, but I was told there's a room to let.

Bill: I'm sorry it's taken.

Betty: Can't I move in with you and share your gay bohemian life?

Bill: There's no place here for a woman.

Betty: But I could cook for you.

Kenneth: We do our own cooking.

Betty: I could darn you clothes.

Kenneth: We do our own darning.

Betty: There must be something I can do for you.

Kenneth: Trilby moved in next day. She wanted to become a singer and I helped as best I could — struggling through her Tosca on the piano and whenever she asked running through her Donizetti.

Betty: Dear, dear Little Billee — can we try it just once more?

Kenneth: All right then — and then we must stop. My tiny hands are frozen. One — two —

[*Grams: Louis Armstrong — unaccompanied scat singing*]

Betty: How was I that time?

Kenneth: Better — is still lacks a little something.

Betty: Perhaps if I tried it without the trumpet and the handkerchief. You see I've never had any proper training. My acciaccaturas need polishing.

Kenneth: I like them the way they are. I mean, they only need the occasional wipe down with a damp chammy.

Betty: No — I must get a proper teacher.

Kenneth: Incredibly Tiny Fred, look in the paper under 'Les Classified'.

Hugh: Here we are... Hmm — I see Fifi is still welcoming old and new friends. For sale, full-size reproductions of Eiffel Tower, seven francs. Postage and packing twelve million francs extra —

Kenneth: Let me see — Tuition Various. Hum, you don't want to learn that. You already know how to do that... That looks interesting, but I don't think we've got the room for it.

Betty: There, look — Professor Svengali — singing teacher — Hypnotist — Abductor of innocent girls, competitive prices — satisfaction guaranteed.

Hugh: Don't go to him. He's notorious. He'll lead you astray, He'll get you in his power and make you his slave. There is nothing he won't stoop to, to satisfy his evil desires.

Betty: Nothing?

Hugh: Nothing.

Kenneth: Trilby enrolled next day.

[*Orchestra: brief link*]

Betty: So you are Svengali, the evil mastermind whose vile pursuits are a synonym for all that is bestial and base.

Bill: No, dearie. I'm Mrs Bulstrode the char. Mr Svengali is in

the scullery hypnotizing the cheese. I'll call him. Oi, Arthur — (*whistles*) Shop.

Ken W.: (*coming on*) Ah, my dear, pray accept an old loony's welcome. So you want me to teach you my method.

Betty: Yes, and to sing too.

Ken W.: How did you hear of me? Why did you come to me?

Betty: All Paris speaks of your strange doings. They say you have no scruples.

Ken W.: It is true — but what need have I of scruples? All I want are material things — money — houses — women — Batman jim-jams — all the trappings of luxury. I'll stop at nothing to get what I want, and I want you, Trilby, for my slave.

Betty: Your slave?

Ken W.: Yes, he hasn't got a trilby. I will make you a great singer. I've taught them all — Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale — Cilla Black, the Liverpool ostrich — Dame Nellie Melba — Mrs Miller.

Betty: Mrs Miller?

Ken W.: You should have heard her before she came to me. They all fall in love with me — my pupils — that's why I had to stop teaching Harry Secombe. But you — you are different — from Harry Secombe, that is.

Betty: Do you really think so?

Ken W.: Yes. You may not be as pretty but you're different — by George you're different.

Betty: That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. Svengali — I'm yours.

Ken W.: Good, then lie on this couch and I'll show you my method. Look at this small shiny object I'm dangling in front of you. Now concentrate — go to sleep — deeper, deeper — you are completely in my power. Now sing, my little beauty, sing.

Bill: (*sings*) Now this is number one
And my story's just begun —
Roll me over...

Ken W.: Not you, Mrs Bulstrode. Get on with the housework.

Bill: All right, Arthur.

Ken W.: Oh, she's a trial — still, at three and six an hour you can't grumble. Now Trilby, my child, you are hypnotized. When I snap my fingers you will sing as you have never sung before.

Betty: (*in trance*) As-I-have-never-sung-before.

Ken W.: Right. One, two. (*snaps fingers*)

[*Grams:* *'Cambletown Loch'*]

Ken W.: This is going to take longer than I thought.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Douglas: With Trilby completely under Svengali's spell, Little Billee went downhill fast. His life became one round of drink and women.

[**F/X:** *bar noises*]

Bill: Waiter, another round of drink — and women.

Kenneth: And make then large ones. I'll have a rum and coquette. Come here, Fifi darling — you're a pretty little thing.

Douglas: Thank you, sir. I made a special effort.

Kenneth: You, Smith — a creature of the half world?

Douglas: Yes. It was the only part left.

Kenneth: Well you might at least have done it in a high-pitched voice.

Hugh: Little Billee!

Kenneth: What is it, Incredibly Tiny Fred?

Hugh: This life you're leading is no good. What are you doing with a woman like this? You must stop it. Please stop it... at least while I'm talking to you. Trilby needs you.

Kenneth: Trilby — huh! She is the most famous singer in Paris now. She doesn't need me. She has Svengali.

Hugh: She misses you, Little Billee — won't you see her? She sings tonight at the Opera House. I have a box, Little Billee.

Kenneth: Have you Incredibly Tiny Fred?

Hugh: Yes, and if we stand on it we will be able to peer into the chorus girls' dressing-room. Will you come with me?

Kenneth: But this poor girl needs me.

Hugh: Trilby needs you more.

Kenneth: You're right. Smith — get off my knee.

Douglas: You can't cast me off like an old glove.

Kenneth: Don't worry, I'll set you up in a little hat shop.

Douglas: Thank you, sir.

Hugh: Come, Little Billee — to the Opera!

[*Orchestra: brief link*]

Bill: Meanwhile, backstage at the Opera House, Trilby and her evil mentor are preparing for the performance.

Ken W.: There, my dear — a little eye shadow — a hint of rouge, and here a beauty spot. Now just a little powder — there — how do I look?

Betty: Very nice. But what about me? I'm so terribly nervous. I don't think I can go on.

Ken W.: You *must* go on. You *must*. You hear? (*slipping into American*) You've got to do it, kid. It's your big break. You can't let us down. They believe in you out there — I believe in you, kid. You're gonna be a star. I, Svengali, order you. Don't

be afraid, I shall be with you — right behind you, urging you on.

Betty: Yes, that's another thing. When I'm singing, do you *have* to hide under my crinoline?

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Ah ha, Svengali!

Ken W.: Ah ha, Little Billee!

Kenneth: Let her go, Svengali. You can bring her nothing but misery.

Ken W.: Nobody shall have her but me. Stand back.

Betty: He's got a knife —

Hugh: With an attachment for getting things out of horses' hooves.

Kenneth: Quick, someone distract him with a horse.

Bill: Here Dobbin!

[**F/X:** *galloping hooves approaching*
door splintering
loud horse's neigh]

Douglas: It is I, Douglas the Wonder Horse Smith in a skin. Limp, limp.

Kenneth: Why, see this announcer disguised as a horse has a thing in its hoof.

Ken W.: Ah — I have just the implement for removing same. Allow me, Dobbin.

Kenneth: While his attention was thus distracted, I leapt on him. We grappled.

Kenneth & Ken W.: (*sound of grappling*)

Ken W.: (*wail of agony*)

Kenneth: Don't look my dear, he's not a pretty sight.

Betty: Is he?

Kenneth: Yes — dead. Impaled on his own attachment for getting things out of horses' hooves.

[*Orchestra: pay off chord*]

Kenneth: So Svengali perished, but without him, Trilby's voice had gone. She sank lower and lower until the BBC in their infinite wisdom took pity on the poor creature and did the only thing they could for the piteous wretch — they entered her for the Eurovision Song Contest, 1887. And talking of piteous wretches, here are the Fraser Hayes Four. If I dangle this shiny object in front of them — it's a half crown actually — they will burst into 'It's a Good Day'. Ladies and Gentlemen, The Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'It's a Good Day'*]

Douglas: And now, the Round the Horne Colour Supplement.

Kenneth: This week in black and white. First, Great Classic Dishes of France. Here with the recipe is Bonne Femme, better known as Daphne Whitethigh.

Betty: In this series I have alrady told you how to prepare Chicken in the Basket, Turkey in the Straw, Dog in the Manger, and Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. This week, I'm going to tell you a couple of things any housewife can do with a rhinoceros. First, take your rhinoceros and pluck it. Don't throw away the hooves — they'll come in useful if you ever want to make rhinoceros foot jelly. Now sprinkle your rhinoceros with caraway seeds and wrap him in tinfoil. You'll need fifty-seven yards. Add a Walrus cube to give it man appeal and pop the rhino in the oven — or as much as you can get in — roast on a low light for eighteen months, and serve with rather a lot of chips. To be honest, rhinoceros is not very appetizing, but you do get *marvellous* crackling.

Kenneth: Next week Daphne will be back to tell us what to do with

those whale leftovers. Now — Around Town. Sunday night personality Seamus Android interviews film star Rock Cattermole.

Bill: Hello — Well now — All right — Ha ha — Well we've had our bit of fun — and to start off with — firstly, Rock, I'd like to ask you one last question. Before we start. Ah ha. All right. Now with your long and may I say distinguished — but here I know you'll probably disagree with me — as I do myself — ha ha. But the one thing we're all dying to know is will it, or to put it another way can it, or perhaps I should rephrase the question do you — or not? Well it's been very interesting hearing your opinions but that's all we've got time for, so it's good night from Seamus Android.

Kenneth: Thank you, Seamus Android, the man of the day — the day being Gloomy Sunday. And so to 'What's on in London' with Brad Smallpiece.

Hugh: Hello. Well hit's all be 'appening on the Swinging London Scene this week. There's the Policemen's Puma Crouching at Wimbledon, Vestigial Gnome Tumbling at Luton Hoo, and a display of Traffic Warden Mincing at the Alhambra Foot Baths, Shepherd's Bush. But I myself would plump for the Nudists' Hot Step and Jump Contest — in the deep freeze at Woolbridges, Clapham Common.

Kenneth: There'll be edited highlights after the Epilogue. I can't wait for the slow motion sequences. However, this week the colour supplement takes a look at the British press. British newspapers are much maligned. People say that their function is much better performed by television and radio newscasters. But you can't wrap your chips in Michael Aspel — the vinegar drips out of his pockets — and you can't spread Robin Day out on the floor for the dog — however much you'd like to. Still, newspaper men are a hardy and adventurous breed and the good reporter should be able to turn his hand to anything.

[**F/X:** *typewriter*]

Ken W.: Ah, Loombucket. I'd like a word with you.

Bill: Yes, chief.

Ken W.: When we transferred you from the sports page to the society column we hoped you'd leave the jargon of the football field behind you.

Bill: How do you mean, chief?

Ken W.: Well, look at your column for yesterday. You do not refer to the Duke of Cumberfold's new wife as a 'Twenty thousand pounds buy from West Bromwich'.

Bill: But, sir...

Ken W.: Whatever her reasons may have been for marrying him. And when referring to his ex-wife you say they were divorced on the grounds of incompatibility *not* he put her on the transfer list because she'd lost her form. And another thing, when you're covering Lord Molestrangler's Garden Party, which incidentally takes place on the lawn and not on the pitch, you do not refer to the gracious guests as those hooligans on the terraces.

Bill: Sorry, sir.

Ken W.: If you don't watch it you'll be selling papers not writing them.

Kenneth: And the newspaper sellers, they too have a language of their own.

Hugh: Read all about it, etc. (*loudly, incoherently*)

Betty: (*old lady*) Excuse me, my man. Can you direct me to Trafalgar Square?

Hugh: Yes. You go (*gibberish as before*)... then ask again.

[*Orchestra: brief link*]

Kenneth: Before the days of newspapers, the events of the day were retailed by the street ballad singers. And here to sing one such eighteenth-century ditty, 'The Ballad of The Woggler's Moulie', is Rambling Syd Rumpo. Now, what exactly *is* a woggler's moulie?

Ken W.: Well, a moulie is a sort of smoked cuttlefish, of the whelk

family — a brother-in-law, you might say — and they were considered a delicacy in those days, and, of course, they had to be woggled before you could eat them.

Kenneth: Of course, nowadays you can get them frozen and pre-woggled, but they don't taste the same.

Ken W.: No. Now this is a sad story that first appeared in 1738 on a broadsheet, and I've set it to a tune of that time which I found in my ganderbag, covered in loom powder and fishpaste.

Kenneth: What is loom powder?

Ken W.: If I started explaining that we'd be here all night — and so to the song.

Ken W. & guitar: (*to the tune of 'Clementine'*)
(*sings*)

Joe he was a young cordwangler,
Monging greebles he did go.
And he loved a bogler's daughter
By the name of Chiswick Flo.

Vain she was and like a grusset
Though her ganderparts were fine.
But she sneered at his cordwangle
As it hung upon the line.

So he stole a woggler's moulie,
For to make a wedding ring,
But the Bow Street Runners caught him,
And the judge said he will swing.

Oh they hung him by the postern,
Nailed his moulie to the fence —
For to warn all young cordwanglers
That it was a grave offence.

There's a moral to this story,
Though your cordwangle be poor,
Keep your hands off others' moulies,
For it is against the law. Oh!

Kenneth: Thank you, Rambling Syd Rumpo. I think there's a

warning for us all there. He who steals my woggler's moulie steals trash.

Now many people buy newspapers, not for the news but for the crossword puzzle. Some people, in fact, become addicts.

Hugh: Fiona, darling, do you still three across — four letters anagram of vole — me as much as you used to?

Betty: Oh yes, Charles, I love you as fourteen down, thirteen across as I ever did.

Hugh: Oh, I'm so eight down, darling.

Betty: So am I.

Hugh: What's that you're knitting Fiona. Is it a twenty-six across — Lyn Davies is a long one?

Betty: No, Charles. It's a tiny pair of eleven downs.

Hugh: Don't tell me you're in the four letters meaning group or organization banded together for mutual interest?

Betty: Yes, Charles. Isn't it seventeen across?

Hugh: Yes, let me take you in my anagram 'mars' and anagram 'ssik' you on your thirty-two across.

Betty: What shall we call him?

Hugh: If it's a yob backwards, we'll call him an anagram of 'Ratnim' after your sixteen down, a tall clock with a pendulum.

Betty: And if it's a girl, Charles?

Hugh: Ionaf — after you.

Betty: Oh, Charles you're the best fourteen across a woman ever had.

[*Orchestra: brief link*]

Kenneth: Makes you feel sort of thirty-nine down — eight letters

found in a camel's habitat — doesn't it? Well, it does me. Now, many people complain that they are misrepresented by the press — and the reporters don't respect their privacy. This certainly hasn't been my experience, until last Tuesday when two representatives of the Fourth Estate came to interview me.

[**F/X:** *door bell*]

[**F/X:** *door open*]

Hugh: Good morning. I'm Julian and this is my friend, Sandy.

Ken W.: We're from the *Daily Palare*. He's the man you follow around and I'm the one you can't gag.

Hugh: Can we have five minutes of your time?

Kenneth: It depends what you want to do with them.

Ken W.: Well, our editor said — why don't you troll off up Mr Horne's lattie...

Kenneth: Flat or house — translator's note.

Ken W.: ...and have a palare with him.

Hugh: We'd like something hot and personal.

Kenneth: How about this mustard plaster?

Hugh: No thanks, we've just had breakfast.

Ken W.: How did you two become newshounds?

Hugh: We was Aunt Ada.

Ken W.: You know — advice to the lovelorn — palones with pimples in love with older men — that sort of thing.

Kenneth: And you advised them?

Hugh: Well we did what we could, but we run into a few snags. For instance, Indignant of Chatham, remember him, Sand?

Ken W.: Do I! He's etched on my memory he is — etched he is — deeply — Indignant of Chatham.

Kenneth: He took your advice?

Hugh: Yes — and he's still indignant.

Ken W.: But he's had to move from Chatham.

Hugh: Then there was Tired of Littlehampton.

Ken W.: Aren't we all, ducky. But you've got to go somewhere for your holidays. Then there was Curly of Wimbledon.

Hugh: He had a personal problem and we told him what to do in a plain envelope.

Kenneth: I tried to and it was absolutely useless.

Ken W.: 'Ere, are you Curly of Wimbledon?

Kenneth: Not any more I'm not, thanks to your advice.

Hugh: Still it's cured the blushing.

Kenneth: Now what did you come to see me about?

Hugh: Well, we heard you'd done something absolutely staggering with a marrow — at the church hall.

Kenneth: The vicar's wife was astounded.

Ken W.: We can't go back to our editor with a story about how you won a prize for a marrow.

Hugh: Where's the titillation in that. Our readers want their sensibilities titillated. A bit of glamour —

Ken W.: It *might* help if we had a picture of the vicar's wife in a bikini.

Kenneth: I don't think so — she's eighty-three.

Hugh: That's no good then.

Ken W.: Well, we've got to tart up the story somehow. Whip out your reporter's companion and take this down. Now, Mr Horne, let me see — ah — is that a picture of you on the wall?

Kenneth: Yes — it was taken when I was eighteen months — on a bearskin rug.

Hugh: It's a good likeness.

Ken W.: Right, get this down Jule. Kenneth Horne, former nude photographic model —

Hugh: ...graphic model.

Ken W.: Now let's see. You won the competition. Did the vicar charge an entrance fee?

Kenneth: Yes, there was a small charge.

Ken W.: Right — yes — Jule, I've got it. I've got our headline: 'Kenneth Horne nude photographic model admits vicar's charge'.

[*Orchestra: playoff chord*]

Kenneth: They printed it — and, of course, I complained. And the next week they published an apology, blazoned in letters nearly an eighth of an inch high — next to the chess problem. It said 'Kenneth Horne denies admitting vicar's charge'. Which came as a relief to me *and* the vicar. The vicar's wife, although eighty-three, packs a mean right hook. Cheerio — see you next week — in the vestry.

THIRD SERIES, NUMBER 10

Recorded 20 March 1967
First broadcast 16 April 1967

FEATURING...

* What the BBC's Controller of Thought, Word, and Deed said to Kenneth Horne (*aka* Larksleigh-Fortinbrass)...
* Coat-a-Sheep-in-Raspberry Jam Week
* Armpit Theatre: *Gaslight — Son of Flicker*
* The Round the Larksleigh-Fortinbrass Colour Supplement, with Daphne Whitethigh and Seamus Android
* Charles (played by 'Binky' Huckaback) finds a little peace...
* Julian and Sandy ('Bona Prods') create a biblical epic — *Samson and Delilah*
* Rambling Syd Rumpo: 'The Song of the Bogle Clencher'

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

We'd obviously had trouble with the censors again, as witness the opening sequence.

We were back in the twilight zone with our parody of *Gaslight*, and I note with some amusement that on the original script the police inspector's assistant was a Scot called Sergeant McFishery. For some reason he became a cockney rejoicing in the same of Molecule. Kenneth Williams again plays a terminal loony.

In the Colour Supplement, everyone is in a buoyant mood as they tackle the cinema.

[**F/X:** *knock on door*]

Hugh: Come in.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Hugh: Ah, Horne.

Kenneth: You sent for me, sir?

Hugh: Yes. As Controller of Thought, Word, and Deed at the BBC I'm afraid I have to reprimand you over the use of certain words and phrases used in your show, which are capable of misinterpretation.

Kenneth: I'm surprised to hear that, sir. Was it something the Fraser Hayes Four sang, sir?

Hugh: No. I'm referring to *double entendres* contained in last week's show.

Kenneth: What specific phrases did you have in mind?

Hugh: Well last week in your show, you distinctly said 'Hello'.

Kenneth: Well what's wrong with that?

Hugh: Come off it, Horne. We all know what 'Hello' means. We all know what it suggests. It suggests '*Hello*, what's this I can see through the keyhole? It's a scantily clad female doing an exotic dance with a ball of wool.'

Kenneth: Good heavens, is that what it suggests?

Hugh: That's what it suggested to me. Immediately. And later in the programme, you said you were going to introduce someone without further ado — which suggests immediately that there had been some ado going on previously — and what sort of ado, might I ask? I know what sort of ado *I* had in mind. Which brings me to your name —

Kenneth: My name? What's wrong with Kenneth Horne?

Hugh: Everybody knows that ground-up moose's horn is an

aphrodisiac. The very title of your show is an incitement to loose living and carrying on — I've found. You'll have to change your name.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, for the next thirty minutes it's 'Round the Larksleigh-Fortinbrass'...

Kenneth: I can't wait until the Controller gets round to Housewives' Choice. Well, today as everybody knows is the start of Coat-a-Sheep-in-Raspberry-Jam Week, and to celebrate the occasion the City of London has gone gay and organized a really exciting festival. There'll be Loophole Nobbling under Floodlights at the Kensington Round Pond; an Exhibition of Rare Miniature Kneecaps at the Victoria and Albert Turkish Baths weather permitting; Swan Upping at Downham — Swan Downing at Upham. Streptococcus racing at the BMA Recreation Grounds, Walthamstow; and an auction of Rembrandt's dentures at Sotheby's Horsemeat Boutique, Hungerford Arches. And for racing fans the week's events will be crowned by the Nudist Annual Point-to-Point at Kempton Park. I can't wait to see them jogging round the course. Right, Smith, make the announcement.

Douglas: And now, Armpit Threatre presents a story of horror and lurking fear — more spine-chilling than the Eurovision Song Contest, more macabre than 'The Late Show', more grisly than 'Call My Bluff', we give you — 'Gaslight — Son of Flicker'.

[*Orchestra:* *music link*]

Bill: The year is 1890. The place, Victorian London — which, as anyone who's ever been to the cinema knows, means gas lamps, frock coats, barrel organs, Basil Rathbone trotting through the fog in a hansom cab driven by Alfie Bass, and Vincent Price shuffling up alleys murdering an assortment of Rank starlets. In his office at Scotland Yard, Inspector de la Rose of the CID was going through his file of unsolved crimes with his dour cockney assistant, Sergeant Molecule.

Kenneth: Well, Sergeant, any fresh clues in the strange affair of the 'Brides in the pudding' case?

Hugh: No, sir. I've tested the goat for fingerprints.

Kenneth: Find any?

Hugh: Yes, sir. Mine.

Kenneth: Have you 'put a tail' on yourself?

Hugh: Yes, sir. There it is sir, tucked into me boots.

Kenneth: And very nice it looks too. Well done, sergeant.

Hugh: Thank you, Inspector.

Kenneth: What about the Chalk Farm case? Have you dragged the hip bath?

Hugh: Yes, sir. We've sent frogmen down but all they've come up with is a sliver of carbolic, a pair of flippers, a bar of chocolate, one roller skate, a waterlogged copy of 'Memoirs of a Harem Girl', and a false beard, but there's no sign of the Bishop hisself.

Kenneth: Have you tracked down the hooded finger bogler of Brixton yet?

Hugh: We traced the footprints in the semolina to the boudoir of Lady Crabthrobber, and in her wardrobe we found — *this*.

Kenneth: Oh, that's where I left it. Once I get the tea leaves out it'll be as good as new. That only leaves the strange business at 14 Ganderbody Square still unsolved.

Hugh: What do we have on that case, sir?

Kenneth: Precious little. The Countess of Ponders End was foully done to death with a blunt instrument ... namely a blunt instrument. The house was ransacked but we never found the assailant. I believe he didn't find what he was looking for and will return to the scene of the crime.

Hugh: And what if he doesn't?

Kenneth: The Fraser Hayes Four will have to sing three encores to pad out the time.

Hugh: Then let's hope you're right, sir — for all our sakes. By the way, sir, did you know that a couple have moved into No 14 Ganderbody Square?

Kenneth: Yes. The Grunter-Pulpits — just married. She seems a sweet little thing, but Polyp Grunter-Pulpit, her husband — he's odd. Very odd indeed. Cue orchestra.

[*Orchestra: music link*]

[**F/X:** *smashing china*
splintering wood]

Ken W.: (*laughs insanely*)

Betty: Good morning, Polyp.

Ken W.: Good morning, my dear. (*laughs insanely*)

[**F/X:** *Smashing china, etc.*]

Betty: I'm glad you're in such a good mood this morning. Aren't you coming down to breakfast, dear?

Ken W.: No. I'll have it up here, where I am — on the chandelier. Did you sleep well last night?

Betty: Not really, Polyp. I was frightened.

Ken W.: Frightened? What was there to be frightened of? I was out.

Betty: I heard noises — and the gas light went very low.

Ken W.: Nonsense — you imagine things, my dear.

Betty: I didn't imagine it. I heard footsteps coming from the attic —

Ken W.: Mice.

Betty: — and foul oaths and cursing.

Ken W.: Ill-bred mice. I'm worried about you, my dear. You're not well. Here, lay down on this bacon slicer. Let me get you something.

Betty: What?

Ken W.: Sliced.

Betty: Polyp, we've been married for six weeks now, but every night you go out — not returning until the dawn. Where do you go?

Ken W.: To work.

Betty: But you're an upholsterer.

Ken W.: I'm an all-night upholsterer. You worry too much my dear. Let me comb your hair with this axe.

Betty: Why are you looking at me so strangely, Polyp?

Ken W.: You forgot to give old Spot his weekly bath yesterday.

Betty: But why should I have to bathe him — he's *your* father.

Ken W.: When I come home at night all I hear are excuses, evasions and boring, senseless, rambling and hysterical ranting.

Betty: Well if you will watch Panorama what do you expect. I know what you're up to, Polyp. You're trying to drive me mad. But yesterday when you were out I tried the attic door. It was locked, Polyp. Why was it locked?

Ken W.: Because I say so. You must never go in there.

Betty: But the room next door is locked too.

Ken W.: You must never go in there either. No never — never ever — not never — on any account do you hear? You must never go in that room. (*pause*) (*snide*) Well, not till the plumber's been. (*character*) Besides if you go in there you'll see something you won't like. No, you won't like what you see at all. It's not a pretty sight (*laughs*) Not a pretty sight at all. Ah-ha-ha-ha. (*own voice*) There's seven or eight more ha-ha's here, but I won't bother with them. Cor, playing a loonie doesn't half take it out of you — you need a good

pair of lungs for it. (*character*) No, my dear, there's something in that room too awful for human eyes to see.

Betty: What, Polyp — for pity's sake, tell me what it is?

Ken W.: It's Dad, washing his feet. But let us think of pleasanter things, my dear, See, look what Polyp's got for you.

Betty: (*gasp of delight*) Oh, Polyp.

Ken W.: Let me put them round your neck.

Betty: What are they?

Ken W.: My hands. Don't worry it will look like an accident.

Betty: Polyp, you're mad.

Ken W.: Did you say mad? Is that what you said — mad? Did you call me mad?

Betty: Yes.

Ken W.: I thought so. Only you'll have to speak up I'm not wearing the appliance. But it's not me who's mad, my dear, it is *you*.

Betty: Me?

Ken W.: Yes. You keep losing things.

Betty: What have I lost?

Kenneth: Answers please on a post card to the Lost Property Office, Baker Street ... New Guinea.

Ken W.: I'm going to have you put away. Dr Otterbland will do the necessary. Come in, Dr Otterbland.

Kenneth: (*narrating*) A secret door in the whatnot opened and into the room stepped the kindly old family physician Dr Otterbland. An imposing man with beetling brows that met in the middle — of his back. His ruddy cheeks were adorned with mutton chops and a leg of lamp stuck out of his ear. He lit a crêpe Suzette and puffed on it reflectively.

Bill: (*Peter Lorre*) Ah, my dear, your husband has told me all about you. Come with me, my dear.

Betty: Where are you taking me?

Bill: To Somerset and Dr Croakraven's Private Residential Hotel, for loonie gentlefolk. Don't worry, my dear, it's a trust house — all our residents are trussed.

Ken W.: Go with him, my dear — the doctor will never be far away. He has a private practice in Bath.

Bill: Every morning ... the acoustics are better in there.

Betty: I won't go. You can't make me.

Ken W.: Oh can't I? Grab her otterbland ... I mean grab her, Otterbland ... and give her an injection.

Kenneth: (*narration*) The doctor opened his gladstone bag and produced a gleaming frankfurter sausage. Filling it with a colourless liquid, he plunged it between two slices of bread and munched it greedily.

Bill: Right, now the hypodermic.

Kenneth: No, no!

Bill: Don't shrink away, my dear — it's only an 8-inch hypodermic needle. It won't hurt a bit. There.

Betty: (*screams*)

Bill: It only goes to show how wrong you can be.

Ken W.: Ah, she's gone limp — help me carry her out. There's a horse-drawn mini-cab waiting.

Kenneth: At this point we were going to do the joke about there's a horse outside with a hansom behind — but we've already done it twice this series and people are beginning to tumble us. 'But what were the police doing all this time?' you are asking. Well, Hugh made a phone call and I popped up the road for a newspaper, but meanwhile a watch was being kept on the house by Edwin Braden disguised as Epping

Forest — without any artifical aids — to speak of. Seeing the unfortunate Mrs Grunter-Pulpit being bundled into a hansom cab, he paused, only to knock back 18 pints at the Captain's Cabin before making his way speedily to the Yard.

Edwin: Excuse me, sir.

Kenneth: He speaks! Ladies and Gentlemen, you're in the presence of history. It's as if Zeus has descended from Mount Olympus disguised as a waterbuffalo. Speak on, O Braden.

Edwin: They've done a moonlight flit.

Kenneth: I beg your pardon?

Edwin: That's what it says here.

Kenneth: Is that all?

Edwin: Yes.

Kenneth: Hardly worth getting off your podium for. Right, Sergeant Molecule, we haven't a moment to lose!

[**F/X:** *two whooshes*]

Kenneth: Not so fast, Grunter-Pulpit we're on to your little game.

Hugh: We know what you've been up to in the attic. We've grilled the butler and fricasséed the chamber maid.

Kenneth: We know you foully slew the former owner of the house, as established on page four. We know you tried to unhinge your wife's reason — pages eighteen to twenty-three.

Ken W.: Yes, but what you don't know is what I did on page thirty-five.

Hugh: Look out, he's got a bottle of liquid paraffin.

Ken W.: And it's loaded. One false move and we all go together.

Betty: Drop that liquid paraffin. I've got a biretta here — and I'm not afraid to use it.

Bill: Drop the biretta — I've got a tommy gun.

Kenneth: Drop that tommy gun. I've got a 12-bore Douglas Smith here — and it's cocked.

Hugh: But it's only a sawn-off Douglas Smith, sir.

Kenneth: Then it's half-cocked — but this is no time to haggle.

Ken W.: Drop that sawn-off, half-cocked Douglas Smith. I've got a stick of dynamite here.

Kenneth: Drop that stick of ... er ... on second thoughts ...

[**F/X:** *huge explosion*]

[*Orchestra:* *playoff music*]

Kenneth: That was the end of the affair. The others were never seen again. But blast plays funny tricks. My trousers were blown off and the blast threw me several hundred feet in the air. I came to rest in the drawing room of a Mrs Evadne Spigott of 'Mon Repos', Sidcup. At least that's what I told Mr Spigott when he came home unexpectedly from work. But enough of my problems — you've got your own, because here are the Fraser Hayes Four — Dozey, Beaky, Mick and Titch — judging by their appearance that is. So here to sing 'Goodbye Charlie' are the Fraser Hayes Four.

[*Fraser Hayes Four: 'Goodbye Charlie'*]

Douglas: And now the 'Round the Horne Colour Supplement'.

Kenneth: First, with a few new wrinkles on cookery, and a great many old wrinkles elsewhere, here is — Daphne Whitethigh.

Betty: Good news for all housewives. Rhino is down in the shops this week and you can give hubby his favourite cut — my suggestion, best end of Rhino. The difficulty is, of course,

to know which *is* the best end. Rhinos know, but their cause is not ours.

Other good buys are escalop of Vole, Water Buffalo chestnuts, and Hippo in its shell.

For those of you who fancy something a little more exotic in the way of poultry, why not try duck-billed platypus — *flambé*.

Kenneth: I've tried it but they keep blowing the match out. If you want details of the recipes mentioned, write, not to me but to Daphne Whitethigh, c/o The Hospital for Gastric Disorders, Addis Ababa. Now once again, it's over to Sunday Night TV personality Seamus Android who is waiting at London Airport to interview yet another celebrity. Come in Seamus Android.

Bill: Hello — all right — ha ha. Well, yet again it's welcome back for the first time to someone who's so well known that even I've heard of her — so here without much ado — right now, I'd like to ... now ... so if someone would hold the microphone I will — if it takes me all day.

Kenneth: Thank you, Seamus Android — the man with a fluent tongue — trouble is the cat's got it.

Ken W.: Yes. Pity they don't put the cat on on Sunday nights.

Kenneth: This week the Round the Larksleigh-Fortinbrass Colour Supplement turns its attention to the cinema. How well I remember those days long ago, when a bunch of us would save up our money and sit in a stuffy little hall, and watch those flickering silent images on the screen — chuckling at their merry antics and whimsical pranks — until somebody tipped off the police and they raided the place. Of course, when I was young our values were clear cut. We always knew who to hiss when the goodies wore white and the baddies wore black. It's a bit confusing nowadays. Recently I spent the first twenty minutes of 'The Singing Nun' booing Debbie Reynolds — I don't think the time was *entirely* wasted. Legal note — common abuse is *not* libel.

We in England have a great tradition in film making. Particularly during the war, when we made those never-to-be-forgotten epics of the 'Keep it up, stick it out, take it on the chin, I knew you'd all volunteer, good heavens an orange, Jack darling, what's happening to us?' school of film. Here is an excerpt from one such naval drama, starring Dame Celia Molestrangler and ageing juvenile 'Binky' Huckaback.

[*Tape:* *'White Cliffs of Dover'*]

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Betty: Oh, Charles.

Hugh: Oh, Fiona!

Betty: Oh, Charles, Charles — you're back!

Hugh: Yes, would you mind scratching it?

Betty: There, darling. Better?

Hugh: Yes, darling. Oh, how I've missed that. It seems years since I was home on leave last —

Betty: What was it like out there?

Hugh: Pretty damn grim out there. What was it like back here?

Betty: Empty Charles. Pretty damn empty back here. Did you think of me out there?

Hugh: Yes, Constantly, incessantly, never-endingly I thought of you back here. And did you think of me out there back here?

Betty: Yes. All I could think of back here was you out there thinking of me back here thinking of you out there — back here. Needing you, wanting you, wanting to need you, needing to want you.

Hugh: I want to feel you need me. I want to feel that you're there behind me, leading the way. And how are the children? All I know of them is what you've written to me. Emily — how's

she? And Peter, Roger, Sidney, Jonquil, Rupert, Abdulla and ... you know, I've wondered a lot about young Abdulla while I've been away ... and Buster. How's young Buster? Is he in long trousers yet? Is he going out with girls? Does he look like me?

Betty: Buster's the dog, darling.

Hugh: Forgive me, Fiona. I'm not — I can't ...

Betty: Charles! You're limping!

Hugh: Yes. I didn't want you to find out this way. But you'd have to know sooner or later. I've got (*stifles a sob*) an ingrowing toenail. The MO says I'll never be a normal man again.

Betty: Oh, Charles! Hold me!

Hugh: I can't, Fiona. Curse this gammy toe! I must go now.

Betty: When will you be back?

Hugh: I don't know. I have a funny sort of premonition. I won't be coming back.

Betty: You mean?

Hugh: Yes. But if I don't get back, don't grieve — just think 'At last he's found a little rest — a little peace'.

Betty: A little peace, Charles?

Hugh: Yes. She's a barmaid at Chatham.

[*Orchestra: chord*]

Kenneth: These days making films is no longer the prerogative of the large Hollywood companies. Today many of the best films are made by the small independent film units. Recently I visited the office of one such company. The sign on the door said 'Bona Prods', so I prodded and entered. Hello — anybody there?

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Hugh: Oh hello, I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: We are in the forefront of your nouvelle vague. That's your actual French.

Hugh: It means we are of the new wave.

Kenneth: And very nice it looks on you too.

Hugh: Yes. Vidal always looks after me.

Ken W.: You see we've got a small independent unit.

Hugh: We are the Cecil B's of the sixteen de mille. Small budget pictures really.

Kenneth: Would I have vada'd any of them, do you think?

Ken W.: Oh he's got all the palare, hasn't he?

Hugh: I wonder where he picks it up.

Ken W.: You may have vada'd one of our tiny bijou masterpiecettes, heartface. We made 'Funny Eek', 'My Fair Palone'. And then we done one on Chopin and his love for George Sanders —

Kenneth: Shouldn't that be George Sand?

Ken W.: He's right, you know. He's not wrong — he's right. I told Jule that, but he wouldn't listen —

Hugh: No wonder James Mason turned the part down.

Ken W.: It also explains the cuts the censor made in the script. We had the same trouble when we made 'Useless', Mr Horne.

Kenneth: Useless?

Ken W.: Yes — James Joyce's Useless. Could *not* get Sean Connery to play the part of Molly Bloom.

Hugh: She just wasn't interested.

Kenneth: She? Surely you mean Siobhan MacKenna?

Ken W.: You're right, Mr Horne. We'll have to get photos next time.

Kenneth: I take it you're engaged in something pretty exciting at the moment.

Hugh: No, not really, we're just standing here with our hands on our hips, talking to you...

Kenneth: Oh bold! Very bold!

Ken W.: I wonder where he spends his evenings? Oh, you mean subjects — well frankly, Mr Horne, at the moment we are dickering, aren't we Jule?

Hugh: Yes. We're dickering. We've got one or two germs and we're dickering with them. We was thinking of a biblical subject — in fact I was up all last night working on me outline.

Ken W.: Show it to Mr Horne — show him your outline.

Hugh: Well how I see it is this...

Ken W.: This is how he sees it, Mr Horne. You are present at a moment of cinema history. He is about to create. Look, his features are getting all tortured — he's getting all worked up — the muse is fluttering about him — looking for a place to perch. There she is — Go it, gel — There, she's lighted on his shoulder —

Hugh: I've got it!

Ken W.: He's got it, Mr Horne. It's coming over him in waves.

Hugh: We're going to do Samson and Delilah.

Ken W.: Did you see how he come out with that, Mr Horne? The way he does it is frightening. Samson and Delilah. Go on, Jule, how do you see it?

Hugh: Well, I see Samson as huge and all butch, with great bulging thews and whopping great lallies, with a long

blonde riah hanging right down his Jim and Jack —

Ken W.: That's rhyming slang for 'back'. Or, for France, down his Jules and Jim, but I won't go into that. Yes — so what happens?

Hugh: I'll tell you what happens. The film opens with him lying there spark out in his paliasse. Suddenly there's a movement behind the arras, and who comes trolling in but this palone Delilah. She vadas his sleeping eek, and she pulls out this pair of scissors and lops off his riah.

Ken W.: Yes. I can see that. Great close up of his head — nante riah. That's your cinema vérité.

Hugh: Suddenly he comes round. 'Who's had me riah off?', he squeals — 'It's all ebbing away.' And then the Philistines come and mock him, Mr Horne.

Ken W.: What a figure of tragedy he presents —

Hugh: Then they drag him up the king's lattie, and chain his lallies to a pillar. Then he gets his wild up, and with one mighty heave (*grunts*) he brings the whole lattie tumbling about their heads. End of film.

Ken W.: (*applauding*) Bravo, Jule, bravo! It's an Oscar winner. I shall go and go again. How about you, Mr Horne?

Kenneth: Yes. It makes me want to go. And who do you see playing the role of Samson?

Ken W.: Well, let's see. The description says — big, butch, muscular, and blond. There's only one person it can be.

Kenneth: Who's that?

Ken W.: It's you Jules.

Hugh: It's a pity — I saw myself as Delilah.

[*Orchestra: brief link*]

Kenneth: They've promised me a couple of tickets for the sneak prevada. Well that brings us almost to the end of the show but

for this week's musical adventure up the highways and byways of folk music — and stopping off in a layby what else would we find but — Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Well, hello me deario, and I expect you're dying to know what I've pulled out of my ganderbag this week...

Kenneth: We're all agog — well, half agog anyway.

Ken W.: Well, the air with which I am about to burst forth is traditional in Lincolnshire. 'Tis the song of the bogle clencher, and goes after this fashion.

Ken W. and Guitar: (*tune of 'Lincolnshire Poacher'*)

When I was a clencher's bogel man
In famous Lincoln Town,
I often clenched my bogelling fork
For less than half a crown.
And I would woggle and nurk, my boys,
As I shall quickly tell.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night
And a foggy night as well.

Oh once I took my moulies
And I set them in a snare.
'Twas then I spied a scroper's man
A-whirdling a hare.
But I was not afeared, my boys,
Of that there is not doubt.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night
When the coppers aren't about.

Although I'm over eighty now
My bogles still I clench.
And I will flutter my artifacts
At any passing wench.
I've tickled many a screebling nut
As on my way I go.
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night
At one and nine a throw — ooooooh!

Kenneth: I'm afraid I don't have one and nine on me, do you take

credit cards? Well that brings us to the end of the show for this week except for a police message. Police are still looking for the Nude Cyclist of Polperro. They wish to interview a tall, distinguished, middle-aged radio comedian with a bald head and a deep fruity voice — oh! (*falsetto*) So until next week then — cheerio.

THIRD SERIES, NUMBER 12

Recorded 17 April 1967
First broadcast 30 April 1967

FEATURING...

* Armpit Theatre presents a thrilling story of race horses and the men who ride them — 'A Man is Two Foot Tall'

* The Round the Horne Colour Supplement, with Daphne Whitethigh ('Tips for Housewives') and introducing Madame Osiris Gnomeclencher (and people scoff at astrology!)

* Rambling Syd Rumpo — a plaintive ditty in praise of the Bogeller's Lass in the Balls Pond Road

* Julian and Sandy: 'Bona Bijou Tourettes: Knock and Troll In'

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

By now *Round the Horne* was almost writing itself, and the stock characters were going through their paces as if on automatic pilot.

The show was, if anything, more popular than ever and that year won the Writers Guild of Great Britain award for Best Comedy Script. We'd created a new character for Hugh Paddick, Madame Osiris Gnomeclencher, clairvoyant and seer, and Julian and Sandy had acquired a friend, Gordon.

Hugh: Here are details of some forthcoming programmes. On the Third there's a recital of early nose flute music given by the Nursetrembler Liversausage Chorale. This will be followed by a talk on goat flushing in Addis Ababa given by the Right Reverend Ludwig von Frick and his ragamuffins. After the news there'll be an outside broadcast direct from the bathroom of the Mufti of Penzance with an on the spot appreciation of the Mufti himself by his butler, Pules. And to complete the evening's merriment, Evensong comes from the saloon bar of the Dog and Ear Trumpet, Tibet. But here now is a short recital of medieval jokes played by the Kenneth Horne Wind Ensemble.

Douglas: Yes, there's no getting away from it. It's 'Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Kenneth: Hello, and welcome to the show. This week I shall be having the great pleasure, but I'm afraid I've got the show to do first. Now I'm proud to announce the details of the 'Round the Horne' Awards, which, as you know, are given annually, starting this year for achievements in the field of entertainment. We would like you to vote in these categories:

One: the most boring show business personality of the year;
Two: the second most boring personality of the year;
Three: the third most boring personality.

It's done this way so that the Beverly Sisters need not be excluded. Send your entries to me, Kenneth Horne, and mark the envelope 'Most Boring Personality Of The Year'. To the winner will go a life-size figurine of Kenneth Williams, perfect down to the last detail — he assures me. It'll make a jolly good paperweight as it is made of gold plated bread pudding.

Smith, make the announcement.

Douglas: And now, Armpit Theatre presents a thrilling story of race horses and the men who ride them, as we bring you the

story of a humble stable lad who rose to become a champion jockey. Ladies and Gentlemen, 'A Man is Two Foot Tall'.

Kenneth: My name is Captain Jodrell Fitzloosely. I am a devotee of what is sometimes known as the Sport of Kings — that is, whenever the wife is out of town — but for a living I train race horses and do a spot of farming, There's another line here but the producer won't have jokes about rhubarb. My stables are near Newmarket. You turn left at the crossroads and just follow your nose. Funny he should have left that line in and cut the one about rhubarb — John Simmonds works in mysterious ways. However, I live with my daughter Fido — that's only a nickname. Her real name is Spot, so called because of her complexion. She is the English Rose type — looks exactly like Harry Wheatcroft. One morning I was out in the paddock watching her putting Trembling Lazarus through his paces.

[**F/X:** *galloping hooves and horse coming to a stop*]

Betty: (*horsey*) Whoa, Lazarus! Easy, old chap. Well, Daddy, what do you think?

Kenneth: I'm afraid we can't enter old Lazarus for the National.

Betty: Oh Daddy, why not?

Kenneth: Because he's the gardener. Off you go Lazarus —

Bill: (*Rustic*) Thankee, sorr. Can I take this saddle off now?

Kenneth: Yes, but give yourself a good rub down with straw. I don't want you getting glanders. Or Glander getting yours, for that matter.

[**F/X:** *horses' hooves galloping off*]

Betty: Daddy, it's time we bought a horse. People are beginning to talk. Especially since you shot the housekeeper when she broke a leg over the sticks, and sold old Fazackerly the butler for stud.

Kenneth: Come into the stable. I've got a surprise for you, son — or daughter. Whatever you are, come in here. Look — I bought him from Rosebery.

Betty: Lord Rosebery?

Kenneth: No. Rosebery the Family Butchers in the High Street. Seven and six a pound.

Betty: Oh, Daddy — a fine thoroughbred filly.

Kenneth: Played by Douglas Smith, in blinkers.

Douglas: (*neighs*)

Kenneth: Well done, Smith.

Douglas: Frankly I'm not happy with the part. I'm much better at sheep. (*bleats*) Can't I play it as a sheep?

Kenneth: No — we can't enter a sheep for the Grand National. You're a filly.

Betty: What are we going to call her, daddy?

Kenneth: Well, you may think I'm a sentimental old fuddy duddy, but I wanted to call her after your mother — the Broadstairs Strangler.

Betty: How old is she, Daddy?

Kenneth: You can tell by counting her teeth. Open your mouth, Smith.

Douglas: Aah.

Betty: Hm. Two and a half.

Douglas: You can count the rings round my trunk.

Kenneth: That's trees, Smith. She's a beautiful creature, isn't she? Look at those haunches, look at that sleek mane, look at those fetlocks.

Douglas: My metatarsals are much admired too, sir.

Kenneth: Don't be so vain, Smith. I'm going to enter her for the Novices' Handicap at Kempton Park.

Betty: How do you think she'll do?

Kenneth: She stands a good chance. After all, she's only running against a lot of nuns.

Betty: Who'll ride her?

Kenneth: Old Paddy O'Thongfester. He was the Queen's jockey.

Betty: But *that* Queen's been dead for sixty years.

Kenneth: Nonetheless he shall wear the Fitzloosely colours. The colours my grandfather made famous on every race course in England. Shocking Pink, with lavender hoops, and broderie anglaise sleeves.

Betty: Those were grandfather's colours?

Kenneth: Yes. I've often wondered about grandfather. But Paddy shall ride the Strangler.
(*calls*) Paddy.

Hugh: (*approaching. Old Irish*) Ah, Sorr — musha musha — be jabers — By the sacred beard of Brigid Brophy, and isn't it old Paddy himself.

Kenneth: It's hard to tell from that. Well, there she is Paddy. What do you think of her?

Hugh: Sure and by the sainted polo-necked sweater of Val Doonican, she's a fine mount. Those sleek flanks, those flaring nostrils, her foam-flecked mouth — I bet *she* can go, ah sorr, I fancy my chances with her.

Kenneth: Quite. But what about the horse?

Hugh: Ah sure, by the holy teeth of Eamonn Andrews — she's a spirited creature. Sure, it'll be a good man as can ride her.

Kenneth: And you're that man, Paddy. (*narrating*) Old Paddy appraised her with one eye wryly. He leapt on to her back with a shout of ...

Hugh: Yippee I-ay for the one-eyed Riley —

Kenneth: From an old anonymous folk song of the same name. Author's note. With Paddy on her back, the Strangler tossed her proud head, whinnied —

Douglas: (*bleats as sheep*)

Kenneth: Curse you, Smith — then she reared up on her hind legs and threw the old jockey to the ground. He lay there in a lifeless heap. The Strangler was going to be a difficult filly to ride.

Betty: Oh, daddy. The race is only a week away. Who can tame her? Who can carry our colours to victory?

Ken W.: (*young and shy*) Let me try, sir. I can handle her.

Kenneth: I looked down in surprise. It was the young stable lad — young Ginger Muffplaster. A strapping young lad — for a jockey. He towered to a height of nearly eighteen inches. You, Ginger?

Ken W.: Yes me, sir.

Kenneth: He looked me boldly in the kneecap.

Ken W.: Let me have a go, sir. I may be small but I can ...

Kenneth: You can what?

Ken W.: I don't know, sir. I'm too small to tell — without a magnifying glass. I know the ways of horses, sir. Let me ride her in the big race.

Kenneth: You're just a stable boy.

Ken W.: Well, fairly stable. I have me black moods — but give me a chance. You just think of me as that funny little Ginger that hangs round the stable — but I can be a champion jockey. I've got it in me.

Betty: Give him a chance, daddy. Let him ride the Strangler in the Handicap. Please, please ... sob, sob.

Kenneth: All right, I give in. I hate to see a man cry.

[*Orchestra: short racing type link*]

Bill: Welcome to Kempton Park for the Novices' Handicap. As they come under starter's orders, here is a look at the betting. Vicar's Ankle, seven to four. Nudists' Surprise, four to one. Jamgroper's Cottage, a hundred to eight. Upholstererswick, twenty to one. Bogmoaner the Third, twenty-five to one. The Broadstairs Strangler, one hundred to one. Bar. Well, the tapes go up and they're off. Nudists' Surprise takes the lead as they go away into the country and I hand you over to Peter Thripnose at the five-furlong marker.

Hugh: Thank you, Triffid O'Hara. And as they pass me at the five-furlong marker it's Jamgroper's Cottage from Vicar's Ankle as I hand you over to Jim Panderboot.

Ken W.: Thank you, Peter Thripnose — as I hand you over to Arnold Voss Toothpick in Cologne.

Bill: Well, the weather's lovely here in Cologne and with that over to Jean Metcalfe in London.

Betty: Thank you, Arnold Voss Toothpick in Cologne. Well, here in Broadcasting House there's no sign of the horses yet. Oh, here they come.

[**F/X:** *Door opens*
thundering hooves on wooden floor
door closes]

Betty: As I hand you back to Triffid O'Hara in the Grandstand. This also goes to the best mum in the world, granny, and the twins.

Bill: Thank you, Jean, granny, and the twins, and as the horses thunder down the home stretch it's Podmore's Lip from Glockamorra Vest with Cobbler's Twitch in third place.

But hold on — here comes the Broadstairs Strangler with young apprentice Ginger Muffplaster up. He's leaning over her neck encouraging her. He's whispering something in her ear.

[**F/X:** *horse's hooves loud — and under for dialogue*]

Ken W.: Come on, Smith. Go it, gel.

Douglas: I can't go any faster there's something in my hoof.

Ken W.: If you don't get a move on, Tiddles will eat well tonight.

Douglas: Oh.

[**F/X:** *Thundering hooves very loud*
race crowd shouting]

Kenneth: Good old Ginger.

Betty: He's won — he's won!

Kenneth: I have no comment to make at this time.

Betty: Here he comes now into the unsaddling enclosure.

Ken W.: I told you I'd do it, sir.

Kenneth: Well done. You shall ride her in the National.

Ken W.: Thank you, sir. But I have a confession to make. I did this for *you*, Miss Fido. You see — I love you. I may be small but I can give you ...

Betty: What can you give me? Can you give me what other men can give me?

Ken W.: Yes. Admittedly there won't be so much but ... I'm nobody now but when I've won the National I shall be rich and famous. I may even get a knighthood if they can find one my size. Then I shall ask you to change your name to Muffplaster.

Betty: Me?

Ken W.: Yes. With two of us I won't feel so embarrassed.

Betty: No, Ginger, it could never be. There would always be something between us.

Ken W.: What?

Betty: About four foot six.

Ken W.: A wild exaggeration.

Kenneth: In the weeks that followed young Ginger seemed downcast, although in his case there wasn't far to go. He'd saddle the cat and go out for long lonely rides — but then one day he was exercising The Strangler when ...

Hugh: Psst.

Ken W.: What was that?

Hugh: It was me behind this hedge musha musha — by the sainted shelalagh of Judy O'Grady, and sure isn't it me again, old Paddy — gone to the bad.

Ken W.: What do you want?

Hugh: I'm offering you five hundred to throw it.

Ken W.: The National?

Hugh: The same.

Ken W.: You're asking me to lose the race? But then the word would get around that I was bent. Nobody loves a bent jockey.

Hugh: What other kind is there?

Ken W.: I'm not talking about my legs. It's my honour — my good name.

Hugh: (*own voice*) Your good name? Muffplaster! You must be joking. (*character*) Besides what have you got to lose?

Ken W.: I don't know. I've told you, I can't see without a magnifying glass.

Hugh: Miss Fido doesn't love you. Here, look, five hundred green crackly ones.

Ken W.: Runner beans!

Hugh: Yes, and there's a bunch of radishes for you *after* you've lost the race.

Ken W.: I'll do it.

[*Orchestra: brief dramatic link*]

Bill: ... and as they come up to Becher's Brook for the second time it's Cardinal's Weakness and Milkman's Delight ... but the favourite, The Broadstairs Strangler, is falling even further behind —

[**F/X:** *slow clip clop of horse's hooves*]

Douglas: (*whinnies*)

Kenneth: He's holding her back. He's deliberately throwing the race. Why? — Why?

Betty: I don't *know* why Daddy.

Hugh: I'll *tell* you why, musha musha — by the sacred shin pads of Danny Blanchflower 'twas I behind it.

Kenneth: You, old Paddy, friend of my youth.

Hugh: Yes, I offered him money to throw the race — I did it for revenge.

Betty: Revenge?

Hugh: Yes. You wouldn't let me ride the Strangler. You threw me away like an old Ken Dodd joke. Me, Paddy O'Thongfester, who dandled you young master when you were no higher than Jimmy Edwards at closing time. Me, who's dandled you oft. You cast me off and I swore to get revenge.

Betty: But Ginger would never throw the race for money.

Hugh: No. I told him you didn't love him.

Betty: You swine — you'll feel my crop for this.

Hugh: Promises, promises.

Kenneth: Fido.

Betty: Yes, father.

Kenneth: You know what you must do. Only you can save the honour of the Fitzlooselys. Here comes Ginger now ...

[**F/X:** *clip clop of approaching hooves*]

Betty: Ginger. I must speak to you.

Ken W.: Whoa, gel. What is it, Fido?

Betty: Paddy lied. I love you.

[*Grams:* *swelling romantic strings*]

Ken W.: You love me?

Betty: Yes. Can't you tell by that music?

[*Grams:* *music out*]

Ken W.: Then I've been wrong all along, Fido. Say you will.

Betty: I will. Immediately after the race.

Ken W.: Gee up, Strangler.

Douglas: I can't. I've been nobbled. I've got something in my hoof.

Betty: Don't worry, we can still win. Leave it to me. There — now Ginger, ride like the wind.

[**F/X:** *hooves galloping off*]

Kenneth: It's incredible. they're gaining on the field, they're passing

all the other horses — he's putting the spurs in — they're neck and neck with the leaders, they're in front — they're coming up to the winning post.

[**F/X:** *crowd noise*]

Kenneth: They've won!

Bill: Congratulations, Captain Fitzloosely. I expect you're a very proud man.

Kenneth: Yes. It's not every father whose daughter is a Grand National winner. Have a lump of sugar. Take her saddle off — she's steaming. I must tell her brother — he'll be so proud. (*calls*) Oh Arkle!

[*Orchestra: playoff music*]

Kenneth: And if you think that's incredible, just listen to the Fraser Hayes Four, who are going to do nothing to impair their amateur status by singing 'I Believe In You'. Ladies and gentlemen, the Fraser Hayes Four.

[*The Fraser Hayes Four: 'I Believe in You'*]

Douglas: And now the 'Round the Horne Colour Supplement'.

Kenneth: First, to answer your queries — Daphne Whitethigh.

Betty: Tips for housewives. Want to get rid of that unwanted fatty embarrassment? Here's a simple and painless way. Just tell him you want a divorce. Here are some other handy tips. The best way to stop porridge sticking to the saucepan is to eat toast and marmalade for breakfast. A listener in Dorset asks how to avoid those tell-tale crow's feet around the eyes. The answer is to avoid, as far as possible, sleeping in a tree. Next week I shall be describing how to cold cream away those baboon claw marks on your hip. Finally I've had a lot of enquiries on how to get rid of unpleasant Staines. Well

my suggestion is to start by setting fire to the town hall and blowing up the bridge.

Kenneth: Thank you, Daphne Whitethigh. Next week — Woking for Beginners. Once again it's time to meet trendy Sunday night TV personality, Seamus Android.

Bill: Hello. All right, well now — ha ha. All right. Well I mustn't let my tongue run away with me. Now I know you can't wait to and neither can I, so I won't and with that — goodnight.

Kenneth: Thank you, Seamus Android, the tone of whose show is undoubtedly pheno-barbi... Here now to bring us a glimpse of what the stars foretell is clairvoyant and seer, Madame Osiris Gnomeclencher.

Hugh: Evening, dearie. Cross my palm with silver and I will lift the veil.

Kenneth: Here's a pound. Keep it on.

Hugh: Thank you, sir. You've got a lucky face ... in comparison with the rest of you. Now, let's have a shufti at the Zodiac. Well, if you are Pisces you should avoid asparagus, rogue elephants, and loonies with circular saws. On the other hand, if you are a Capricorn it's a good day for buttering toast and swimming the Atlantic. Not at the same time, however, as the salt water tends to make the toast soggy.

Kenneth: And people scoff at astrology!

Hugh: More fool them. If you are Leo, don't worry, you still have Uranus and Pluto in your first house, Venus is rising, and Jupiter's in the bath.

Kenneth: Have you any personal tips for me?

Hugh: Well, you're a Virgo but your heavenly twins are in the ascendant.

Kenneth: Good news at my age.

Hugh: Your lucky colour is washday red, and your lucky stone is gall.

Kenneth: Thank you, Madame Gnomeclencher, seer and believer. You have to see her to believe her.

This week the Colour Supplement turns its attention to — the English and travel. It's often said that foreigners begin at Calais and sometimes they don't stop till they get to Dover — judging by the noise that comes from the cabins. The English, on the other hand, are much more phlegmatic and will put up with anything as long as the hotel is satisfactory.

[*Tape:* *'Room With a View'*]

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Hugh: Here we are, darling. Like it?

Betty: Oh it's lovely, Charles.

Hugh: Well ups-a-daisy over the threshold. There.

Betty: Shall I put you down now, Charles?

Hugh: Yes. You've got quite enough to manage with the suitcases. Come over here to the window. There — look at that.

Betty: Oh, Charles — they're magnificent.

Hugh: Yes. See them rolling away into the distance.

Betty: Shall I run after them, Charles?

Hugh: No, I can get another pair in the morning. They were only National Health.

Betty: What made you pick *this* hotel, Charles?

Hugh: I don't know. Perhaps it's because the view reminds me of Nice. Perhaps it's because the air is like the air in Portofino and the light is like Athens. And yet it's funny to think that it's no more expensive than a working men's hostel in Kentish Town.

Betty: Where actually are we, Charles?

Hugh: In a working men's hostel in Kentish Town. The Bridal Suite.

Betty: Is that our bed, Charles?

Hugh: Yes. (*yawns*) I'm ready for beddy byes — aren't you, my little pudding?

Betty: Yes, lovey-wovey.

Hugh: How about a kissy wissy?

Betty: I don't like to ... well, yes ... oh, no.

Bill: (*Indian*) Please make up your mind, missus. There's fourteen of us in here trying to get some sleep.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Kenneth: There are a great many songs on the subject of travel, and here to render one — unconscious — I give you Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Well, hello me dearios. My ditty today tells of a weary traveller who has rested his splod in an alien place and though he has often pitched his cordwangle in strange parts, his memory takes him back on wings of song to the bosky turve where he was first nadgered.

Kenneth: I'd like to see our critics find a double meaning in that. Or any meaning at all. Sing on, blithe Rumpo — bird thou never wert — I don't know though.

Ken W.: (*guitar vamp*) And as the wanderer's thoughts turn homeward, he sings after this fashion. (*tune of 'Over the Hills and Far Away'*)

I've nadgered all my lummocks around the hemisphere
I've grusseted my artifacts far and near
But through the years my love has growed
For the Bogeller's lass in the Balls Pond Road.

(*Chorus*) How I miss its fragrance sweet
The Loomers grunging in the street
Fain would I once more grope my scroad

With Spotty Lil in the Balls Pond Road.

Oft have I whirdled a comely lass
From John O'Groats to Boston Mass.
But though I've woggled, my heart's bestowed
On the Bogeller's lass in the Balls Pond Road.

(*Chorus*) How I miss her moulies fine
Fain would I make her grummits mine
My path is bent, my legs are bowed
For Spotty Lil in the Balls Pond Road.

Kenneth: Thank you, Rambling Syd Rumpo. Long may he be preserved — in a specimen jar at the Natural History Museum. Well, to most people travel means holidays. With the travel allowance at fifty pounds it's becoming more and more difficult to find a foreign holiday that one can afford, and that's why when I was leafing through my monthly copy of 'Breezy Pics incorporating Leather News and Amateur Chiropodist' and I came across an advert for a travel agency offering cheap tours, I hurried over to their address in Chelsea right away. The sign on the door said 'Bona Bijou Tourettes: Knock and troll in'. I knocked, and trolled ...

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Hello, is anybody there?

Hugh: Oh hello. I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: How bona to vada your dolly old eek again, Mr Horne, heartface.

Kenneth: I'm interested in booking a holiday.

Hugh: Would you like us to do something exciting for you in a cheap package?

Kenneth: Yes. What would you recommend?

Ken W.: Well about Juan in the S of F? That's Les Pins. Bona, ennit Jule?

Hugh: Divine. Sitting, sipping a tiny drinkette, vada-ing the great

butch omis and dolly little palones trolling by — or disporting yourself on the sable plage getting your lallies all bronzed — your riah getting bleached by the soleil.

Ken W.: That's your actual French. How about Juan Les Pins?

Kenneth: I'm not besotted by Juan.

Ken W.: He's not besotted, Jule. What else have we got in the S of F.

Kenneth: Isn't it a bit expensive?

Hugh: Oh no. Not if you do it our way. We've got an ami down there who'll rent you his lattie.

Ken W.: Who?

Hugh: Gordon. You remember him?

Ken W.: Oh yes. That Gordon. Him with the leather jeans and jackets and goggles and helmets and things. Looked like a kinky AA man. Him who had the bar in Tangier?

Hugh: Yes. The Sheep's Eye in the Rue des Matelots.

Ken W.: Has he give up the bar?

Hugh: Yes. Fell through. She walked out on him.

Ken W.: What? The old American boiler?

Hugh: Yes. She *moved on*.

Ken W.: Hmmmm. Thought she would.

Kenneth: Sorry to interrupt you but if I hang about here much longer my passport will expire.

Ken W.: Sorry, we was just having a wander down memory lane. Now, if we drop Gordon a little telegram-ette, I'm sure he'll accommodate you if we say you're a chum.

Kenneth: Somehow I don't think it's me. What else can you suggest?

Ken W.: Well what else have we got with a little ambience?

Hugh: Well, we've discovered a new place in Greece ... right off the beaten — village des naturistes — grass huts — volley ball in the starkers — folk singing and nut cutlets... What more could you ask? Two weeks, fifty guineas.

Kenneth: All in?

Hugh: You probably would be after two weeks.

Kenneth: How about Spain? Somewhere like Malaga?

Ken W.: Don't talk to us about Malaga!

Kenneth: Naph, is it?

Hugh: He's got the palare off, hasn't he?

Ken W.: I should say it is naph, treashette. Jule had a nasty experience in Malaga —

Hugh: Traitor. You swore you'd never bring that up —

Ken W.: It was meaningful while it lasted, but it's left its scars, hasn't it Jule? And every time anyone mentions Malaga it wells up in him. You see he got badly stung —

Kenneth: Portuguese Man O'War?

Hugh: Never found out. Anyway, we wouldn't want you coming to grief in Malaga.

Kenneth: What else is there?

Ken W.: Well all we got left on our books is Working Holidays. You can go coal-mining in the Ruhr, mackerel-gutting in Oslo, or sheep-shearing in Australia. Or there's one nearer home — Hamburg. That's very cheap —

Kenneth: I'll take it.

Ken W.: There is one slight drawback. Your days your own, but twice nightly you have to put on a goatskin and wrestle with a camel in mud.

[*Orchestra: playoff*]

Kenneth: Well that brings us to the end of this week's show. But before we go, I would just like to answer some of the criticism of this show levelled at us by a tiny minority of killjoys. Let me say to them that our scripts are whiter than white, as is the face of the producer when he reads them. You see, evil is in the eye of the beholder — and we believe that you can make anything sound as if it has a double meaning — if you know how. So cheerio, see you next week.

THIRD SERIES, NUMBER 14

Recorded 1 May 1967
First broadcast 14 May 1967

FEATURING ...

* 'Smear a Traffic Warden in Bloater Paste for Asia' Day
* Armpit Theatre — a thrilling tale of the Orient entitled 'The Maltese Brass Monkey'
* The Round the Horne Colour Supplement — fashion advice from Daphne Whitethigh and absolutely no advice at all from Seamus Android
* Dame Celia Molestrangler and 'Binky' Huckaback in the epic saga of the bush, 'Where No Hippos Fly'
* The ineffable Rambling Syd Rumpo with a song of that legendary huntsman, Jim Pubes
* Julian and Sandy: 'The Bona Hunt' ('Come trolling after the fox with us in specially selected groups')

Cast: Kenneth Horne
Kenneth Williams
Hugh Paddick
Betty Marsden
Bill Pertwee
The Fraser Hayes Four
Edwin Braden and the Hornblowers

Announcer: Douglas Smith

Script by: Barry Took and Marty Feldman

Produced by: John Simmonds

Our main sketch, 'The Maltese Brass Monkey', gave us a glimpse of Kenneth Williams in oriental garb once more.

In the Colour Supplement the regulars are all present and the writing appears light and effortless. The series ended with Programme 20, and with it Marty Feldman's contribution. It had been a golden period in our writing lives, with as much work as we could handle on television, radio, and films. Of everything Marty and I did together, I think that *Round the Horne* was our greatest, and certainly most sustained, achievement.

[*Grams:* *rousing fanfare*]

Bill: This is the big one.

Hugh: Watch out for it.

Ken W.: It's coming your way.

Betty: It's coming soon.

Bill: Don't miss it.

Hugh: Yes — it's coming now.

Betty: It's here.

Hugh: (*flatly*) Oh, it's gone again.

Ken W.: Just as well. I didn't like it anyway.

Douglas: Here's something you'll like even less. It's 'Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra:* *signature tune*]

Kenneth: Hello again. Well, as everyone knows, today is 'Smear a Traffic Warden in Bloater Paste for Asia' Day, and to commemorate it in fitting style, London has pulled out all the stops. There's Spotted Dick Crouching at All Hallows Without, while at All Hallows Within there's International Charlady Feathering, under the Marquess of Queensbury, weather and His Lordship permitting. There'll be the all-comers Pasa Doble Jockey Wagging at the Five Minute Hippo Wash in the coalshed at Lords, while the Over-Eighties Nudist Trampoline Team will be holding their annual Hedgehog Squat — for Charity. Yes. I only hope that the hedgehogs can be prevailed upon to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

Right, Smith, make the announcement.

Douglas: And now, Armpit Theatre presents a tale of the Orient, and the quest for an idol so valuable that men would rob, cheat, lie for it — yes — men would stoop to anything to possess it.

Kenneth: Not the Golden Rose of Montreux?

Douglas: No, it's the story of —

[*Orchestra:* *oriental sting*]

Douglas: The Maltese Brass Monkey.

[**F/X:** *large Chinese gong*]

Kenneth: My name is Captain Bearsbreath McKneegrasper — known in all the ports of the China Sea as Mad Alice Cudlipp, for reasons that I won't go into here — or indeed anywhere, without first consulting a solicitor. Every dockside loafer in Macao is familar with my tug, the S.S. Mrs Mahatma Fortinbrass — named after my first mate. My story opens in September 1946. I'd put in for repairs, and made my way to the rickshaw rank on the quayside.

Bill: Ho there, sailor. You want lickshaw?

Kenneth: Never before sundown —

Bill: You want good pull up for sailors?

Kenneth: I've told you — never before sundown. Take me to the Celestial Palace of a Thousand Delights.

Bill: Ah yes — Mrs Buggins' gaff. Jump in.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Hugh: Welcome to the Hotel of a Thousand Delights. What can I do for you?

Kenneth: I want a single delight with bath.

Hugh: Certainly, sir. Follow me. Anything I can do for you, please ring.

[**F/X:** *key in lock/door opens*]

Hugh: Your suite.

Kenneth: You're pretty nice too —

[**F/X:** *door closes*]

Kenneth: It was good to be ashore. I hadn't felt my legs on land for a long while — or anybody else's for that matter. I undressed and lay on my bed looking up my Baedecker. There were many things I wanted to see in Macao, but first I thought I'd better clean up. I started with the reference to Baedecker, making it perfectly clear that it was a travel guide. Then I stepped into the shower. Suddenly I felt something in the small of my back. I turned. I was looking down the muzzle of a mauser.

Bill: (*German*) This pussy cat is loaded. One false move and you get it, Captain Bearsbreath McKneegrasper.

Kenneth: How do you know my name?

Bill: Just a lucky guess. Come, follow me.

Kenneth: He pressed his top waitcoat button and a secret panel in his riding breeches swung open.

Bill: Follow me.

Kenneth: He said, and disappeared through it. I followed... down his leg and into his boot. I should point out they were very baggy riding breeches. Soon we emerged into the light and I found myself in a large ante-chamber. There in front of me sitting on a vast carved throne was a huge impassive buddha-like figure. He sniffed a grape and nibbled an orchid.

Ken W.: Greetings. My name is Lo Min Sing.

Kenneth: Yes. I've seen you, Min Sing along the waterfront.

Ken W.: Welcome to my humble abode, Captain McKneegrasper.

Kenneth: You know my name?

Ken W.: I know *all* about you. Educated at a country parsonage in Haifa. A first at Cambridge, a second at Oxford, and a third at Kempton Park. Cashiered from Sandhurst and usheretted from the Regal, Canning Town. You are now an illicit sennapod runner. You see, I have a bulky

dossier... for a man of my size.

Kenneth: You seem to know everything about me. What do you want of me?

Ken W.: I'm told you'll do most things for money.

Kenneth: That's a lie. I'd do *anything* for money.

Ken W.: Would you even steal the Maltese Brass Monkey?

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic chords*]

Kenneth: The Maltese Brass Monkey?

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic chords*]

Kenneth: It's here?

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic chords*]

Ken W.: Yes, here — in Macao.

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic chords*]

Kenneth: In Macao?

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic chords*]

Ken W.: Yes, Macao.

[*Orchestra:* *long series of dramatic chords*]

Ken W.: Follow me — in here.

[**F/X:** *door opens and closes*]

Kenneth: Why did you bring me in here?

Ken W.: To get away from the flaming orchestra. If you can bring it to me, I shall pay you a vast sum of money. But I must have it tonight.

Kenneth: What?

Ken W.: The Maltese Brass Monkey.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic chords*]

Kenneth: Get out, Braden. Now Min Sing, what are you going to do with the — er — you know what...

Ken W.: I have friends in Moscow who'll pay me well for it. But I must get the Brass Monkey there before the cold weather.

Kenneth: I'm your man. Don't worry, Min Sing. I'll find the Maltese Brass Monkey. (*pause*) I said, I'll find the Maltese Brass Monkey.

Edwin: Oh, sorry Ken. One, two —

[*Orchestra:* *dramatic chords*]

Kenneth: I hurried back to my hotel, but there in my room a surprise awaited me. On the bed was something I had never expected to see — a clean bedspread — and on it the seductive curves and the smooth flawless yellow skin — of a banana. The girl eating it looked up. She spoke.

Betty: My name is Tiger Lily.

Kenneth: Any relation to Beatrice Lillie?

Betty: When I heard you were in town, Captain McKneegrasper, I had to come and see you.

Kenneth: Why?

Betty: I've never seen anyone called McKneegrasper.

Kenneth: What do you want of me?

Betty: You've just left Lo Min Sing at his place half way up page fourteen.

Kenneth: How do you know that?

Betty: I was watching you disguised as a paper clip.

Kenneth: You could have fooled anybody.

Betty: Don't get the Maltese Brass Monkey for Min Sing. He wants it for his own evil ends.

Kenneth: But he's promised me a princely figure, and I'm sick of the one I've got.

Betty: Get the Monkey for me — I'll give you everything I've got.

Kenneth: How much money is that?

Betty: I'm not talking about money. I can give you a woman's love.

Kenneth: Oh, all right then, but you know my terms. So much down and a little every week.

Betty: Good — then go to this address tonight. Here on this card.

Kenneth: What's this? — Messrs Hong Kong Wong and Levine, Oriental Plastic Novelties Ltd., incorporating Renta-sampan and turf accountants. Our motto: You win when you lose with Hong Kong Wong and Levine. Licensed annually by the Westminster County Tong. I'll get over there right away.

[*Orchestra: brief link*]

Kenneth: Ah, here we are — Hong Kong Wong and Levine.

[**F/X:** *spring door bell — door opens*]

Hugh: (*Jewish*) Hello, can I help you?

Kenneth: Ah, Mr Levine?

Hugh: No. I'm Hong Kong Wong, and if you think that's ridiculous, you should see Levine. Shall I call him?

Kenneth: No, it's you I've come to see, Hong Kong Wong.

Hugh: Well, in that case may I offer you the traditional oriental greeting — May the celestial radiance shine on you and may your concubines be fruitful and be a delight to you in

the sunset of your life, my life already, more I can't wish you and well over the fast.

Kenneth: The inscrutable oriental bowed and disappeared into the back of the shop, returning shortly with the traditional teacups.

Hugh: So sit down — have a cup of tea. You fancy perhaps a piece cheesecake? Gefilta Chop Suey — sweet and sour Matzo balls?

Kenneth: No thanks, I've just had some. Let's get down to business. I want the Maltese Brass Monkey.

Hugh: Brass Monkeys he wants. Brass Monkeys I ain't got. How about a nice Maltese Brass Orang-Utan — these I've got a glut of.

Kenneth: No, thank you. It must be the Maltese Brass Monkey. I'm willing to pay well.

Hugh: Hm — Come back midnight — I might be able to help. It's going to be difficult — it's going to be dangerous — but I'll do my best.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Kenneth: That night, accompanied by Tiger Lily, I returned to the shop. It was in darkness. We lit a joss and in his flickering light we saw — a crumpled heap — it was Hong Kong Wong.

Betty: Is he dead?

Kenneth: Yes, I'm afraid someone's done Wong.

Betty: And look, the safe has been ransacked.

Kenneth: Yes — whoever killed Wong has got the Maltese Brass Monkey.

Betty: Shh. What's that?

Kenneth: I looked around me. In the flickering light the grotesque shadows danced, accompanying Cliff Richard of course.

Then suddenly a huge chopper flashed in the gloom and buried itself in the woodwork by my head.

[**F/X:** *swish, then clump of chopper into wood*]

Betty: Look out, Captain McKneegrasper.

Kenneth: But it was too late. My assailant came at me with a curious oriental gait. He leapt over it and hung one on me.

Hugh: There, what do you think?

Kenneth: It looked better hanging on you. You've got the neck for it.

Hugh: I warn you. I am an expert in karate. I am a black belt of the second Dan.

Kenneth: You mean?

Hugh: Yes. I'm Dan Dan the Karate Man.

Kenneth: He grabbed my lapels in Judo fashion.

Hugh: Hm. Nice bit of schmulter.

Kenneth: Hong Kong Wong! You! Alive?

Hugh: If you can call this living. But I'm not Hong Kong Wong. I am Min Sing's aide de —

Kenneth: Camp.

Hugh: Cheeky.

Kenneth: He came at me — swinging with his handbag. I threw a punch at him — he retaliated with a Judo throw — we went at it Punch and Judo. Then with a quick gesture he threw me two feet in the air then me two elbows and me head. He juggled them deftly.

Hugh: Do what?

Betty: Don't worry, he's as deft as a post.

Kenneth: I'm going to let you have it.

Hugh: Are you sure?

Kenneth: Yes — I've finished with it.

Hugh: Oh. It's nice — what is it?

Kenneth: A right hook.

Hugh: Oooh!

Kenneth: He collapsed in a bundle on the floor, tied himself up with string and posted himself to the house of Min Sing. We followed by the next post.

[**F/X:** *large Chinese gong*]

Ken W.: Ah so — Captain McKneegrasper, we meet again.

Kenneth: Yes, you fiend. I know now you have been using me as a cat's paw.

Ken W.: That wasn't the part of the cat I had in mind. (*calls*) Off with his head — and then off with the rest of him.

Kenneth: Not so fast. I have a loaded question here and I'm not afraid to ask it.

Ken W.: You wouldn't dare.

Kenneth: Oh, wouldn't I? Here goes. (*Northern accent*) Have you ever had an embarrassing experience?

Ken W.: (*Gruntfuttock*) Yes, Wilfrid — I was in the Gordon Highlanders and one day I was going up the stairs of the bus, when this woman with the French loaf...

Kenneth: Yes, quite. Give him the money, Mabel.

Ken W.: (*Gruntfuttock*) What's in the jackpot?

Betty: (*Northern*) There's half a Welsh rarebit, six penn'orth of pease pudding, a Queen's Scout's woggle, and the Maltese Brass Monkey.

Kenneth: Grab it and run.

Betty: Right! Yech!

Kenneth: Not the pease pudding — the Brass Monkey. Now run.

[**F/X:** *two pairs of running footsteps*]

Ken W.: Oi, come back — stop, that's cheating — it's not fair, you're not playing cricket... (*etc.*) (*fading into distance*)

Betty: (*pants*) I can't go much further.

Kenneth: Never mind, We're nearly at the harbour. There's a junk waiting for our getaway.

Betty: But there are so many. Which one? Which one?

Kenneth: It doesn't matter. You can get away with any old junk on 'Round the Horne'.

[*Orchestra: playoff*]

Kenneth: And just to prove that was no idle boast, here are the Fraser Hayes four — or as they're described in the script every week, The FHF. So here to sing 'Soon it's gonna rain' are the FHF.

[*The Fraser Hayes Four: 'Soon It's Gonna Rain'*]

Douglas: And now the 'Round the Horne Colour Supplement'.

Kenneth: First, on the fashion scene, Daphne Whitethigh.

Betty: Hello. Uniforms are still high fashion and anyone who wants to be in the forefront is wearing one. I had a letter recently which said, 'Dear Daphne — The other night I put on my old military uniform and tagged along with a crowd in the King's Road, similarly dressed. Imagine my surprise when the next morning I found myself on patrol in Singapore. What do you advise? Signed Second Lieutenant Mary Quant. Brigade of Guards.' Well, my advice is keep your eye shadow to the minimum and nobody will notice.

I have one last piece of fashion news. A top designer tells me that although bosoms are still out, there's a rumour in haute couture circles that they may be on their way back.

Kenneth: I'll keep a light burning in the window. Come home, bosoms, all is forgiven. Thank you, Daphne Whitethigh, and hello again to the Sunday night TV personality, Seamus Android, the man who has his audience riveted to their seats. It's the only way he can keep them in the studio. Come in, Seamus.

Bill: Well now, hello — ha ha. All right. Hello, ha ha, well now — all right. Well, we'll come back to that later, but meanwhile here is a young singing star who is not only young but by the time I remember her name she'll be extremely old. So when I say Cilla Black you'll all know I mean Dusty Springfield, or do I mean Tom Jones? No, it's Spike Milligan — with her latest recording. Er — No — Well, anyway whoever she is, here she is at last — gone. And with that it's goodnight,

Kenneth: Thank you, Seamus Android. Now the Colour Supplement turns its attention to the English and animals. It's often said, and with justification, that the English love animals. Nothing delights the English heart as much as a little lamb — a few green peas and a quantity of mint sauce. To prove their love of animals, the English either eat them, shoot them, or lock them up in cages. But the animal in the zoo receives the finest medical care.

Hugh: And how are the patients today, Dr Pewterblast?

Ken W.: (*snide*) Well, I'm a bit worried about that horse in the East enclosure. He's got a nasty swelling on his back. I tried to lance it but he didn't take kindly to that — so I put a bread poultice on it, but it hasn't gone down.

Hugh: I'm not surprised. That horse in the East enclosure is a camel.

Ken W.: How mortifying —

Hugh: Yes, isn't it? How's the giraffe?

Ken W.: Oh, I diagnosed that all right. He's got a sore throat. I shall

paint it with iodine just as soon as the scaffolding's up. But I'm worried about the dog.

Hugh: The dog?

Ken W.: Yes, the one by the lion house. He's hysterical.

Hugh: That's the laughing hyena.

Ken W.: Oh —

Hugh: Has Keeper Jenkins told you about the Boa Constrictor? Apparently he's been off his food.

Ken W.: Yes, I've had a look at him. He's all right now except for a nasty protruberance in his stomach.

Hugh: What do you think it is?

Ken W.: Well, from the shape of it I think it's Keeper Jenkins. I'm more worried about the elephant. He's lost his memory — thinks he's a baby kangaroo. Keeps hopping about on his hind legs punching people.

Hugh: Good heavens.

Ken W.: It's the other kangaroo I'm worried about. He keeps trying to get into her pouch. But I've got worries of my own.

Hugh: What's the matter?

Ken W.: I've got to resign.

Hugh: Why?

Ken W.: Well, yesterday I thought that Lulu, the giant Orang-Utan, was expiring so I leapt into the cage and gave her the kiss of life. It turned out she was only asleep. When she woke up she misunderstood the situation entirely — and now she's suing me for breach of promise.

[*Orchestra:* *brief link*]

Kenneth: Of course, the cinema has often used animals and the call of the wild as a theme for major epics. Here now is a scene

from one such film — a story of the bush, entitled, 'Where No Hippos Fly' — just as well really. Anyway, it stars Dame Celia Molestrangler and ageing juvenile 'Binky' Huckaback.

[*Grams:* *Great Outdoors music*]

Betty: Oh Charles, I'm frightened.

Hugh: Steady, old girl. They can smell fear.

Betty: Are you sorry you brought me out here?

Hugh: To the bush?

Betty: Yes.

Hugh: I know the bush is no place for a woman but we've been happy here, haven't we?

Betty: Happy Charles? Who knows what happiness is. It's giving and taking and having and holding and loving and needing and wanting and feeling.

Hugh: Yes Fiona, it's all of those things and yet none of them.

Betty: (*irritable*) And yet all of them.

Hugh: (*irritable*) And yet none of them.

Betty: (*irritable*) And yet all of them.

Hugh: (*very irritable*) Oh, all right — some of them then.

Betty: Charles, are we safe here in the bush?

Hugh: Quite safe.

Betty: But look over there — there's another of those creatures.

Hugh: He's an ugly brute. Look at that snout on him. Those little red eyes. Don't move. I think he's seen us.

Betty: Oh, Charles.

Hugh: Don't worry I'll take care of him. Stand your ground. I

think he's going to charge us. Er — Evening constable. We're just leaving the park.

Kenneth: Of all the songs about animals none are more common than ditties of the Hunt. Here now to offend against reason is Rambling Syd Rumpo.

Ken W.: Hello, me dearios. I am going to sing you a song of that great huntsman Jim Pubes, who lived many years ago, and 'tis said there was no finer sight in Cumberland than to see old Jim straddling his nadger behind the parsonage and looming his turves before setting off in pursuit of the quarry. This song tells his story and goes after this fashion.

Ken W. with guitar: (*sings to the tune of 'D'ye Ken John Peel'*)

D'ye ken Jim Pubes
With his splod so bright,
As he traddles his nadger
In the bright moonlight.
He whirdles his possett all through the night —
But he can't turn it off in the morning.

Oh the sound of his groat
Threw me from my bed,
As he blew up his moulie
Fit to waken the dead —
Oh the noise of his grunge
Nearly blew off me head
And removed all the paint from the awning.

D'ye ken Jim Pubes
Now his splod's turned white,
And his nadger's been struck
With an awful blight —
And he can't find his possett without a light —
And he can't turn it on in the morning.

Oh his poor old groat
It has sprung a leak,
And the sound of his moulie's
Reduced to a squeak —
Though he blows and he blows till
He's blue in the eek —
We'll no more hear him grunge in the morning.

Kenneth: It's sad to think that the good people of Cumberland can no longer hear Jum Pubes grunging in the morning. Still, at least now they'll get a good lie in. I always thought that fox hunting was the prerogative of the wealthy few, so I was amazed when I saw an advertisment in my copy of 'Peek a Boo Corset Pictorial' — I buy it for the spot the ball contest. The advertisment read: 'The Bona Hunt — Come trolling after the fox with us in specially selected groups.' It sounded just what I wanted, so I hurried over to the address in Carnaby Street as fast as my lallies would carry me.

[**F/X:** *door opens*]

Kenneth: Hello — anybody there?

Hugh: Oh hello. I'm Julian and this is my friend Sandy.

Ken W.: Oh, it's Mr Horne.

Hugh: Yoicks, Tally Ho Ducky!

Ken W.: We are your actual Carnaby Hunt. Jule's MFH — I'm the Whipper-in.

Kenneth: And very nice you look too. How many of you are there in the hunt?

Hugh: Just Sand and me so far.

Ken W.: And of course Reynard.

Kenneth: The fox?

Ken W.: No, ducky. Reynard La Spoon the choreographer — he's a close personal, ent he Jule?

Hugh: An intime — you'll get on well with him. He's your type — all butch.

Ken W.: But questing. You must have seen his work. He does fantastic things on the television.

Hugh: You know they all come trolling on in form-hugging black and do evocative things with chairs and ladders and planks of wood. He once done something with a bentwood chair that made Robert Helpmann's eyes stand out like organ stops.

Ken W.: It was his own fault for standing so close. Course Reynard's classical trained —

Hugh: Oh yes. He's got your full classical.

Ken W.: Started in John Cranko's Nutcracker and worked his way up.

Hugh: He supported Dame Margot's Sleeping Beauty when Nureyev backed out.

Kenneth: And he's the only other member of the hunt, is he?

Ken W.: So far — but we're hoping to attract your show business clientele.

Kenneth: And where do you hunt from?

Hugh: Oh here — in Carnaby Street.

Kenneth: There can't be many foxes in Carnaby Street.

Hugh: No. Not foxes. There's not what you could call a plethora of foxes round here, but you still have the thrill of the chase.

Kenneth: The chase? But what can you find to chase in Carnaby Street?

Ken W.: He's very jejune, isn't he Jule?

Hugh: It's a quality I admire in him. Would that I still had it. (*sighs*) Où sont les neiges d'antan, Mr Horne —

Ken W.: That's your actual philosophical French — Still, don't brood, Jule, you'll get lines.

Hugh: Now Mr Horne — you ready for the off?

Kenneth: Yes.

Hugh: Just put this Pink Coat on — and these breeches.

Ken W.: And these bijou bootettes — Right, now you're all dressed.

Kenneth: What happens now?

Ken W.: We just wait here till we vada the quarry. Look there he goes — after him.

Kenneth: But what about the horse?

Ken W.: What horse? Jump on Jule's back.

Ken W. & Hugh: (*ad lib*) Yoicks, Tally Ho's — (*exit*)

Kenneth: We chased the ginger furry creature down the road. Unfortunately it turned out to be Mick Jagger in a fun fur. He went to earth in a gents' boutique calling itself the Gay Hussar — and I didn't have the nerve to go in after him. Jule and I were merely hanging about on that street corner, trying to pick up another scent, when the policeman came along. And that, gentlemen of the jury, concludes my speech for the defence.

Cheerio.

[*Orchestra:* *'Round the Horne' signature tune*]

POSTSCRIPT

ROUNDING OFF THE HORNE

Norman Shrapnel

From *The Guardian*, 19 June 1965

'Resign!' they cry, and 'It's a disgrace!' Parody is the main ingredient of the 'Round the Horne' show, and they go off the air tomorrow at the end of their 16-week session with a rollicking mock-up of disharmony and lack of confidence in the leadership.

They don't just break up; they positively disintegrate. Of course, nobody believes it, and they will be back next year in a new show that will no doubt be vibrant with togetherness and the team spirit. But for the moment they prefer chaos and recriminations. 'He's held me back — I could have been a star!' screams Kenneth Williams, like some paranoid junior Minister strapped panting to a truth machine. Lists are waved all over the studio stage.

Entirely unmoved by all this, the current premier of radio mirth, Mr Kenneth Horne, thanks everybody with the sort of modesty that makes it clear that the thanks are entirely due to the party, and his own share they can work out for themselves. 'We've all enjoyed it,' he bashfully assures the delighted audience. 'We're a brilliant team,' he remarks casually. He says it like a parodist of underweening British arrogance, and in fact 'Round the Horne' is exceedingly, some might think excessively, British.

It seems laughable, but also in a way sinister, that it should have been criticized for offensiveness. The jokes may be a little audacious at times, but basically it is about as offensive as *Alice in Wonderland*. Fantasy is the other main ingredient. It is a fantasy world in which Horne is the straight man, Alice without the ringlets. Fantasy plus parody don't really equal satire. In fact, they successfully avoid it. This show's air of maverick, matey rudeness provides a perfect formula for mockery without tears. They can take a bash at everything from patriotic fervour to *avant-garde* plays, from folk songs to fashionable spy thrillers, from sex romantic to sex profane, from Mr Bernard Levin to President Johnson.

The show is, in fact, almost irritatingly harmless. But excellent fun it undoubtedly is, and the recording session at the Paris Studios in Regent

Street is even more fun than what comes over the air.

Ambling on to the stage like somebody who has just played 16 holes satisfactorily — three up and two to play — Horne parodies relaxation, just as the other Kenneth parodies excess. Williams always sings his idiotic folk songs; he always takes half a line of script and constructs on it a mountainous fantasy of ill-usage ('Those writers give me *any* old rubbish!'), until the whole entertainment world is turned into a conspiracy to thwart and belittle Kenneth Williams. The strangulated voices of Hugh Paddick and Betty Marsden — again, it is even funnier to watch — invariably parody the romantic melodrama. These personalities would indeed be capable of making something amusing out of 'any old rubbish', but in fact much is owed to a clever script. This show is uncommon in appealing on, so to speak, two wavelengths. Simple people enjoy it, and sophisticates avidly tune in as well. This ability to back their words each way is rare in scriptwriters — and valuable, when it is remembered how swiftly every exclusively upper-brow funny show has curdled.

Barry Took and Marty Feldman, who wrote the Horne show, juggle their words with a kind of ferocious love. They don't hesitate to make obvious jokes (the traffic warden in space); they are also not afraid to have Horne, Special Agent, sitting in his pied-à-terre 'idly mending a terre in a pair of old pieds'. Somewhere a line is spoken backwards. Spies and counter-spies arrange to meet each other on specified pages of the script, disguised as ink-blots or jam-stains. And this final show has a patriotic song full of words sounding so emotional that they bring water to the eyes, though none of them has any meaning at all. 'It makes you feel,' Horne says at the end in a cavalcade tone of voice, 'sort of *humble*, doesn't it?'

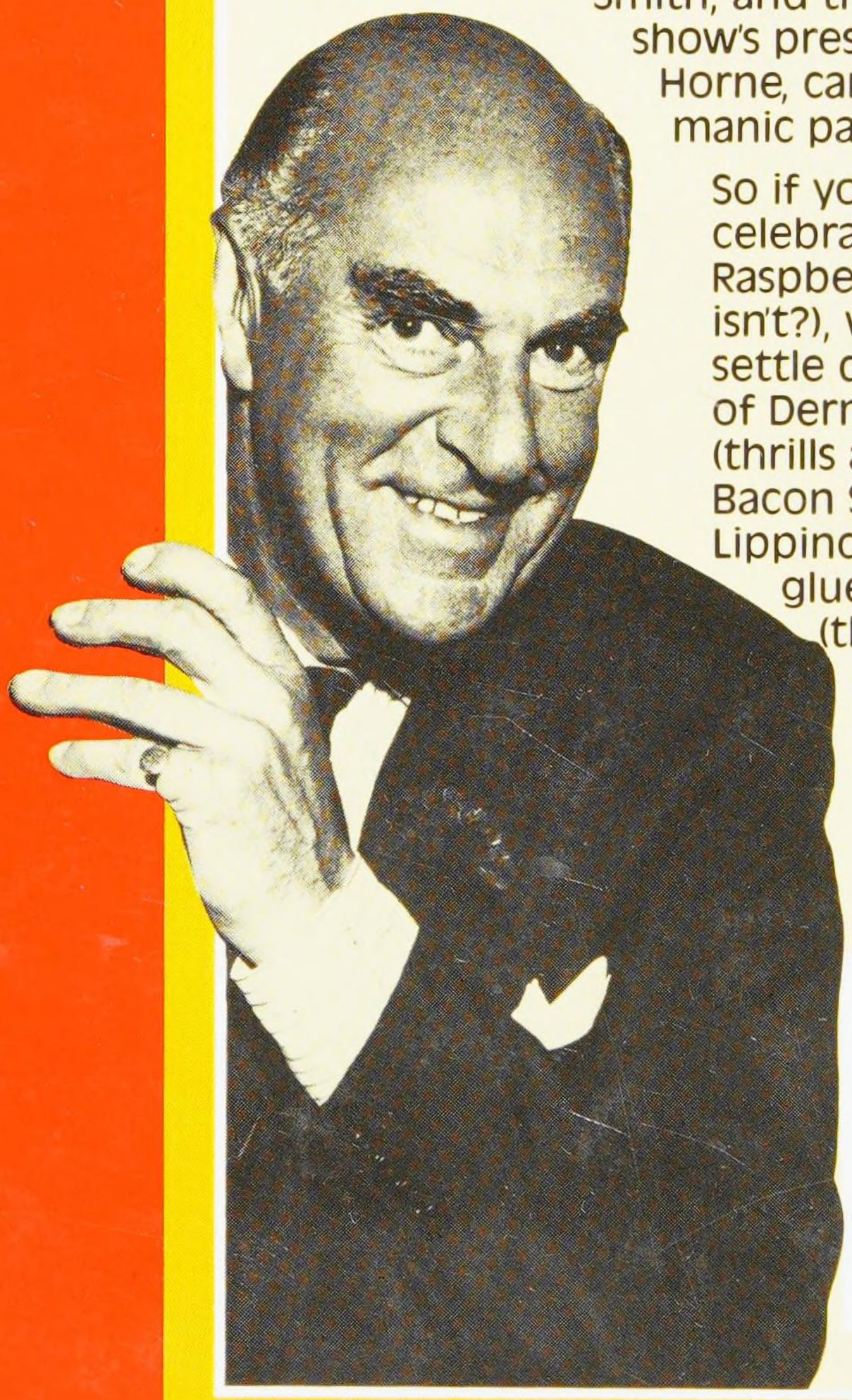
HUMOUR

£8.95

Julian and Sandy ('How bona to vada your dolly old eek!')... Dame Celia Molestrangler as 'Fiona' and 'ageing juvenile' Binky Huckaback as 'Charles'... Daphne Whitethigh... Lady Beatrice Counterblast (*née* Clissold)... Madame Osiris Gnomeclencher... J. Peasemold Gruntfuttock... Rambling Syd Rumpo ('Hello, me dearios')...

Just some of the memorable characters from **Round the Horne**, created in 1965 by Barry Took and Marty Feldman and still winning new fans all over the (fairly) civilized world.

Here are fourteen original and unexpurgated scripts, selected and introduced by Barry Took, from a radio comedy series that has now achieved classic – not to say cult – status. The many voices and characters of Kenneth Williams, Betty Marsden, Hugh Paddick, and Bill Pertwee, the mellifluous contributions of announcer Douglas Smith, and the urbane tones of the show's presiding genius, Kenneth Horne, can be heard again in these manic pages.



So if you're wondering how best to celebrate 'Coat a Sheep in Raspberry Jam Week' (and who isn't?), what better way than to settle down and enjoy the delights of Dermot Stavacre and Renee (thrills and spills on the Mighty Bacon Slicer), Banderanaika Lippincott (his ferret and his gluepot), and not forgetting (though we wish we could) Captain Peregrine Simcox and the massed pipes of the 14th Mounted Sanitary Inspectors.

ISBN 1-85336-162-3

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